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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, THE SON of ULYSSES.

BY THE

ARCHBISHOP of CAMBRAY.

Tranſlated into ENGLISH by

Mr. DES MAIZEAUX, F. R. S.

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BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

DISCOURSE*

OF

EPIC POETRY,

AND OF THE

EXCELLENCE

Of the POEM of

TELEMACHUS.

IF we could relish naked truth, she would not want, to gain our love, the ornaments which imagination lends her; but her pure and delicate light does not ſufficiently ſooth the ſenſes of man; ſhe requires an attention which is too troubleſome to his natural levity. To inſtruct him, it is neceſſary to give him not only pure ideas which enlighten his mind; but alſo images which ſtrike his ſenſes, and keep his eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed on the truth. This is the ſource of eloquence, of poetry, and of all the ſciences which belong to the imagination: It is the weakneſs of man which makes theſe ſciences neceſſary. The plain and unchangeable beauty of virtue does not always affect him; it is not ſufficient to ſhew him truth; ſhe muſt be painted amiable (*a*). The origin and end of poetry.

We ſhall examine the poem of Telemachus in theſe two views, of inſtructing and pleaſing; and we ſhall endeavour to ſhew that the author has inſtructed more than the ancients by the ſublimity of his moral, and

* This diſcourſe has been reviſed, altered and improved in many places, according to corrections communicated by Mr. Ramſey, who is the author of it.

(*a*) *Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,*
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
HOR. Art. Poet.

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that he has pleaſed as much as they by imitating all their beauties.

Two ſorts of heroic poetry.

There are two ways of inſtructing men in order to render them good: The firſt, by ſhewing them the deformity of vice, and its fatal conſequences, which is the chief deſign of tragedy: The ſecond, by diſcovering the beauty of virtue, and its happy end, which is the proper character of the Epopœa or epic poem. The paſſions which belong to the former, are terror and pity; thoſe which agree to the latter, are admiration and love. In one, the actors ſpeak; in the other, the poet makes the narration.

The definition and diviſion of epic poetry.

The Epic poem may be defined, *A fable related by a poet to raiſe the admiration, and inſpire the love of virtue, by the repreſentation of the action of a hero favoured of heaven, who executes a great deſign by triumphing over all obſtacles that oppoſe it.* There are therefore three things in the Epopœa, the *action*, the *moral*, and the *poetry*.

I. Of the Epic Action.

The qualities of the epic action.

The action muſt be *great*, *one*, *entire*, *marvellous*, but yet *probable*, and *of a due length*. The Telemachus has all theſe qualifications. Let us compare it with the models of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil, and we ſhall be convinced of it.

The deſign of the Odyſſey.

We ſhall only ſpeak of the Odyſſey, whoſe plan has a greater reſemblance of this of Telemachus. In that poem Homer introduces a wiſe king returning from a foreign war, wherein he had given ſignal proofs of his wiſdom and valour. Tempeſts ſtop him by the way, and caſt him on divers countries, whoſe manners, laws and politics he learns. Hence naturally ariſe an infinite number of incidents and dangers. But knowing how many diſorders his abſence cauſed in his kingdom, he ſurmounts all theſe obſtacles, deſpiſes all the pleaſures of life,

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life, and is unmoved even by immortality itſelf: he renounces every thing in order to relieve his people, and to ſee his family again (*a*).

The ſubject of the Æneid.

(*b*) In the Æneid, a pious and valiant hero, having eſcaped from the ruins of a powerful ſtate, is deſtined by the Gods to preſerve its religion, and to found an empire more great and more glorious than the firſt. This prince being choſen king by the unfortunate remains of his fellow-citizens, wanders a long while with them in ſeveral countries, where he learns every thing that is neceſſary to a king, to a legiſlator, to an high-prieſt. He at laſt finds an aſylum in a remote country, from whence his anceſtors came. He defeats ſeveral powerful enemies who oppoſe his ſettlement, and lays the foundation of an empire, which was afterwards to be the maſter of the univerſe.

The plan of Telemachus.

The action of Telemachus comprehends what is great in both theſe poems. We there ſee a young prince, animated by the love of his country, going in queſt of his father, whoſe abſence cauſed the misfortunes of his family and kingdom. He expoſes himſelf to all ſorts of danger; he ſignalizes himſelf by heroic virtues; he refuſes royalty, and crowns more conſiderable than his own; and, paſſing thro' ſeveral unknown countries, learns every thing that is neceſſary to govern afterwards according to the wiſdom of Ulyſſes, the piety of Æneas, and the valour of both, like a wiſe politician, a religious prince, and an accomplished hero.

The action ought to be one.

The action of the Epopœa ought to be *one*. The epic poem is not a hiſtory, like the Pharſalia of Lucan and the Punic war of Silius Italicus; nor the entire life of an hero, like the Achilleid of Statius: the unity of the hero does not conſtitute the unity of the action. The life of man is full of inequalities; he is continually changing his deſigns, either thro' the inconſtancy of his paſſions, or

(*a*) See father Boſſu, B. I. chap. 10.
(*b*) Ibid. chap. 11.

the unforeſeen accidents of life. Whoever should deſcribe the whole man, would draw but a fantaſtical picture, a contraſt of oppoſite paſſions, without coherence or order. It is for this reaſon that the Epopœa is not the panegyric of an hero who is propoſed for a pattern, but the recital of a great and illuſtrious action which is exhibited for imitation.

Of Epiſodes.

It is in poetry as in painting; the unity of the principal action does not hinder the inſerting of many particular incidents. The deſign is formed in the beginning of the poem, and the hero accomplishes it by ſurmounting all difficulties. It is the recital of theſe obſtacles which makes the epiſodes; but all theſe epiſodes depend on the principal action, and are ſo interwoven in it, and ſo connected together, that the whole preſents but one ſingle picture, compoſed of ſeveral figures in a beautiful diſpoſition and in a juſt proportion.

The unity of the action of Telemachus, and the continuity of the epiſodes.

I do not here inquire, if it is true that Homer ſometimes drowns his main action in the length and number of his epiſodes; if his action is double; if he often loſes ſight of his principal perſonages. It is ſufficient to remark, that the author of Telemachus has every where imitated the regularity of Virgil, by avoiding the faults which are imputed to the Greek poet. All our author's epiſodes are connected, and ſo artfully interwoven into each other, that the former brings on that which follows. His chief perſonages do not diſappear, and his tranſitions from the epiſode to the principal action, always makes us ſenſible of the unity of the deſign. In the firſt ſix books, Telemachus ſpeaks, and makes a recital of his adventure to Calypſo; and yet this long epiſode, in imitation of that of Dido, is related with ſo much art, that the unity of the principal action remains perfect. The reader is there in ſuſpenſe, and perceives from the beginning that the abode of the hero in that iſland, and what paſſes there, is only an obſtacle

obſtacle that is to be ſurmounted. In the XIIIth and XIVth books, where Mentor inſtructs Idomeneus, Telemachus is not preſent, being at that time in the army: but then it is Mentor, one of the principal perſons of the poem, who does every thing with a view to Telemachus, and for his inſtruction after his return from the camp. It is alſo great art in our author, to introduce epiſodes into his poem which do not ariſe from the principal fable, without breaking either the unity or continuity of the action. Theſe epiſodes are placed there, not only as important inſtructions for a young prince (which is the great deſign of the poet) but becauſe they are recounted to his hero during a time of inaction, to fill up a vacuity. Thus Adoam informs Telemachus of the manners and laws of Betica, during the calm of a voyage; and Philoctetes relates his misfortunes to him, while the young prince is in the confederate camp waiting for the day of battle.

The epic action ought to be *entire*. This integrity ſuppoſes three things, the cauſe, the intrigue, and the unravelling. The action ought to be entire.

The cauſe of the action ought to be worthy of the hero, and conformable to his character. Such is the deſign of Telemachus, which we have ſeen already.

The intrigue muſt be natural, and drawn from the action itſelf. In the Odyſſey, Neptune forms it; in the Æneid, it is the anger of Juno; and in Telemachus, the hatred of Venus. The intrigue in the Odyſſey is natural, becauſe there is naturally no obſtacle more to be dreaded by thoſe who go to ſea, than the ſea itſelf (*a*). The oppoſition of Juno in the Æneid, as an enemy of the Trojans, is a beautiful fiction. But the hatred of Venus againſt a young prince, who deſpiſes pleaſure through a love of virtue, and ſubdues his paſſions by the aſſiſtance of wiſdom, is a fable which is drawn from nature, and at the ſame time includes a ſublime moral. The intrigue.

(*a*) See father Boſſu, B. II. chap. 13.

The unravelling muſt be as natural as the intrigue. In the Odyſſey, Ulyſſes arrives among the Phæacians, relates to them his adventures, and thoſe iſlanders, fond of the marvellous, and charmed with his ſtories, furniſh him with a ſhip to return home: the unravelling is plain and natural. In the Æneid, Turnus is the only obſtacle to the ſettlement of Æneas. This hero, to ſave the blood of his Trojans, and that of the Latins, whoſe king he was ſoon to be, decides the quarrel by a ſingle combat (*a*). This unravelling is noble. That of Telemachus is at once natural and great. This young hero, in obedience to the commands of heaven, conquers his love for Antiope, and his friendſhip for Idomeneus, who offered him his crown and his daughter. He ſacrifices the moſt violent paſſions, and even the moſt innocent pleaſures, to the pure love of virtue. He embarks for Ithaca on ſhips with which he was furniſhed by Idomeneus, for whom he had performed many ſervices. When he is near his own country, Minerva cauſes him to put in at a little deſert iſland, where ſhe diſcovers herſelf to him. Having accompanied him, without his knowing her, through ſtormy ſeas, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils that can try the heart of man, wiſdom at length conducts him to a ſolitary place, where ſhe ſpeaks to him, informs him of the end of his labours, and of his future good fortune, and then leaves him. As ſoon as he is going to enjoy happineſs and repoſe, the Divinity withdraws, the marvellous ceaſes, and the epic action ends. It is in adverſity that man ſhews himſelf a hero, and needs a divine ſupport. It is only after he has ſuffered, that he is able to walk alone, to conduct himſelf, and to govern others. In the poem of Telemachus, the obſervation of the minuteſt rules of art is accompanied with a profound moral.

The unravelling.

(*a*) See father Boſſu, B. II. chap. 13.

Beſides

Beſides the plot and general ſolution of the main action, each epiſode has its own plot and ſolution, which ought to have all the ſame qualities. In the Epopœa, we do not look for the ſurpriſing intrigues of modern romances: ſurpriſe alone raiſes but a very imperfect and tranſitory paſſion. The ſublime is to imitate ſimple nature, to prepare the incidents in ſo delicate a manner, that they may not be foreſeen, and to conduct them with ſuch art that the whole may appear natural. We are not uneaſy, ſuſpended, diverted from the chief end of heroic poeſy, which is inſtruction, to attend to a fabulous unravelling, and an imaginary intrigue. This is allowable, when the ſole deſign is to amuſe; but in an epic poem, which is a kind of moral philoſophy, theſe intrigues are only witty conceits beneath its gravity and dignity.

The general qualifications of the intrigue and unravelling of the epic poem.

As the author of Telemachus has avoided the intrigues of modern romances, ſo has he not fallen into the marvellous with which ſome reproach the ancients; he neither makes horſes ſpeak, nor tripods walk, nor ſtatues work: not that this kind of the marvellous ſhocks reaſon, when it is ſuppoſed to be the effect of a divine power that can do every thing. The ancients introduced the Gods in their poems, not only to bring about great events by their interpoſition, and to unite the probable and the marvellous; but to teach men, that the moſt valiant and moſt wiſe can do nothing without the help of the Gods. In our poem, Minerva continually conducts Telemachus. Thereby the poet makes every thing poſſible to his hero, and intimates, that man can do nothing without the aſſiſtance of divine wiſdom. This is not all his art: the ſublime conſiſts in the concealing the Goddeſs under an human form. Not only the probable, but the natural alſo, is here united to the marvellous. All is divine, and yet all appears human. And this is not yet all: if Telemachus had known that he was conducted

The action muſt be marvellous.

by a Goddeſs, his merit would have been leſs; he would have had too great a ſupport in her. Homer's heroes almoſt always know what the Gods do for them. Our poet, by concealing the marvellous part of his fiction from his hero, exerciſes his virtue and his courage.

Tho' the action muſt be probable, it is not neceſſary that it be true; becauſe the end of the epic poem is not to make a panegyric or ſatire upon any particular man, but to inſtruct and pleaſe by the recital of an action, which leaves the poet at liberty to feign whatever characters, perſonages, and epiſodes he pleaſes, which are proper to the moral he deſigns to inſinuate.

The truth of the action is not contrary to the nature of the epic poem, provided it does not hinder the variety of the characters, the beauty of the deſcriptions, the enthuſiaſm, fire, invention, and other parts of the poetry; and provided that the hero be made for the action, and not the action for the hero. An epic poem may be built on a true as well as on a fabulous action.

The nearneſs of times ſhould be no check upon the poet in the choice of his ſubject, provided he ſupplies this defect by the diſtance of places, or by probable and natural events, the detail of which has eſcaped the hiſtorians, and which it is ſuppoſed could not be known but by the perſons who are actors in them. Thus an epic poem and an excellent fable may be built on an action of Henry IV. or of Montezuma, becauſe it is not eſſential to the epic action, as F. Boſſu obſerves, that it be true or falſe, but that it be moral, and teach important truths.

Of the duration of the epic poem.

The duration of the epic poem is longer than that of tragedy. In the former, the poet relates the continued triumph of virtue: in the latter, he ſhews the unexpected miſchiefs which ariſe from the paſſions. The action of the one ought conſequently to have a greater length than that

that of the other. The Epopœa may take in the actions of ſeveral years; but, according to the critics, the time of the principal action, from the place where the poet begins his narration, cannot exceed a year; as the time of the tragic action ought at moſt to be but one day. However, Ariſtotle and Horace ſay nothing about it, and Homer and Virgil have obſerved no certain rule as to this particular. The action of the Iliad in all its parts takes up but fifty days, that of the Odyſſey, from the place where the poet begins his narration, but about two months; that of the Æneid, one year; and a ſingle campaign ſuffices Telemachus, from his departure from the Iſlands of Calypſo to his return to Ithaca. Our poet has ſhewn the mid way between the impetuoſity and vehemence with which the Greek poet runs towards his end, and the majeſtic and even pace of the Latin poet, who ſometimes ſeems to flag, and to lengthen out his narration too much.

Of the epic narration.

(*a*) When the epic action is long and not continued, the poet divides his fable into two parts; in the former, the hero ſpeaks, and relates his paſt adventures; in the latter, the poet only makes a relation of what afterwards happens to his hero. Thus Homer does not begin his narration till after Ulyſſes is departed from the iſle of Ogygia; nor Virgil his, till after Æneas is arrived at Carthage. The author of Telemachus has perfectly imitated theſe two great models. He divides his action, like them, into two parts. The principal contains what he himſelf relates, and begins where Telemachus concludes the recital of his adventures to Calypſo. He takes only a little matter, but he treats it at large: eighteen books are employed upon it. The other part is much more extended as to the number of the incidents and the time; but it is much more contracted as to the circumſtances: it contains only the ſix firſt books. By this diviſion of what our poet relates himſelf, and of what he makes Telemachus relate,

(*a*) See F. Boſſu, B. II. chap. 18.

he recalls the whole life of the hero, and collects all the events of it together, without prejudicing the unity of the principal action, and without giving too great a duration to his poem. He joins variety and continuity of adventures together: all is motion, all is action in his poem. One never ſees his perſonages idle, nor does his hero ever diſappear.

II. Of the MORAL.

Virtue may be recommended by examples and by inſtructions, by manners and by precepts; and in this reſpect our author greatly excels all other poets.

Of the manners.

We are indebted to Homer for the noble invention of perſonalizing the divine attributes, human paſſions, and phyſical cauſes; a fruitful ſource of beautiful fictions which animate and enliven every thing in poetry. But his religion is reduced to a texture of fables, which repreſent the divine nature under images by no means proper to make it beloved and revered.

Every one knows the taſte which all antiquity, ſacred and profane, Greek and Barbarian, had for ſimilitudes and allegories. The Greeks derived their mythology from Egypt. Now hieroglyphic characters were, among the Egyptians, the chief, not to ſay the moſt ancient, way of writing. Theſe hieroglyphics were figures of men, birds, animals, reptiles, and various productions of nature, which denoted, as emblems, the divine attributes and the qualities of ſpirits. This ſymbolical ſtyle was founded upon a very ancient opinion, that the univerſe is only a picture which repreſents the divine perfections; that the viſible world is only an imperfect copy of the inviſible; that there is conſequently a hidden analogy between the original and the pictures, between ſpiritual and corporeal beings, between the properties of one and thoſe of the other.

This manner of *painting words, and of giving body to thoughts*, was the true ſource of mythology and of all poetic fictions: but in proceſs of time, eſpecially when

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when the hieroglyphical ſtyle was turned into the alphabetical and vulgar, men having forgotten the primitive meaning of theſe ſymbols, fell into the groſſeſt idolatry. The poets debaſed every thing by giving a looſe to their imagination. By their appetite for the marvellous, they turned theology and the ancient traditions into a real chaos, and a monſtrous jumble of fictions and all the human paſſions. The hiſtorians and poets of after-ages, as Herodotus, Diodorus the Sicilian, Lucian, Pliny, Cicero, who did not go back to the original deſign of this allegorical theology, underſtood every thing according to the letter, and equally derided the myſteries of their religion and the fable. But when we conſult among the Perſians, Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans, thoſe who have left us ſome imperfect fragments of the ancient theology, as Sanconiathan and Zoroaſter, Euſebius, Philo and Manetho, Apuleius, Damaſcius, Horus Apollo, Origen, St. Clement of Alexandria, they all tell us that theſe hieroglyphic and ſymbolical characters devote the myſteries of the inviſible world, the doctrines of the moſt profound theology, *the heavens and the faces of the Gods.*

The Phrygian fable invented by Æſop, or according to ſome by Socrates himſelf, gives us at firſt ſight to underſtand that we muſt not adhere to the letter, ſince the actors, who are made to ſpeak and reaſon, are animals void of ſpeech and reaſon: why then ſhould we adhere to the letter only in the Ægyptian fable and the mythology of Homer? The Phrygian fable exalts the nature of the brute, by giving him underſtanding and virtues. The Ægyptian fable ſeems indeed to degrade the divine nature, by giving it body and paſſions. But one cannot read Homer with attention, without being convinced that he underſtood many great truths, which are diametrically oppoſite to the ſenſeleſs religion with which the letter of his fiction preſents us. This poet lays it down as a principle in

ſeveral places of his poems, (*a*) that it is a weakneſs to believe that the Gods reſſemble men, that they are inconſtant, and paſs from one paſſion to another; (*b*) that all the Gods enjoy is eternal, and that all we poſſeſs paſſes away and perishes; (*c*) that the ſtate of ſouls after death, is a ſtate of punishment, ſuffering, and expiation; but that the ſoul of the hero does not remain in hell; that it takes its flight to the ſtars, and ſits down at the table of the Gods, where it enjoys a happy immortality; that there is a continual intercourſe between men and the inhabitants of the inviſible world; that without the Deity, mortals can do nothing; (*d*) that true virtue is a divine power that comes from heaven, which transforms the moſt brutal, the moſt cruel and paſſionate men, and makes them humane, tender and pitiful. When I ſee theſe ſublime truths in Homer, inculcated, particularized, inſinuated by a thouſand different examples and a thouſand various images, I cannot believe that this poet is to be underſtood according to the letter in other places, where he ſeems to attribute to the ſupreme Deity prejudices, paſſions and vices.

I know that ſeveral moderns, in imitation of Pythagoras and Plato, have cenſured Homer for having thus debaſed the divine nature, and having declaimed with much wit and force againſt the abſurdity of repreſenting the myſteries of theology by impious actions attributed to the celeſtial powers, and of teaching morality by allegories whoſe letter preſents nothing but vice. But without any breach of the regard due to the judgment and taſte of theſe critics, may we not reſpectfully repreſent to them, that their anger againſt the allegorical taſte of antiquity may be carried too far?

However, I do not pretend to juſtify Homer in the extravagant ſenſe of his blind admirers; he lived in a time when the ancient traditions concerning the ori-

(*a*) Odyſſ. B. III. (*b*) Ibid. B. IV. (*c*) Ibid. (*d*) Iliad. B. XXIV.

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ental theology began to be forgotten. Our moderns therefore have ſome reaſon to ſhew no great regard for Homer's theology; and they who endeavour to vindicate him in every thing under pretence of a perpetual allegory, diſcover that they are not ſufficiently acquainted with the ſpirit of theſe true ancients, in reſpect of whom, the bard who ſings of Troy is himſelf but a modern.

Not to continue this diſcuſſion any longer, I ſhall content myſelf with remarking that the author of Telemachus, in imitating what is beautiful in the fables of the Greek poet, has avoided two great faults which are imputed to him. He perſonalizes like him the divine attributes, and makes ſubordinate Deities of them; but he never introduces them but on occaſions that deſerve their preſence. He never makes them ſpeak or act but in a manner that is worthy of them. He artfully joins together *the poetry of Homer and the philoſophy of Pythagoras.* He ſays nothing but what the pagans might have ſaid, and yet he has put into their mouths what is moſt ſublime in the Chriſtian morality, and has hereby ſhewn that this morality is written in indelible characters in the heart of man, and that he would infallibly diſcover them there, if he obeyed the voice of pure and ſimple reaſon, in order to give himſelf wholly up to that ſovereign and univerſal truth, which enlightens all ſpirits, as the ſun enlightens all bodies, and without which the reaſon of every particular man is nothing but darkneſs and error.

The ideas our poet gives us of the Deity are not only worthy of him, but infinitely amiable with regard to man. Every thing inſpires confidence and love; a gentle piety, a noble and free adoration, due to the abſolute perfection of the infinite Being; and not a ſuperſtitious, gloomy, ſlavish worship, which oppreſſes and dejects the heart, when God is conſidered only as a powerful legiſlator, who punishes with rigour the violation of his laws.

He

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His ideas of the deity.

He repreſents God as a lover of men; but his love and goodneſs towards us are not directed by the blind decrees of a fatal deſtiny, nor merited by the pompous ſhow of an exterior worſhip, nor ſubject to the whimſical caprices of the pagan Deities, but always regulated by the immutable law of wiſdom, which cannot but love virtue, and treat men, not according to the number of the animals which they ſlay, but of the paſſions which they ſacrifice.

Of the manners of Homer's heroes.

We may more eaſily vindicate the characters which Homer gives to his heroes than thoſe which he gives to his Gods. It is certain that he paints men with ſimplicity, ſtrength, variety and paſſion. Our ignorance of the cuſtoms of a country, of the ceremonies of its religion, of the genius of its language; the fault, whereof moſt men are guilty, of judging of every thing by the taſte of their age and nation; the love of pomp and falſe magnificence, which has corrupted pure and primitive nature; all theſe things may miſlead us, and give us an unreaſonable diſguſt of things that were moſt eſteemed in ancient Greece.

Of the two ſorts of epic poems, the pathetic and the moral.

There are, according to Ariſtotle, two ſorts of Epopœas, one *pathetic*, the other *moral*; one, where the great paſſions reign; the other, where the great virtues triumph. The Iliad and Odyſſey afford examples of both theſe kinds. In the former, Achilles is repreſented naturally with all his faults; ſometimes ſo tranſported, as to preſerve no dignity in his anger; ſometimes ſo furious, as to ſacrifice his country to his reſentment. Tho' the hero of the Odyſſey be more regular than the young, hot, and impetuous Achilles; yet the wiſe Ulyſſes is often falſe and deceitful: And the reaſon is, becauſe the poet paints men with ſimplicity, and ſuch as they generally are. Valour is often

often united to a furious and brutal violence. Policy is almoſt always joined with lying and diſſimulation. To paint after nature, is to paint like Homer.

Theſe two ſorts in Telemachus.

Without pretending to criticiſe on the different views of the Iliad and Odyſſey, theſe remarks by the way on their different beauties, are ſufficient to make us admire the art with which our author unites in his poem theſe two ſorts of Epopœas, the *pathetic* and the *moral*. There is an admirable mixture and contraſt of virtues and paſſions in this wonderful picture. It ſhows nothing too great, but equally repreſents to us the excellence and meanneſs of man. It is dangerous to ſhew us one without the other, and nothing is more uſeful than to let us ſee them both together; for perfect juſtice and virtue require that we ſhould eſteem and deſpiſe, that we ſhould love and hate ourſelves. Our poet does not raiſe Telemachus above humanity: he makes him fall into the weakneſſes which are compatible with a ſincere love of virtue: and his weakneſſes ſerve to reclaim him, by inſpiring him with a diffidence of himſelf, and his own ſtrength. He does not make the imitation of him impoſſible, by giving him a ſpotleſs perfection; but he excites our emulation, by ſetting before our eyes the example of a young man, who, with the ſame imperfections which every one feels in himſelf, performs the moſt noble and the moſt virtuous actions. He has joined together, in the character of his hero, the courage of Achilles, the wiſdom of Ulyſſes, and the tender diſpoſition of Æneas. Telemachus is wrathful like the firſt, without being brutal; politic like the ſecond, without being deceitful; and tender-hearted like the third, without being voluptuous.

I own that there is a great variety in Homer's characters. The courage of Achilles and that of Hector, the valour of Diomede and that of Ajax, the wiſdom of Neſtor and that of Ulyſſes, the love of Helen and that of Briſeïs, the fidelity of Andromache and that of

of Penelope, are by no means alike. There is wonderful judgment and nicety in the characters of the Greek poet. But what is there of this kind which we do not find in the poem of Telemachus, in the ſo varied and always ſo well ſupported characters of Seſoſtris and Pygmalion, of Idomeneus and Adaſtrus, of Proteſilaus and Philocles, of Calypſo and Antiope, of Telemachus and Bocchoris? I even dare to affirm that there is in this inſtructive poem not only a variety in the colouring of the ſame virtues and paſſions, but ſo great a diverſity alſo of oppoſite characters, that we find in this work the entire anatomy of the human mind and heart: for the author know *man* and *men*. He had ſtudied one within himſelf, and the other amidſt a flouriſhing court. He divided his life between ſolitude and ſociety: he lived continually attentive to the truth which inſtructs us within, and never went out of himſelf but to ſtudy characters, in order to cure the paſſions of ſome, and to perfect the virtues of others. He knew how to ſuit himſelf to all men in order to ſound them, and to aſſume all ſorts of forms without ever departing from his real character.

Of moral precepts and inſtructions.

Another way of inſtructing is by precepts. The author of Telemachus joins the moſt important inſtructions with heroic examples, the morality of Homer with the manners of Virgil. His morality however has three qualifications, which are not found in the ſame degree in any of the ancients, whether poets or philoſophers: It is *ſublime* in its principles, *noble* in its motives, and *univerſal* in its uſes.

The qualities of the morality of Telemachus.

1. Sublime in its principles. It ariſes from a profound knowledge of man. The poet lets the reader into his own heart; he ſhews him the ſecret ſprings of his paſſions, the latent windings of ſelf-love, the difference between falſe and ſolid virtues. From the knowledge

knowledge of Man, he aſcends to that of God himſelf. He every where makes us ſenſible, that the infinite Being inceſſantly acts in us, in order to make us good and happy: that he is the immediate ſource of all our knowledge, and of all our virtues: that we are not leſs indebted to him for reaſon, than for life: that his ſovereign truth ought to be our only light, and his ſupreme will the rule of all our affections: that for want of conſulting his univerſal and unchangeable wiſdom, man ſees nothing but ſeducing phantoms, and for want of hearkening to it, hears nothing but the confuſed noiſe of his paſſions: that ſolid virtues are ſomething foreign, as it were, that is infuſed into us; that they are not the effects of our own endeavours, but of a power ſuperior to man, which works in us when we do not obſtruct it, and of whoſe working we are not always ſenſible, by reaſon of its delicacy. He at length ſhews us, that without this firſt and ſovereign power, which raiſes man above himſelf, the moſt ſhining virtues are only the refinements of ſelf-love, which confines all its views to itſelf, makes itſelf its own Deity, and becomes at the ſame time the idolator and the idol. Nothing is more admirable than the picture of the philoſopher, whom Telemachus ſees in hell, and whoſe only crime was his having been enamoured of his own virtue.

It is thus that the morality of our author tends to make us forget ourſelves, in order to refer every thing to the ſupreme Being, and to make us adore him; as the end of his politics is to make us prefer the good of the public to private advantage, and to induce us to love the human Race. The ſyſtems of Machiavel, Hobbes, and the two more moderate authors, Puffendorf and Grotius, are well known. The two firſt lay down, as the only maxims in the art of government, craft, artifice, ſtratagem, deſpotic power, injuſtice, and irreligion. The two laſt build their politics upon maxims of government, which are not even equal to thoſe of Plato's Republic, or Tully's Offices.

Theſe

Theſe two modern authors laboured indeed with a view of being uſeful to ſociety, and directed almoſt every thing to the happineſs of man conſidered in a civil Capacity. But the author of Telemachus is an original, in that he has joined the moſt perfect politics to the ideas of the moſt conſummate virtue. The grand principle on which the whole turns is, that all the world is but one republic, of which God is the common father, and every nation as it were one great family. From this beauteous and delightful idea ariſe what politicians call *the Laws of nature and nations*, equitable, generous, full of humanity. Each country is no longer conſidered as independent on others, but the human race is an indiviſible whole. We are no longer limited to the love of our own country; the heart enlarges itſelf, grows immenſe, and by an univerſal friendship embraces all mankind. Hence ariſe a love for ſtrangers, a mutual confidence between neighbouring nations, integrity, juſtice, and peace between the princes of the univerſe as well as between the private men of every ſtate. Our author alſo ſhews us, that the glory of royalty is to govern men, in order to render them good and happy; that the authority of the prince is never better eſtabliſhed, than when it is founded in the love of the people; and that the true riches of a ſtate conſiſt in retrenching all the imaginary wants of life, and in being ſatisfied with neceſſaries, and with ſimple and innocent pleaſures. He hereby ſhews that virtue not only contributes to the fitting of men for future felicity; but that it actually renders ſociety as happy as it can be in this life.

The morality of Telemachus is noble in its motives.

2. The morality of Telemachus is noble in its motives. Its grand principle is, that the love of *beauty* ought to be preferred to the love of *pleaſure*, as Socrates and Plato expreſs themſelves: the *honeſt* to the *agreeable*, according to the expreſſion of Cicero. Lo! the ſource of noble ſentiments, greatneſs of ſoul, and all heroic virtues. It is by theſe pure and elevated

vated ideas, that he deſtroys, in a manner infinitely more affecting than by diſpute, the falſe philoſophy of thoſe *who make pleaſure the only ſpring of the human heart.* Our poet ſhews by the excellent morality which he puts in the mouth of his heroes, and the generous actions which he makes them perform, what an effect the pure love of virtue may have on a noble heart. I know that this heroic virtue paſſes among vulgar ſouls for a phantom, and that men of a lively imagination have inveighed againſt this ſublime and ſolid truth by many frivolous and deſpicable witticiſms: for finding nothing in themſelves that may be compared to theſe noble ſentiments, they conclude that humanity is not capable of them. They are dwarfs, that judge of the ſtrength of giants by their own. Minds that continually grovel within the bounds of ſelf-love, will never comprehend the power and extent of a virtue which raiſes a man above himſelf. Some philoſophers, who in other reſpects have made fine diſcoveries in Philoſophy, have been ſo far carried away by their prejudices, as not ſufficiently to diſtinguish between the love of order and the love of pleaſure, and to deny that the will may be as ſtrongly moved *by the clear view of truth*, as *by the natural taſte of pleaſure.*

A man cannot read Telemachus with attention without getting over theſe prejudices. He there ſees the generous ſentiments of a noble ſoul whoſe conceptions are all great: of a diſintereſted heart that continually forgets itſelf; of a philoſopher who does not confine his views to himſelf, nor to his own country, nor to any thing in particular, but directs every thing to the common good of mankind, and all mankind to the ſupreme Being.

3. The morality of Telemachus is univerſal in its uſes, extenſive, fruitful, ſuited to all times, to all nations, and all condition. We there learn the duties of a prince, who is at the ſame time a king, a warrior, a philoſopher and legiſlator. We there ſee

The morality of Telemachus is univerſal in its uſes.

ſee the art of governing different nations; the way to maintain peace abroad with our neighbours, and yet always to have in our own kingdom a warlike youth that is ready to defend it; to enrich our dominions without falling into luxury: to find the medium between the exceſs of deſpotic power, and the diſorders of anarchy. Here are given precepts for agriculture, trade, arts, government, the education of children. Our author introduces into his poem not only heroic and royal virtues, but thoſe alſo which are ſuitable to all ſorts of condition. While he is forming the heart of his prince, he teaches every private man his duty.

The deſign of the Iliad is to repreſent the fatal conſequences of diſcord among the commanders of an army. The Odyſſey ſhews us what prudence and valour in a king may effect. In the Æneid the actions of a pious and valiant hero are deſcribed. But all theſe particular virtues do not conſtitute the happineſs of mankind. Telemachus goes far beyond all theſe plans, by the greatneſs, number and extent of his moral views; ſo that one may ſay with the philoſophical critic upon Homer, * *The moſt uſeful preſent which the Muſes have made to Men, is the Telemachus; for if the happineſs of mankind could ariſe from a poem, it would ariſe from it.*

Of the POETRY.

It is a fine remark of Sir William Temple, *That in poetry are aſſembled all the powers of eloquence, of muſic, and of picture.* But as poetry only differs from eloquence, in that it paints with enthuſiaſm; we rather chuſe to ſay that poetry borrows its harmony from muſic, its paſſion from painting, its force and juſtneſs from philoſophy.

* L'Abbé Terraſſon's Diſſertation on the Iliad.

The

The ſtyle of Telemachus is polite, clear, flowing, magnificent; it has all the richneſs of Homer, without his redundancy of words. Our author is never guilty of repetitions; when he ſpeaks of the ſame things, he does not recall the ſame images. All his periods fill the ear by their numbers and cadence; there is nothing ſhocking, no hard words, no abſtruſe terms, nor affected turns. He never ſpeaks for the ſake of ſpeaking, nor even barely to pleaſe: all his words make us think, and all his thoughts tend to make us virtuous.

The harmony of the ſtyle of Telemachus.

The images of our poet are as perfect as his ſtyle is harmonious. To paint is not only to deſcribe things, but to repreſent the circumſtances of them in ſo lively and affecting a manner, that we may imagine we ſee them. The author of Telemachus paints the paſſions with art; he had ſtudied the heart of man, and knew all its ſprings. When we read his poem we ſee nothing but what he ſhows us, nor do we hear any but thoſe whom he directs to ſpeak: he warms, he moves, he tranſports; we feel all the paſſions he deſcribes.

The excellence of the painting of Telemachus.

The poets uſually make uſe of two ſorts of painting, ſimilies and deſcriptions. The ſimilies of Telemachus are juſt and noble. The author does not raiſe the mind too much above his ſubject by extravagant metaphors, nor does he perplex it by too great a crowd of images. He has imitated all that is great and beautiful in the deſcriptions of the ancients, as their battles, games, ſhipwrecks, ſacrifices, *&c.* without expatiating on trifling particulars that make the narration languiſh, and without debaſing the majeſty of the epic poem by the deſcription of things that are low and beneath the dignity of the work. He ſometimes deſcends to particulars; but he ſays nothing that does not merit attention, and that does not contribute towards the idea which he deſigns

Of the compariſons and deſcriptions of Telemachus.

to

to give. He follows nature in all her varieties. He knew that all diſcourſes ought to have their inequalities, and be ſometimes ſublime without ſwelling into bombaſt, and ſometimes plain without being low. It is a falſe taſte always to aim at embellishment. His deſcriptions are magnificent but natural; ſimple, and yet agreeable. He does not only paint after nature, for his pictures moreover are always amiable. He joins together the truth of deſign, and the beauty of colouring; the fire of Homer and the dignity of Virgil. Nor is this all; the deſcriptions of this poem are not deſigned only to pleaſe: for they are all likewiſe inſtructive. If the author ſpeaks of the paſtoral life, it is to recommend an amiable ſimplicity of manners. If he deſcribes games and combats, it is not ſolely to celebrate the funeral rites of a friend or a father; it is alſo to chuſe a king who excels all others in ſtrength of mind and body, and who is equally capable of bearing the fatigues of both. If he repreſents to us the horrors of a ſhipwreck, it is to inſpire his hero with firmneſs of ſoul, and reſignation to the Gods, in the greateſt dangers. I could run through all his deſcriptions, and find the like beauties in them: but I ſhall content myſelf in obſerving, that in this new edition the ſculpture of the formidable Ægis, which Minerva ſent to Telemachus, is full of art, and includes this ſublime moral: that the ſhield of the prince, and the ſupport of the ſtate, are good manners, ſciences and agriculture: that a king armed by wiſdom, always ſeeks for peace; and finds fruitful reſources againſt all the evils of war, in a well diſciplined and laborious people, whoſe minds and bodies are equally inured to labour.

The philoſophy of Telemachus.

Poetry derives its ſtrength and juſtneſs from philoſophy. In Telemachus, we every where ſee a rich, a lively, an agreeable imagination, and yet a juſt and a profound judgment: two qualifications which are rarely found in the ſame author. The ſoul muſt be in an almoſt

almoſt continual motion, to invent, to raiſe the paſſions, to imitate, and at the ſame time in a perfect tranquility, to judge as it produces, and out of a thouſand thoughts which offer themſelves to ſelect the moſt proper. The imagination muſt undergo a kind of rapture and enthuſiaſm; while the mind, at peace in its empire, checks and turns it where it pleaſes. Without this pathos which animates the whole, the diſcourſe is cold, languid, abſtracted, hiſtorical; without this judgment which regulates the whole, it has no juſtneſs nor true beauty.

The poetry of Telemachus compared with that of Homer and Virgil.

The fire of Homer, eſpecially in the Iliad, is impetuous and violent like a ſtorm of flames which ſets every thing in a blaze. The fire of Virgil has more light than heat, and always ſhines in an uniform and equal manner. That of Telemachus warms and enlightens all at once, according as it is neceſſary to convince the mind, or to move the paſſions. When this flame enlightens, it makes us feel a gentle heat, which gives no uneaſineſs. Such are the diſcourſes of Mentor upon politics, and of Telemachus on the ſenſe of the laws of Minos, *&c.* Theſe pure ideas fill the mind with their gentle light. There the enthuſiaſm and poetic fire would be hurtful, like the too fierce rays of the ſun which dazzle the eye. When the buſineſs is no longer to reaſon, but to act: when a man has clearly ſeen the truth, and his reflections ariſe only from irreſolution, then the poet raiſes a fire and pathos which determine and bear away the enfeebled ſoul, which has not the courage to yield to the truth. The epiſode of Telemachus's amour in the iſland of Calypſo, is full of this fire.

This mixture of light and heat diſtinguiſhes our poet from Homer and Virgil. The enthuſiaſm of the former ſometimes makes him forget art, neglect order, and paſs the bounds of nature; the ſtrength and flight of his great genius bore him away in ſpite of himſelf. The pompous magnificence, the judgment and

and conduct of Virgil ſometimes degenerate into too formal a regularity and he then ſeems rather an hiſtorian than a poet. The latter pleaſes philoſophical and modern poets much more than the former. Is it not becauſe they are ſenſible that they can more eaſily imitate by *art* the great judgment of the Latin poet, than the noble fire of the Greek, which *nature* alone can beſtow?

Our author muſt needs pleaſe all ſorts of poets, as well thoſe who are philoſophers, as thoſe who admire nothing but enthuſiaſm. He has united the perfections of the mind with the charms of the imagination. He proves the truth like a philoſopher, and he forces us to love the truth he has proved, by the ſenſations he excites. All is ſolid, true, proper to perſuade; no points of wit, no glittering thoughts, whoſe only deſign is to make the author admired. He has followed this great precept of Plato, which ſays, That a writer ought always to conceal himſelf, to keep out of ſight, and make himſelf forgotten, in order to produce nothing but the truths he deſigns to inculcate, and the paſſions he deſigns to purify.

In Telemachus all is reaſon, all is paſſion. It is this which makes a poem for all nations and all ages. All foreigners are equally affected with it. The tranſlations which have been made of it into languages leſs delicate than the French, do not efface its original beauties. The † learned lady who apologizes for Homer, aſſures us, that the Greek poet is an infinite loſer by a tranſlation; that it is not poſſible to transfuſe into it the ſtrength, dignity, and ſoul of his poetry. But one may venture to affirm that Telemachus will always preſerve, in all languages, its ſtrength, dignity, ſoul, and eſſential beauties. And the reaſon is becauſe the excellence of this poem does not conſiſt in the happy and harmonious arrangement of words, nor even in the charms which it borrows from the imagination; but in a ſublime taſte of the

† Madam DACIER.

truth,

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truth, in noble and elevated ſentiments, and in the natural, delicate and judicious manner of treating them. Such beauties are of all languages, of all times, of all countries, and equally ſtrike good wits and great ſouls throughout the world.

Several objections have been made againſt Telemachus: 1. That it is not in verſe. First objection againſt Telemachus

Verſification, according to Ariſtotle, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, and Strabo, is not eſſential to the Epopœa. It may be written in proſe, as ſome tragedies are written without rhyme. A man may make verſes without poetry, and be very poetical without making verſes according to the rules of art: but he muſt be born a poet. What conſtitutes poetry, is not the fixed number and regular cadence of the ſyllables; but the ſentiment which animates the whole, the lively fiction, the bold figures, the beauty and variety of the images. It is the enthuſiaſm, the fire, the impetuoſity, the energy, and I know not what, in the words and thoughts, which nature alone can give. All theſe qualifications are found in Telemachus. The author has therefore performed what Strabo ſays of Cadmus, Pherecides and Hecateus: *He has perfectly imitated poetry; he has indeed broken the meaſure of it, but he has preſerved all the other poetical beauties.* ANSWER.

Lo! Homer lives and ſings again
In Cambray's more inſtructive ſtrain,
Which glowing virtue warms.
Nor clogg'd with jingling chains the Nine
The ſoaring bard, that truth might ſhine
In all her native charms *.

And indeed I know not whether the conſtraint of rhyme and the ſcrupulous regularity of our European conſtruction, together with the fixed and meaſured number of feet, would not very much lower the flight

* *Ode to the Gentlemen of the Academy, by Mr. de la Motte,* First Ode.

and pathos of heroic poeſy. To move the paſſions ſtrongly, we muſt often neglect order and connection. It was for this reaſon that the Greeks and Romans, who painted every thing with life and taſte, uſed to invert their phraſes; their words had no certain place; they ranged them as they pleaſed. The languages of Europe are a compoſition of Latin, and of the jargon of all the barbarous nations which ſubverted the Roman empire. Theſe northern people froze every thing, like their climate, by a cold regularity of ſyntax. They knew nothing of the beautiful variety of long and short ſyllables, which ſo well imitates the delicate motions of the ſoul; they pronounced every thing with the ſame coldneſs, and knew at firſt no other harmony in their words than a vain jingling of final ſyllables of the ſame ſound. Some Italians and Spaniards have endeavoured to free their verſe from the conſtraint of rhyme. An English poet * has done it with wonderful ſucceſs, and has even happily begun to introduce inverſions of phraſes into his language. Perhaps the French in time may reſume this noble freedom of the Greeks and Romans.

Second objection againſt Telemachus.

Some, through a groſs ignorance of the noble liberty of the epic poem, have reproached Telemachus with being full of anachroniſms.

ANSWER.

The author of this poem has only imitated the prince of the Latin poets, who could not but know that Dido was not contemporary with Æneas †. The Pygmalion of Telemachus the brother of this Dido, Seſoſtris, who is ſaid to have lived about the ſame time, &c. are no more faults than the anachroniſm of Virgil. Why ſhould we cenſure a poet for ſometimes breaking through the order of time, ſince it is ſometimes a beauty to break through the order of nature? It would not indeed be allowable to contradict an hiſtorical fact that happened

* Milton, and many others ſince.

† According to the chronology of the famous Sir ISAAC NEWTON, they were contemporary.

not

not long ſince; but in remote antiquity, whoſe annals are ſo uncertain, and involved in ſo much obſcurity, a poet may adapt ancient traditions to his ſubject. This is Ariſtotle's opinion, and Horace confirms it. Some hiſtorians have written, that Dido was chaſte, and Penelope a ſtrumpet; that Helen never ſaw Troy, nor Æneas Italy: And yet Homer and Virgil made no ſcruple to depart from hiſtory, to make their fables more inſtructive. Why ſhall not the Author of Telemachus be allowed for the inſtruction of a young prince, to bring the heroes of antiquity together, Telemachus, Seſoſtris, Neſtor, Idomeneus, Pygmalion, Adraſtus, in order to unite in the ſame picture the different characters of good and bad princes, whoſe virtues were to be imitated and vices avoided?

Third objection againſt Telemachus.

Some cenſure the author of Telemachus for having inſerted the loves of Calypſo and Eucharis in his poem, and ſeveral other deſcriptions of the ſame kind, which ſeem, they ſay, too full of paſſion.

Answer.

The beſt anſwer to this objection, is the effect which Telemachus produced in the heart of the young prince for whom it was written. Perſons of a lower rank have not the ſame need to be cautioned againſt the dangers to which elevation and authority expoſe thoſe who are deſtined to reign. If our poet had written for a man who was to have paſſed his life in obſcurity, theſe deſcriptions would have been leſs neceſſary. But for a young prince, in the midſt of a court where gallantry paſſes for politeneſs, where every object infallibly awakens a taſte of pleaſure, and where all that ſurrounds him is employed to ſeduce him; for ſuch a prince, I ſay, nothing was more neceſſary than to repreſent to him with that amiable modeſty, that innocence and wiſdom which are found in Telemachus, all the ſeducing wiles of an extravagant paſſion; than to paint this vice in its imaginary beauty, in order afterwards to make him ſenſible of its real deformity; and to ſhew him the

utmoſt depth of the abyſs, to prevent his falling into it, and even to remove him far from the brink of ſo dreadful a precipice. It was therefore wiſe and worthy of our author, to caution his pupil againſt the extravagant paſſions of youth, by the fable of Calypſo; and to give him, in the hiſtory of Antiope, an example of a chaſte and lawful love. By thus repreſenting this paſſion to us, ſometimes as a weakneſs unworthy of a great ſoul, ſometimes as a virtue worthy of a hero, he ſhews us that love is not beneath the majeſty of the Epopœa, and thereby unites in his poem the tender paſſions of modern romances, and the heroic virtues of the ancient poetry.

Fourth objection againſt Telemachus.

Some think that the author of Telemachus too much exhauſts his ſubject, by the fertility and richneſs of his genius. He ſays every thing, and leaves nothing to the thoughts of others. Like Homer, he ſets all nature before our eyes. We are better pleaſed with an author who, like Horace, includes a great deal in a few words, and gives us the pleaſure of unfolding the extent of them.

Answer.

It is true that the imagination can add nothing to the pictures of our poet; but the mind by purſuing his ideas opens and extends itſelf. When his buſineſs is to paint, his pictures are perfect, and want nothing; when it is to inſtruct, his inſtructions are fruitful, and we diſcover in them a vaſt extent of thoughts. He leaves nothing to the imagination, but he furniſhes infinite matter for thinking. This was ſuitable to the character of the prince for whom alone the work was written. He diſcovered in his infancy a happy and fruitful imagination, an elevated and extenſive genius, which made him reliſh the beautiful parts of Homer and Virgil. It was this which ſuggeſted to our author the deſign of a poem, which might equally contain the beauties of both thoſe poets. This plenty of beautiful images was neceſſary to employ the imagination, and form the taſte of the prince. It is evident that theſe graces might have been

been as eaſily ſuppreſſed as produced, and that they ariſe as much from deſign as fecundity, in order to anſwer the wants of the prince and the views of the author.

Fifth objection againſt Telemachus.

It has been objected, that the hero and fable of this poem have no relation to the French nation; whereas Homer and Virgil have intereſted the Greeks and Romans, by making choice of actions and actors from the hiſtories of their countries.

Answer.

If the author has not intereſted the French in particular, he has done more; he has intereſted all mankind. His plan is more extenſive than that of either of the two old poets. It is greater to inſtruct all mankind at once, than to confine one's precepts to a particular country. Self-love bids us direct every thing to it, and is diſcovered even in the love of our country; but a generous ſoul ought to have more extenſive views.

Beſides was not France greatly intereſted in a work, which had formed for her a prince the moſt proper one day to govern her according to her wants and deſires, like a father of his people and a Chriſtian hero? What was ſeen of this prince gave hopes, and was the firſt fruits of what was to follow; the neighbours of France were already intereſted in it as in an univerſal bleſſing, and the fable of the *Greek*, became the hiſtory of the *French* prince.

The author had a greater deſign than that of pleaſing his own country; he deſigned to ſerve it, without its knowledge, by helping to form for it a prince, who even in the ſports of his infancy ſeemed born to crown it with happineſs and glory. This auguſt child loved fables and mythology; it was neceſſary to take an advantage of his taſte, and to ſhew him in what he was fond of, the ſolid and the beautiful, the ſimple and the great, and to imprint upon his mind by affecting actions, generous principles, which might caution him againſt the dangers of the higheſt birth and

ſupreme power. With this view, a Greek hero, and a poem in imitation of Homer and Virgil, the hiſtories of foreign countries, times and actions, were extremely proper, and perhaps the only means of ſetting the author at full liberty to paint, with truth and force, all the rocks which threaten princes in all ages.

It happens by a natural and neceſſary conſequence, that theſe univerſal truths may ſometimes ſeem to relate to the hiſtories of the preſent time, and the actual ſtate of things; but theſe are only general relations, which have no particular applications; it was neceſſary that the fictions which were deſigned to form the infancy of the young prince, ſhould comprehend precepts for all the moments of his life.

This ſuitableneſs of general maxims of morality to all ſorts of circumſtances, raiſes our admiration of the fertility, depth and wiſdom of the author; but it does not excuſe the injuſtice of his enemies, who have endeavoured to find in his Telemachus certain odious allegories, and to pervert the wiſeſt and moſt ſober deſigns into the moſt outrageous ſatires againſt all he moſt reſpected. They have inverted the characters, to find imaginary relations, and to poiſon the pureſt intentions. Should the author have ſuppreſſed theſe fundamental maxims of ſuch ſound and ſeaſonable morality and politics, becauſe the moſt diſcreet manner of ſaying them, could not ſhelter them from the miſconſtructions of thoſe who delight in the baſeſt malice?

Our illuſtrious author has therefore united in his poem the greateſt beauties of the ancients. He has all the enthuſiaſm and profuſion of Homer, and all the magnificence and regularity of Virgil. Like the Greek poet, he paints every thing with ſtrength, ſimplicity and life, and has variety in his fable and diverſity in his characters; his reflections are moral, his deſcriptions lively, his imagination fruitful, and every where that beautiful fire which nature alone can beſtow. Like the Latin poet, he perfectly obſerves the unity of action, the uniformity of character, the

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order and rules of art. His judgment is profound and his thoughts elevated, while he at the ſame time unites the natural to the noble, and the ſimple to the ſublime. Art every where becomes nature. But the hero of our poet is more perfect than thoſe of Homer and Virgil, his morality more pure, and his ſentiments more noble. From all this let us conclude, that the author of Telemachus has ſhewn by this poem, that the French nation is capable of all the delicacy of the Greeks, and of all the great ſentiments of the Romans. The elogium of the author is that of his country.

End of Mr. Ramſay's Diſcourſe.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS,

SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FIRST.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus guided by Minerva, in the shape of Mentor, gets on shore after a shipwreck in the iſland of the Goddeſs Calypſo, who was ſtill bewailing the departure of Ulyſſes. The Goddeſs gives him a kind reception, conceives a paſſion for him, offers him immortality, and deſires of him an account of his adventures. He relates to her his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his ſhipwreck on the coaſt of Sicily; the danger he was in of being ſacrificed to the manes of Anchiſes; the aſſiſtance which Mentor and he gave Aceſtes in an incurſion of Barbarians, and the care which this King took to requite their ſervice, by giving them a Tyrian ſhip to return to their own country.

CALYPSO could not be comforted for the departure of Ulyſſes: in her grief ſhe found herſelf unhappy by being immortal. Her grotto no longer echoed with the ſweet muſic of her voice: the nymphs who attended her dared not ſpeak to her. She often walked alone on the flowery turf,

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with which an eternal ſpring ſurrounded her iſland: but theſe beautiful ſcenes, far from alleviating her ſorrow, did but recall to her the ſad remembrance of Ulyſſes, whom ſhe there had ſeen ſo many times with her. She often ſtood motionleſs on the ſea-ſhore, which ſhe watered with her tears, and was continually turned towards the part where the ſhip of Ulyſſes, ploughing the waves, had diſappeared from her eyes. On a ſudden ſhe perceived the fragments of a veſſel that had juſt been wrecked, rowers benches broken in pieces, oars ſcattered here and there on the ſand, a rudder, a maſt and cordage floating on the ſhore. Then ſhe deſcried two men at a diſtance; one of them ſeemed in years, the other, though young, reſembled Ulyſſes. He had his ſweet and noble aſpect, with his ſtature and majeſtic port. The Goddeſs knew him to be Telemachus, the ſon of that hero: but though the Gods far ſurpaſs all men in knowledge, ſhe could not diſcover who the venerable perſon was by whom Telemachus was attended; becauſe the ſuperior Gods conceal from the inferior whatever they pleaſe; and Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the ſhape of Mentor, would not be known by Calypſo. Mean time Calypſo rejoiced at a wreck which brought the ſon of Ulyſſes, ſo like his father, into her iſland. She advances towards him and without ſeeming to know who he is, What inſpires you, ſays ſhe to him, with the preſumption to land in my iſland? Know, young ſtranger, that none enters my empire unpuniſhed. She endeavoured to hide under theſe threatening words the joy of her heart, which in ſpite of her appeared in her face.

Telemachus anſwered, O! whoever you are, whether a mortal or a Goddeſs (though none can ſee and not take you for a deity) can you be inſenſible to the misfortunes of a ſon, who, ſeeking his father through perils of winds and waves, has ſeen his veſſel ſplit againſt your rocks? Who then is the father you are in queſt of, replied the Goddeſs? He

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is called Ulyſſes, ſaid Telemachus; he is one of the kings, who have, after a ten years ſiege, ſubverted the famous Troy. His name was renowned through all Greece and Aſia for his valour in combat, and yet more ſo for his wiſdom in council. Now wandering o'er the whole extent of ſeas, he runs through all the moſt terrible dangers. His country ſeems to fly before him. Penelope his wife, and I his ſon, have loſt all hopes of ever ſeeing him again. I am running the ſame hazards as he, to learn where he is. But, what do I ſay! perhaps he is now buried in the profound abyſſes of the ſea. Pity our woes; and, O Goddeſs! if you know what the deſtinies have done either to ſave or deſtroy Ulyſſes, deign to inform his ſon Telemachus of it.

Calypſo, ſurprized and moved at finding ſo much wiſdom and eloquence in ſuch blooming youth, could not ſatisfy her eyes with looking upon him, and remained ſilent. At length she ſaid to him, We will inform you, Telemachus, what has befallen your father; but the hiſtory of it is long, and it is time for you to refresh yourſelf after your toils. Come into the place of my abode, where I will receive you as my ſon; come, you ſhall be my comfort in this ſolitude; and I will procure you happineſs, if you know how to enjoy it.

Telemachus followed the Goddeſs, incircled by a crowd of young nymphs, above whom she raiſed her whole head, as a large oak in a foreſt raiſes its thick branches above all the ſurrounding trees. He admired the luſtre of her beauty, the rich purple of her long flowing robe, her hair tied with graceful negligence behind, the fire which flashed from her eyes, and the mildneſs which tempered its vivacity. Mentor, with downcaſt eyes and a modeſt ſilence, followed Telemachus.

They came to the entrance of Calypſo's grotto, where Telemachus was ſurprized to ſee, with an appearance of a rural ſimplicity, all that can charm the eye. There was ſeen indeed neither gold, nor ſilver,

por marble, nor columns, nor pictures, nor ſtatues: the grotto was hewn out of the rock, in arches lined with ſhells and pebbles; its tapeſtry was a young vine which extended its pliant branches equally on all ſides. Gentle Zephirs here maintained, in ſpite of the beams of the Sun, a delightful coolneſs. Fountains, ſweetly purling through meadows ſown with amaranths and violets, formed, in various places, baths as pure and clear as chryſtal. A thouſand ſpringing flowers enamelled the verdant carpets which ſurrounded the grotto. There was found a whole wood of woſe tufted trees which bear apples of gold, and whoſe bloſſoms, which are renewed in all ſeaſons, ſhed the ſweeteſt of all perfumes. This wood ſeemed to crown thoſe beautiful meads, and formed a ſhade which the rays of the Sun could not penetrate. Here nothing was ever heard but the warbling of birds, or the murmurs of a brook, which, ruſhing from the top of a rock, fell in large and frothy ſtreams, and fled acroſs the meadow.

The Goddeſs's grotto was on the declivity of a hill, from whence one beheld the ſea, ſometimes clear and ſmooth as glaſs, ſometimes idly irritated againſt the rocks on which it broke, bellowing and ſwelling its waves like mountains. From another ſide was ſeen a river, in which were iſlands bordered with blooming limes, and lofty poplars, which raiſed their haughty heads even to the clouds. The ſeveral channels, which formed thoſe iſlands, ſeemed ſporting in the plain. Some rolled their limpid waters with rapidity; ſome had a peaceful and ſleepy ſtream; others by long windings ran back again, to re-aſcend as it were to their ſource, and ſeemed not to have power to leave theſe enchanting borders. At a diſtance were ſeen hills and mountains, which loſt themſelves in the clouds, and formed, by their fantaſtic figures, as delightful an horizon as the eye could wish to behold. The neighbouring mountains were covered with verdant vine branches, hanging

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in feſtoons; the grapes, brighter than purple, could not conceal themſelves under the leaves, and the vine was over-loaded with its fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomgranate, and all other trees, overſpread the plain, and made it a large garden.

Calypſo, having ſhewn Telemachus all theſe natural beauties, ſaid to him, Repoſe yourſelf, your garments are wet, it is time for you to change them: afterwards I will ſee you again, and relate things with which your heart will be touched. The Goddeſs then cauſed him and Mentor to enter into the moſt ſecret and retired part of a grotto, next to that in which ſhe herſelf reſided. In this appartment the nymphs had taken care to light a great fire of cedar-wood, whoſe fragrant odor diffuſed itſelf on all ſides, and had left veſtments in it for their new gueſts. Telemachus, ſeeing they had allotted him a tunic of fine wool, whoſe whiteneſs eclipſed that of ſnow, and a purple robe embroidered with gold, took the pleaſure which is natural to youth, in viewing their magnificence.

Mentor ſaid to him in a grave tone, Are theſe, Telemachus, the thoughts which ought to poſſeſs the heart of the ſon of Ulyſſes? Think rather of ſupporting your father's reputation, and of conquering the fortune which perſecutes you. A young man who loves to deck himſelf vainly like a woman, is unworthy of wiſdom and glory: glory is due only to a ſoul which knows to bear pain, and trample pleaſures under foot.

Telemachus anſwered, ſighing, May the Gods deſtroy me rather than ſuffer luxury and voluptuouſneſs to take poſſeſſion of my heart: no, no, the ſon of Ulyſſes ſhall never be vanquiſhed by the charms of a ſoft and an effeminate life. But how gracious is heaven in directing us after our ſhipwreck to this Goddeſs, or this mortal, who loads us with benefits!

Fear,

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Fear, replied Mentor, leſt she load you with evils: fear the ſweet, deceitful words more than the rocks which dashed your veſſel in pieces. Shipwreck and death are leſs fatal than pleaſures which attack virtue. Take heed not to credit what she will relate to you. Youth is preſumptuous; it hopes every thing from itſelf; though frail, it thinks itſelf all-ſufficient, and that it has never any thing to fear; it is credulous and unwary. Be ſure not to regard Calypſo's ſweet and flattering words, which will inſinuate themſelves like a ſerpent under flowers. Suſpect their hidden poiſon, miſtruſt yourſelf, and always wait for my advice.

After this, they returned to Calypſo, who was waiting for them. The nymphs with braided hair and white veſtments immediately ſerved up a plain repaſt, but exquiſite with regard to its taſte and elegance. There was no flesh but that of birds which they had taken in their nets, or of beaſts which they had killed with their arrows in the chace. Wine, more delicious than nectar, flowed from large ſilver vaſes into golden cups crowned with flowers. There were brought in baskets all the fruits which the ſpring promiſes, and autumn laviſhes on the earth. At the ſame time four young nymphs began to ſing. They firſt ſung the war of the Gods againſt the giants; then the loves of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his education under old Silenus; the race of Atalanta and Hippomenes, who was conqueror by means of the golden apples gathered in the gardens of the Heſperides: at laſt the Trojan war was likewiſe ſung, and the combats and wiſdom of Ulyſſes extolled to the skies. The chief of the nymphs, whoſe name was Leucothoë, joined the harmony of her lyre to the ſweet voices of all the others. When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears which ran down his cheeks gave a new luſtre to his beauty. But as Calypſo perceiv-

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ed that he could not eat, and that he vas ſeized with grief, ſhe made a ſign to the nymphs; upon which they ſung the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and deſcent of Orpheus to hell to fetch his dear Eurydice from thence.

When the repaſt was ended, the Goddeſs took Telemachus aſide, and beſpoke him thus: You ſee, ſon of the great Ulyſſes, with what favour I receive you; I am immortal; no man can enter this Iſland without being punished for his temerity; and even your shipwreck could not ſave you from my indignation, if I did not moreover love you. Your father had the ſame good fortune as you; but alas! he was not wiſe enough to turn it to his advantage. I detained him a long while in this Iſland; he might here have lived with me in a ſtate of immortality; but the blind paſſion of returning to his wretched country, made him reject all theſe advantages. You ſee all he has loſt for Ithaca, which he will never ſee again. He was reſolved to leave me; he departed, and I was revenged by the tempeſt: his veſſel, having long been the ſport of the winds, was buried in the waves. Make a right uſe of ſo ſad an example. After his shipwreck you can have no hopes of either ſeeing him again, or of ever reigning in the Iſland of Ithaca after him; be not afflicted at his loſs, ſince you find a Goddeſs ready to make you happy, and a kingdom which she offers you. To theſe words Calypſo added a long diſcourſe, to ſhew how happy Ulyſſes had been with her. She recited his adventures in the cave of Polyphemus the Cyclop, and in the country of Antiphates king of the Leſtrigons. She forgot not what happened to him in the Iſland of Circe the daughter of the Sun, and the dangers he was in between Scilla and Charybdis. She deſcribed the laſt ſtorm which Neptune had raiſed againſt him when he departed from her; and deſigning to make Telemachus think that he perished in this tempeſt, she ſuppreſſed his arrival in the iſlands of the Phæacians.

Telemachus,

Telemachus, who had at firſt too haſtily abandoned himſelf to joy at being ſo well treated by Calypſo, at length perceived her artifice, and the wiſdom of the counſels which Mentor had juſt given him. He replied in a few words, O Goddeſs, excuſe my ſorrow. I cannot at preſent but grieve. Perhaps hereafter I may be more able to reliſh the happineſs you offer me. Permit me now to weep for my father. You know better than I how much he deſerves to be lamented.

Calypſo, not daring to urge him further at firſt, pretended even to ſympathiſe with him in his grief, and to pity Ulyſſes. But the better to know the means of winning the heart of the youth, ſhe asked him how he was wrecked, and by what accidents he was on her coaſt. The relation of my misfortunes, ſaid he, would be too tedious. No, no, replied ſhe, I long to know them; make haſte to relate them to me. She preſſed him a long while: at length, not being able to deny her, he began thus:

I left Ithaca in order to go and enquire of the other kings returned from the ſiege of Troy news of my father. My mother Penelope's ſuitors were ſurpriſed at my departure; for knowing their treachery, I had taken care to conceal it from them. Neſtor, whom I ſaw at Pylos, nor Menelaus, who received me in a friendly manner at Lacedæmon, could inform me whether my father was ſtill alive. Weary of living continually in ſuſpenſe and uncertainty, I reſolved to go into Sicily, where I had heard that my father had been driven by the winds. But the ſage Mentor, whom you ſee here preſent, oppoſed this raſh deſign; repreſenting to me the Cyclops, monſtrous giants who devour men, on the one ſide; on the other, the fleet of Æneas and the Trojans who were on thoſe coaſts. The Trojans, ſaid he, are exaſperated againſt all the Greeks, and would take a ſingular pleaſure in ſhedding the blood

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of the ſon of Ulyſſes. Return, continued he, to Ithaca; perhaps your father, beloved of the Gods, will be there as ſoon as you; but if the Gods have decreed his deſtruction, if he muſt never ſee his country again, you ſhould at leaſt go to revenge him, to ſet your mother at liberty, to manifeſt your wiſdom to the world, and to let all Greece ſee in you a king as worthy of reigning as ever Ulyſſes himſelf was. Theſe were ſalutary words; but I was not wiſe enough to liſten to them; I liſtened only to my paſſions. The ſage Mentor loved me ſo well as to attend me in this rash voyage, which I undertook contrary to his counſel; and the Gods permitted me to commit a fault, which was to cure me of my preſumption.

Whilſt Telemachus was ſpeaking, Calypſo gazed at Mentor. She was aſtonished; and fancied she perceived in him ſomething divine; but she could not clear up the confuſion of her thoughts. She remained therefore full of fear and ſuſpicion at the ſight of this ſtranger. And being apprehenſive that she ſhould diſcover her diſorder, Go on, ſaid she to Telemachus, and ſatisfy my curioſity. Telemachus thus reſumed his ſtory:

We had for a long time a favourable wind for ſailing to Sicily; but at laſt a black tempeſt ravished the heavens from our eyes, and we were involved in a profound night. By the flashes of lightning we diſcovered other ships expoſed to the ſame danger, and preſently knew that they were Æneas's fleet; no leſs formidable to us than the rocks themſelves. Then I perceived, but too late, what the heat of my imprudent youth had hindered me from conſidering with attention. Mentor appeared in this danger not only firm and intrepid, but more gay than uſual. It was he who encouraged me, and I was ſenſible that he inſpired me with an invincible fortitude. He gave out all orders with tranquillity, while the pilot was at a loſs what to do. Dear

Mentor,

Mentor, ſaid I, why did I refuſe to yield to your counſel? How wretched am I in following my own, at an age when one has no foreſight of the future, no experience of the paſt, nor wiſdom to govern the preſent! O! ſhould we ever eſcape this tempeſt, I will miſtruſt myſelf as my moſt dangerous Enemy; you, Mentor, ſhall always rule me.

Mentor replied with a ſmile, I am far from reproaching you with the fault you have committed; it ſuffices that you are ſenſible of it, and that it will teach you another time to curb your deſires. But when the danger is over, your preſomption perhaps will return. We muſt however at preſent ſupport ourſelves by our courage. Before we run into danger, we ſhould foreſee and apprehend it; but when one is in it, we have nothing to do but to deſpiſe it. Be therefore the worthy ſon of Ulyſſes, and manifeſt a courage ſuperior to all the dangers which threaten you.

The good-nature and courage of Mentor charmed me; but I was ſtill much more ſurpriſed, when I ſaw with what dexterity he delivered us from the Trojans. The moment the heavens began to clear up, and the Trojans ſeeing us near could not but have known us, he obſerved one of their ſhips, which nearly reſembled ours, and had been ſeparated by the ſtorm, whoſe ſtern was crowned with certain flowers. He immediately placed garlands of the like flowers upon our ſtern; he tied them himſelf with ribbands of the ſame colour as thoſe of the Trojans, and ordered all our rowers to ſtoop as cloſe as poſſible to their benches, that they might not be known by the enemy In this condition we paſſed through the midſt of their fleet, while they ſhouted for joy at ſeeing us, as though they had ſeen their companions whom they thought they had loſt: nay, we were conſtrained, by the violence of the Sea, to ſail a good while along with them. At laſt we ſtaid a little behind; and whilſt the impetuous

petuous winds drove them towards Africa, we made our utmoſt efforts to land by dint of rowing on the neighbouring coaſt of Sicily.

We indeed arrived there, but what we ſought was no leſs fatal than the fleet which occaſioned our flight. We found on this coaſt of Sicily other Trojans, and conſequently enemies of the Greeks. Here reigned old Aceſtes, who ſprung from Troy. We had hardly reached the ſhore, but the Inhabitants, ſuppoſing us either other people of the Iſland who had taken arms to ſurpriſe them, or foreigners who came to ſeize their lands, burnt our veſſel in the firſt tranſport of their rage, and murdered all our companions; reſerving only Mentor and myſelf to preſent us to Aceſtes, that he might learn from us what were our deſigns, and from whence we came. We entered the city with our hands tied behind our backs, and our death was deferred only that we might ſerve for a ſight to a cruel people, when they ſhould know that we were Greeks.

We were immediately preſented to Aceſtes, who holding his golden ſceptre in his hand, was adminiſtering juſtice among the people, and preparing for a grand ſacrifice. He asked us, in a ſtern voice, of what country we were, and the occaſion of our voyage. Mentor immediately replied, and ſaid to him, We come from the coaſt of great Heſperia, and our country is not far from thence. Thus he avoided ſaying that we were Greeks. But Aceſtes, without hearing any thing more, and taking us for foreigners who concealed our deſign, ordered us to be ſent into a neighbouring foreſt, to ſerve as ſlaves under thoſe who tended his flocks. This condition appearing to me more intolerable than death, O king, cried I, put us to death rather than treat us thus unworthily. Know that I am Telemachus, the ſon of the ſage Ulyſſes, king of the Ithacans; I am ſeeking my father in every ſea: if I can neither find him, nor return to my native country,

try, nor avoid ſlavery, take from me a life which I cannot ſupport.

I had hardly uttered theſe words, when all the enraged people cried out, that they ought to put to death the ſon of the cruel Ulyſſes, whoſe artifices had overthrown the city of Troy. O ſon of Ulyſſes, ſaid Aceſtes to me, I cannot refuſe your blood to the manes of the many Trojans, whom your father has ſent to the banks of black Cocytus; you, and he who conducts you, ſhall die. At the ſame time an old man of the company adviſed the king to ſacrifice us on the tomb of Anchiſes. Their blood, ſaid he, will be grateful to the ſhade of that hero; Æneas himſelf, when he ſhall hear of ſuch a ſacrifice, will rejoice to ſee how much you love what of all things in the world was the deareſt to him. All the people applauded this propoſition, and thought of nothing but of ſacrificing us. They were already leading us to the tomb of Anchiſes; they had there erected two altars, on which the holy fire was kindled; the knife which was to ſlay us was before our eyes; we were crowned with flowers; no pity could ſave our lives; our fate was determined, when Mentor, calmly deſiring leave to ſpeak to the king, ſaid to him:

O Aceſtes, if the misfortunes of the youthful Telemachus, who never bore arms againſt the Trojans, cannot move you; at leaſt let your own intereſt move you. The knowledge I have obtained of preſages and the will of the Gods, inform me, that before three days are elapſed, you will be attacked by barbarous nations, which are coming like a torrent from the tops of the mountains to overflow your city, and to ravage all your country. Make haſte to prevent them; put your ſubjects under arms, and delay not a moment to drive within your walls the rich flocks and herds which you have in the fields. If my prediction is falſe, you will be at liberty to ſacrifice us in three days; if

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on the contrary it is true, you will remember that you ought not to take away the life of thoſe to whom you owe your own.

Aceſtes was aſtonished at theſe words, which Mentor pronounced with a confidence which he had never found in any man. I plainly perceive, O ſtranger, replied he, that the Gods, who have allotted you ſo ſmall a portion of the gifts of fortune, have given you a wiſdom which is more valuable than the greateſt proſperity. At the ſame time he put off the ſacrifice, and immediately gave the orders which were neceſſary to prevent the attack, with which Mentor had threatened him. Nothing was ſeen on every ſide but trembling women, men bowed down with age, and little children with tears in their eyes, retiring into the city. Herds of lowing oxen and flocks of bleating sheep came in crowds, quitting their fat paſtures, and unable to find ſtabling enough to receive them. There was in all parts a confuſed noiſe of men, who preſſed upon and could not underſtand each other, who took in this confuſion a ſtranger for their friend, and who run without knowing whither they were going. But the chiefs of the city, conceiting themſelves wiſer than the reſt, imagined that Mentor was an impoſtor, who had made a falſe prediction to ſave his life.

Before the end of the third day, whilſt they were full of theſe thoughts, there was ſeen on the deſcent of the neighbouring mountains a curling cloud of duſt; then they perceived an innumerable hoſt of armed barbarians. They were the Hymerians, a ſavage people, with the nations which inhabit the Nebrodian mountains, and the top of Agragas, where a winter reigns, which was never ſoftened by the Zephirs. They who had deſpiſed Mentor's prediction, loſt their ſlaves and their flocks. The king ſaid to Mentor, I forget that you are Greeks; our enemies are become our faithful friends; the Gods have ſent you to ſave us; I do not expect leſs from your

your valour than from the wiſdom of your counſels; make haſte to ſuccour us.

Mentor diſcovers in his eyes an intrepidity which aſtoniſhes the fierceſt warriors. He takes a buckler, a helmet, a ſword and a lance; he marſhals the ſoldiers of Aceſtes; he marches at their head, and advances in good order towards the enemy. Aceſtes, though full of courage, can by reaſon of his age only follow him at a diſtance. I follow him cloſer, but cannot equal his valour. In the battle his cuiraſs reſembled the immortal Ægis. Death ran from rank to rank wherever his blows deſcended: ſo a Numidian lion, ſtung with hunger, falls on a flock of feeble sheep; he rends, he ſlays, he ſwims in blood, and the ſhepherds, inſtead of ſuccouring the flock, fly trembling to eſcape his fury.

The Barbarians, who hoped to ſurpriſe the city, were themſelves ſurpriſed and thrown into diſorder. The ſubjects of Aceſtes, animated by Mentor's words and valour, felt a vigour of which they thought themſelves incapable. With my lance I killed the ſon of the enemy's king; he was of my age, but he was taller than I; for theſe people are deſcended from a race of giants of the ſame origin as the Cyclops. He deſpiſed ſo weak an adverſary as me. But without being alarmed at his prodigious ſtrength or ſavage and brutal air, I thruſt my lance againſt his breaſt, and made him as he expired vomit forth torrents of black blood. He had like to have crushed me in his fall. The clattering of his arms reſounded in the mountains. I took the ſpoils, and returned to find Aceſtes. Mentor, having intirely routed the enemy, cut them in pieces, and purſued the fugitives even into the woods.

This ſo unexpected a ſucceſs made Mentor looked upon as a man beloved and inſpired by the Gods. Aceſtes, touched with gratitude, told us, that he ſhould be in the greateſt fear for us, if Æneas's fleet ſhould

should return to Sicily. He gave us a ship to return without delay to our own country, loaded us with presents, and pressed us to depart, in order to prevent the evils he foresaw. But not caring to give us either a pilot or rowers of his own nation, for fear they should be too much exposed upon the coast of Greece, he provided for us some Phœnician merchants, who, trading with all the nations of the world, had nothing to fear, and were to bring back the vessel to Acestes, when they had left us in Ithaca: But the Gods, who sport with the designs of men, reserved us for other misfortunes.

End of the First Book.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates how he was taken in the Tyrian veſſel by the fleet of Seſoſtris, and carried captive into Egypt. He deſcribes the beauty of the country, and the wiſe government of its king. He adds, that Mentor was ſent a ſlave into Ethiopia; that he himſelf was reduced to tend a flock in the deſart of Oaſis; that Termoſiris, a prieſt of Apollo, comforted him, by teaching him to imitate Apollo, who had formerly been a ſhepherd to king Admetus; that Seſoſtris was at laſt informed of all the wonders which he did among the ſhepherds; that being convinced of his innocence he recalled him, and promiſed to ſend him back to Ithaca; but that the death of this king plunged him again in freſh misfortunes; that he was impriſoned in a tower on the ſea-ſhore, from whence he ſaw the new king Boccoris, who periſhed in a battle againſt his own ſubjects, who had rebelled, and were aſſiſted by the Tyrians.

THE Tyrians, by their pride, had irritated againſt them king Seſoſtris, who reigned in Egypt, and had conquered many kingdoms. The riches they had acquired by commerce, and the ſtrength

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ſtrength of their impregnable city of Tyre, which is ſituated in the ſea, having puffed up the heart of theſe people, they had refuſed to pay Seſoſtris the tribute he impoſed upon them in his return from his conqueſts, and had ſent ſome troops to his brother, who had attempted to aſſaſſinate him at his return, in the midſt of the rejoicings of a grand feſtival.

Seſoſtris had reſolved, in order to humble their pride, to interrupt their commerce in every ſea. His ſhips went to all parts in ſearch of the Phœnicians. An Egyptian fleet met us, as we began to loſe ſight of the mountains of Sicily. The port and the land ſeemed to fly from us, and to loſe themſelves in the clouds. At the ſame time we ſaw the Egyptian ſhips, like a floating city, approaching. The Phœnicians knew, and endeavoured to get clear of, them: but it was too late. Their ſails were better than ours; the wind favoured them; their rowers were more numerous. They board, take, and carry us priſoners into Egypt.

In vain did I repreſent to them that we were not Phœnicians; they hardly deigned to hear me. They took us for ſlaves in whom the Phœnicians traded, and thought only of the profit of ſuch a prize. We now obſerve the waves of the ſea to whiten by their confluence with thoſe of the Nile, and perceive the coaſt of Egypt almoſt as low as the ſea. We afterwards arrive at the iſle of Pharos which is near to the city of No, and from thence ſail up the Nile as far as Memphis.

If grief for our captivity had not rendered us inſenſible to all pleaſures, our eyes would have been charmed with ſeeing this fertile country of Egypt, like a delightful garden, watered by an infinite number of canals. We could not caſt our eyes on either ſhore without ſeeing opulent cities, country houſes agreeably ſituated, lands yearly covered with a golden harveſt without ever lying fallow, meadows

full of flocks and herds, husbandmen bending under the weight of the fruits which the earth had poured out of her boſom, and shepherds who made all the echoes round them repeat the ſweet ſounds of their flutes and their pipes.

Happy the people, ſaid Mentor, who are governed by a wiſe king! They abound; they live happy, and love him to whom they owe all their happineſs. It is thus, added he, O Telemachus! that you ought to reign, and to cauſe the joy of your people, if ever the Gods put you in poſſeſſion of the kingdom of your father. Love your ſubjects as your children, relish the pleaſure of being beloved by them, and act ſo that they may never be ſenſible of peace and joy, without remembering that it is a good king who made them theſe rich preſents. Kings who think only of making themſelves feared, and of humbling their people in order to render them more ſubmiſſive, are the ſcourges of human kind. They are feared as they deſire to be; but then they are hated, deteſted, and have more to apprehend from their ſubjects than their ſubjects have to apprehend from them.

I anſwered Mentor, Alas! it is not our buſineſs to think of the maxims by which we ought to reign. There is no Ithaca for us, we ſhall never ſee our country nor Penelope again. And though even Ulyſſes ſhould return, full of glory, to his kingdom, he will never have the pleaſure of ſeeing me there: never ſhall I have that of obeying him, in order to learn how to command. Let us die, my dear Mentor; other thoughts are no longer allowed us: let us die, ſince the Gods have no pity of us.

As I ſpoke thus, profound ſighs interrupted all my words. But Mentor, who was apprehenſive of evils before they happened, no longer knew what it was to fear them when they were preſent. Unworthy ſon of wiſe Ulyſſes! cried he, what! do you

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you ſuffer yourſelf to be vanquiſhed by your misfortunes! Know that you will one day ſee again the iſle of Ithaca and Penelope: you ſhall ſee, even in his former glory, him whom you never knew, the invincible Ulyſſes; whom fortune cannot ſubdue, and who, in his calamities, yet greater than yours, teaches you never to deſpair. O! if he ſhould hear, in the remote country on which the tempeſt has thrown him, that his ſon knows to imitate neither his patience nor his fortitude, the news would overwhelm him with ſhame, and be more grievous to him than all the evils he has ſo long endured.

Mentor afterwards made me take notice of the joy and plenty which overſpread the whole country of Egypt, in which were reckoned two-and-twenty thouſand cities. He admired the good government of theſe cities; the juſtice exerciſed in favour of the poor againſt the rich; the good education of children, who were trained up to obedience, labour, ſobriety, the love of arts or letters; the exact obſervation of all religious ceremonies, the diſintereſted ſpirit, the thirſt of honour, the fidelity towards men, and the reverence of the Gods which every father inſtilled into his children. He was never weary of admiring this beautiful order. Happy the people, was he continually ſaying to me, who are thus governed by a wiſe king! but ſtill more happy the king who cauſes the felicity of ſuch multitudes, and finds his own in his virtue! He holds men by a chain an hundred times ſtronger than that of fear, namely, that of love. Men not only obey, but even delight to obey him. He reigns in all hearts; every one, inſtead of wiſhing to get rid of him, is afraid of loſing him, and would lay down his life for him.

I was attentive to what Mentor ſaid, and perceived that my courage revived from the bottom of my heart as my wiſe friend was talking to me. As ſoon as we arrived at Memphis, a rich and magnificent city, the governor ordered that we ſhould

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go as far as Thebes, to be preſented to king Seſoſtris, who was deſirous of inſpecting into things himſelf, and was greatly exaſperated againſt the Tyrians. We therefore ſtill proceeded up the Nile, as far as the famous Thebes, which has an hundred gates, and was the place of this great prince's reſidence. This city appeared to us of a prodigious extent, and more populous than the moſt flouriſhing cities of Greece. Its policy is perfect with regard to the neatneſs of the ſtreets, water courſes, the conveniency of baths, the culture of arts, and the public ſafety. The ſquares are adorned with fountains and obelisks; the temples are of marble, and of a plain but majeſtic architecture. The prince's palace alone is like a great city: nothing is ſeen there but marble columns, pyramids and obelisks, Coloſſean ſtatues, and furniture of ſolid gold and ſilver.

Thoſe who had taken us told the king, that we were found on board a Phœnician ſhip. He gave audience every day, at certain ſtated hours, to all his ſubjects, who had any complaints to make, or informations to give him. He neither deſpiſed nor repulſed any man, and thought himſelf a king only to do good to his ſubjects, whom he loved as his children. As for ſtrangers, he received them with indulgence, and was deſirous of ſeeing them, becauſe he thought that one always learns ſomething uſeful, by informing one's ſelf of the cuſtoms and maxims of diſtant nations. This curioſity of the king was the occaſion of our being brought before him. He was on an ivory throne, holding a golden ſcepter in his hand. He was now in years, but agreeable, full of ſweetneſs and majeſty. He adminiſtered juſtice daily among his people with a patience and wiſdom which all admired without flattery. After having toiled all the day in ſettling public affairs, and in rendering impartial juſtice, he refreſhed himſelf in the evening in hearing of the learned, or in converſing with the beſt of men, whom he well knew how to ſelect and admit into his

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his familiarity. He could not be reproached in all his life, but with having triumphed with too much oſtentation over the kings he conquered, and with repoſing too much confidence in one of his ſubjects, whoſe picture I ſhall preſently give you.

When he ſaw me, he pitied my youth; he asked me my name and my country, and we were aſtoniſhed at the wiſdom which flowed from his mouth. I anſwered him, O mighty prince, you are no ſtranger to the ſiege of Troy which laſted ten years, and its deſtruction which coſt all Greece ſo much blood. Ulyſſes my father was one of the principal kings who deſtroyed that city. He wanders through every ſea without being able to find the iſle of Ithaca, his kingdom. I am in ſearch of him, and a misfortune like his was the occaſion of my being taken. Reſtore me to my father and to my country: ſo may the Gods preſerve you to your children, and make them ſenſible of the happineſs of living under ſo good a father.

Seſoſtris continued to behold me with an eye of compaſſion: but deſiring to know if what I ſaid was true, he referred us to one of his officers, who was commanded to inform himſelf of thoſe who had taken our ship, whether we were really Greeks or Phœnicians. If they are Phœnicians, ſaid the king, they muſt be doubly punished, for being our enemies, and ſtill more for having endeavoured to deceive us by a baſe lye. If on the contrary they are Greeks, I would have them treated kindly, and ſent back to their own country in one of my ships; for I love Greece: ſeveral Egyptians have been legiſlators there. I am no ſtranger to the virtue of Hercules; the fame of Achilles had reached even to us, and I admire what has been told me of the wiſdom of the unhappy Ulyſſes. It is a pleaſure to me to relieve virtue in diſtreſs.

The officer to whom the king committed the inquiry into our affair, had a ſoul as corrupted and artful, as Seſoſtris was ſincere and generous. This

officer was called Metophis. He endeavoured to enſnare us by his queſtions, and perceiving that Mentor anſwered with more wiſdom than I, he looked upon him with averſion and jealouſy; for the bad are provoked at the good. He ſeparated us, and from that time I knew not what was become of Mentor. This ſeparation was a thunder-bolt to me. Metophis always hoped that by examining us ſeparately, he ſhould make us ſay contrary things; he hoped eſpecially to dazzle me by flattering promiſes, and to make me confeſs what Mentor might have concealed from him. In ſhort, he did not really ſeek for the truth, but endeavoured to find ſome pretence to tell the king that we were Phœnicians, in order to make us his ſlaves. In fact, notwithſtanding our innocence and the king's ſagacity, he found the means of deceiving him. Alas! to what are kings expoſed! Even the wiſeſt are frequently abuſed. Artful and ſelfiſh men ſurround them; the good retire, becauſe they are neither importunate nor flatterers: the good wait till they are ſought after, and princes do not often ſeek after them. On the contrary, the wicked are impudent, treacherous, inſinuating and officious, artful diſſemblers, ready to do any thing againſt honour and conſcience, to gratify the paſſions of him who reigns. O! how unhappy is a king in being expoſed to the artifices of the wicked! He is ruined if he does not repulſe flattery, and if he loves not thoſe who boldly tell him the truth. Theſe were the reflections I made in my diſtreſs; I recollected all that I had heard from Mentor.

In the mean time Metophis ſent me towards the mountains of the deſert of Oaſis with his ſlaves, that I might be a ſlave with them, and look after his numerous flocks. Here Calypſo interrupted Telemachus, ſaying, Well, what did you do then, you who in Sicily preferred death to ſlavery? Telemachus replied, My misfortunes continually increaſed; I had no longer the ſad conſolation of chuſing ſervitude

ſervitude or death; I was forced to be a ſlave, and to exhauſt, if I may uſe the expreſſion, all the rigors of fortune. I had no hope left, and I could not ſpeak even one word in order to work out my deliverance. Mentor has ſince told me that he was ſold to Ethiopians, and that he went with them into Ethiopia.

As for me I arrived in horrible deſerts: here burning ſands are ſeen in the midſt of the plains; ſnows which never diſſolve, and make an eternal winter on the tops of the mountains; and paſtures for cattle are only found amongſt the rocks. Towards the middle of theſe ſteep mountains, the vallies are ſo deep, that the rays of the ſun can hardly reach them.

The only perſons I found in this country, were ſhepherds as ſavage as the country itſelf. There I paſſed the nights in bewailing my misfortune, and the days in tending a flock, to avoid the brutal fury of the chief ſlave; who, hoping to obtain his liberty, was continually accuſing the reſt, in order to make a merit to his maſter of his zeal and attachment to his intereſts. The name of this ſlave was Butis: I was ready to ſink on this occaſion. Oppreſt with grief, I one day forgot my flock, and ſtretched myſelf on the graſs near a cave, where I expected death, unable longer to ſupport my pains. The ſame moment I perceived that the whole mountain trembled; the oaks and pines ſeemed to deſcend from its ſummit; the winds retained their breath, and a hollow voice iſſuing out of the cave, uttered theſe words: "Son of ſage Ulyſſes, you, like him, muſt become great by patience. Princes who have always been happy, are ſeldom worthy of being ſo; luxury corrupts, and pride intoxicates them. Happy will you be if you ſurmount your misfortunes, and if you never forget them. You ſhall ſee Ithaca again, and your glory ſhall aſcend to the ſtars. When you are the maſter of others, remember that you yourſelf have been weak, poor, and in trouble

like them; take a pleaſure in relieving them; love your ſubjects, deteſt flattery, and know that you will be great only in proportion to your moderation and reſolution in ſubduing your paſſions.»

Theſe divine words penetrated even to the bottom of my heart, and cauſed joy and courage to revive in it. I did not feel that horror which makes the hair riſe upright on the head, and chills the blood in the veins, when the Gods reveal themſelves to mortals: I roſe in tranquillity; I fell on my knees, and lifting up my hands to heaven, worſhipped Minerva, to whom I believed myſelf indebted for this oracle. At the ſame time I found myſelf a new man; wiſdom enlightened my mind; I felt a pleaſing power to moderate all my paſſions, and to check the impetuoſity of my youth. I made myſelf beloved by all the ſhepherds of the deſert. My meekneſs, my patience, my diligence, at laſt appeaſed the cruel Butis, who was in authority over the other ſlaves, and at firſt took a pleaſure in tormenting me.

The better to bear the irkſomeneſs of captivity and ſolitude, I ſought for books; for I was overwhelmed with melancholy, for want of ſome inſtructions to cherish and ſupport my mind. Happy they, ſaid I, who are diſguſted with violent pleaſures, and know how to be contented with the ſweets of an innocent life! Happy they who delight in being inſtructed, and who take a pleaſure in cultivating their minds with knowledge! On whatever part adverſe fortune may throw them; they always carry entertainment with them; and the diſquiet which preys upon others, even in the midſt of pleaſures, is unknown to thoſe who can employ themſelves in reading. Happy they who love to read, and are not like me deprived of it. As theſe thoughts were revolving in my mind, I went into a gloomy foreſt, where I immediately perceived an old man holding a book in his hand.

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The forehead of this old man was large, bald, and a little wrinkled: a white beard hung down to his girdle; his ſtature was tall and majeſtic, his complexion ſtill fresh and ruddy, his eyes lively and piercing, his voice ſweet, his words plain and charming. I never ſaw ſo venerable an old man. His name was Termoſiris: he was a prieſt of Apollo, and officiated in a marble temple, which the kings of Egypt had dedicated to that God in this foreſt. The book which he held in his hand was a collection of hymns in honour of the Gods. He accoſts me in a friendly manner, and we diſcourſe together. He related things paſt ſo well, that they ſeemed preſent, and yet with ſuch brevity that his accounts never tired me. He foreſaw the future by his profound knowledge, which made him know men, and the deſigns of which they were capable. With all this wiſdom he was chearful and complaiſant, and the ſprightlieſt youth has not ſo many graces as this man had in ſo advanced an age. He accordingly loved young men, when they were tractable, and had a relish for virtue.

He ſoon tenderly loved me; he furnished me with books for my conſolation, and called me his ſon. I often ſaid to him, O my father! the Gods who deprived me of Mentor, have had pity on me; they have given me another ſupport in you. This man, like Orpheus or Linus, was, without doubt, inſpired by the Gods. He recited to me the verſes he had made, and gave me thoſe of ſeveral excellents poets who were favourites of the Muſes. When he was clad in his long robe of a shining white, and took his ivory lyre in his hand, the tygers, the bears, the lions, came to fawn upon him, and to lick his feet. The Satyrs came out of the woods to dance around him, the trees themſelves ſeemed to be moved, and one would have thought the affected rocks were going to deſcend from the tops of the mountains at the charms of his melodious accents. He ſung but the majeſty of the Gods, the

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virtue of heroes, and the wiſdom of men who prefer glory to pleaſure.

He often told me that I ought to take courage, and that the Gods would not abandon either Ulyſſes or his ſon. At laſt he aſſured me that I ought, after the example of Apollo, to teach the shepherds to cultivate the Muſes. Apollo, ſaid he, provoked at Jupiter's diſturbing the heavens with his thunder in the brighteſt days, determined to revenge himſelf on the Cyclops who forged the bolts, and ſlew them with his arrows. Mount Etna immediately ceaſed to diſgorge its ſtorms of c rling flames; no longer were heard the ſtrokes of the terrible hammers, which ſtriking the anvil excited the groans of the deep caverns of the earth, and of the abyſſes of the ſea. Iron and braſs being no longer polished by the Cyclops, began to ruſt. Vulcan quits his forge in a rage, mounts though lame with ſpeed towards Olympus, arrives ſweating and covered with duſt, in the aſſembly of the Gods, and makes bitter complaints. Jupiter is provoked at Appollo, drives him out of heaven, and hurls him headlong to the earth. His empty chariot performs of itſelf its uſual courſe, to give the day and night to men with a regular change of the ſeaſons. Apollo, ſtript of his rays, was forced to turn shepherd, and tend the flocks of king Admetus. He played on the flute, and all the other ſwains came to shady elms on the border of a limpid fountain, to hear his ſongs. Till then they had led a ſavage and brutal life; they knew but to tend, to sheer and milk their sheep, and make cheeſes: the whole country was like a frightful deſert.

Apollo quickly taught all the shepherds the arts which can render their life agreeable. He ſung the flowers with which the ſpring is crowned, the perfumes she sheds, and the verdure which riſes under her ſteps. He afterwards ſung the delightful nights of ſummer, when the Zephirs revive mankind, and the dew quenches the thirſt of the earth. He likewiſe

wiſe mingled in his ſongs the golden fruits with which autumn rewards the husbandman's toils, and the repoſe of winter, when the ſportful youth dance before the fire. At laſt he repreſented the gloomy woods which cover the mountains, and the hollow vallies, where rivers by a thouſand windings ſeem to ſport amidſt the laughing meadows. Thus he taught the ſwains what are the charms of a country life, when we know how to taſte the bounties of ſimple nature. The shepherds with their pipes ſoon ſaw themſelves happier than kings, and their cottages attracted in crowds the uncorrupted joys which fly the gilded palace: the ſports, the ſmiles, the graces, every where attended the innocent shepherdeſſes. Every day was a feſtival. Nothing now was heard but the warbling of birds, or the ſoft breath of the Zephirs ſporting in the branches of the trees, or the murmurs of a lucid rill falling from the rocks, or the ſongs with which the muſes inſpired the ſwains who attended Apollo. This God taught them to obtain the prize in the race, and to pierce with arrows the hinds and the ſtags. The Gods themſelves grew jealous of the shepherds, and thinking their life ſweeter than all their own glory, recalled Apollo to Olympus.

This hiſtory, my ſon, ſhould inſtruct you: ſince you are in the condition in which Apollo was, till this uncultivated earth; like him make the deſert bloom; teach all theſe shepherds the charms of harmony; ſoften their ſavage hearts; ſhew them the beauty of virtue, and make them ſenſible how ſweet it is in ſolitude to enjoy the innocent pleaſures, which nothing can take from shepherds. A day, my ſon, a day will come, when the pains and cruel cares which beſiege kings, will make you regret on a throne the life of a shepherd.

This ſaid, Termoſiris gave me ſo ſweet a flute, that the echoes of the mountains, which made it heard on every ſide, ſoon drew all the neighbouring ſwains around me. My voice had a divine har-

mony; I was moved and rapt as it were out of myſelf, to ſing the charms with which nature has adorned the country. We paſſed whole days and a part of the nights in ſinging together. All the ſhepherds, forgetting their huts and their flocks, ſtood motionleſs around me, whilſt I gave them their leſſons. Theſe deſerts appeared no longer ſavage; all was pleaſant and ſmiling; the courteous manners of the inhabitants ſeemed to meliorate the ſoil.

We often aſſembled to offer ſacrifices in the temple of Apollo, of which Termoſiris was prieſt. The ſhepherds went thither, crowned with laurels in honour of the God; the ſhepherdeſſes likewiſe went thither, dancing and bearing garlands of flowers and baskets of ſacred offerings on their heads. After the ſacrifice we made a rural feaſt. Our greateſt dainties were the milk of our goats and our ſheep, which we took care to milk ourſelves, with fruits freſh gathered with our own hands, ſuch as dates, figs and grapes; our ſeats were the verdant turf, and the thick trees afforded us a pleaſanter ſhade than the gilded roofs of the palaces of kings.

But what crowned my fame among the ſhepherds was, that an hungry lion one day came and fell on my flock. He was already beginning an horrible ſlaughter; I had only my crook in my hand, but I advanced boldly. The lion briſtles up his mane, ſhews me his teeth and his claws, and opens his parched and flaming mouth. His eyes ſeemed very red and fiery; he beats his ſides with his long tail: I fell him to the ground. The little coat of mail which I wore according to the cuſtom of the ſhepherds of Egypt, prevented his tearing me in pieces. Thrice I threw him down, and thrice he roſe again, making all the foreſt ring with his roarings. At laſt I ſtrangled him in my arms; and the ſhepherds, witneſſes of my victory, inſiſted on my wearing the ſkin of this terrible animal.

The

The fame of this action, and of the happy reformation of all our shepherds, ſpread throughout Egypt, and reached even the ears of Seſoſtris. He was informed that one of the captives, who had been taken for Phœnicians, had reſtored the golden age in theſe almoſt uninhabitable deſerts. He deſired to ſee me, for he loved the muſes; and every thing which could inſtruct mankind charmed his noble heart. He ſaw me, he heard me with pleaſure, and found that Metophis had deceived him through avarice. He condemned him to perpetual impriſonment, and ſtript him of all the riches which he unjuſtly poſſeſſed. O how unhappy, ſaid he, is the man who is exalted above others! He cannot often ſee the truth with his own eyes: he is encompaſſed by men who hinder it from arriving at him; every one has an intereſt to deceive him; every one, under an appearance of zeal, hides his ambition. They pretend to love the king, but they love only the riches he beſtows; they are ſo far from loving him, that to obtain his favour they flatter and betray him.

After this Seſoſtris treated me with a tender friendſhip, and reſolved to ſend me back to Ithaca with ſhips and troops, to deliver Penelope from all her ſuitors. The fleet was now ready, and we thought only of embarking. I admired the turns of fortune, who ſuddenly exalts whom ſhe has the moſt depreſt. This experience made me hope that Ulyſſes might probably return at length to his kingdom after long ſufferings. I thought alſo within myſelf that I might yet ſee Mentor again, though he had been carried into the moſt unknown countries of Ethiopia. Whilſt I delayed my departure a little, to endeavour to learn ſome news of him, Seſoſtris, who was very old, died ſuddenly, and his death plunged me again into new misfortunes.

All Egypt ſeemed inconſolable for this loſs. Every family thought it had loſt its beſt friend, its protector, its father. The old men, lifting up their hands

to

to heaven, cried, Never had Egypt ſo good a king, never will she have the like! O ye Gods! ye should never have shewn him to men, or never have taken him from them! Why muſt we ſurvive the great Seſoſtris? The young men ſaid, The hope of Egypt is loſt; our fathers have been happy in living under ſo good a king; as for us, we have ſeen him only to feel his loſs. His domeſtics wept night and day. When the king's funeral was performed, during forty days the moſt diſtant people ran in crowds to it. Every one deſired yet once more to ſee the body of Seſoſtris; every one deſired to preſerve an idea of him, and ſeveral to be laid in the ſepulchre with him.

What ſtill increaſed their ſorrow for his loſs was, that his ſon Bocchoris had neither humanity for ſtrangers, nor curioſity with regard to the ſciences, nor eſteem for men of virtue, nor love of glory. His father's greatneſs had contributed to render him thus unworthy of reigning. He had been bred up in luxury, and a brutal pride; he looked upon men as nothing, believing that they were made only for him, and that he was of a nature different from theirs. He minded only to gratify his paſſions, to ſquander away the immenſe treaſures which his father had husbanded with ſo much care, to harraſs the people, and to ſuck the blood of the unfortunate; in a word, to follow the flattering counſels of the giddy youths who ſurrounded him, whilſt he diſcarded with diſdain all the wiſe old men who had ſhared his father's confidence: he was a monſter, and not a king. All Egypt groaned; and though the name of Seſoſtris, ſo dear to the Egyptians, made them bear with the shameful and cruel conduct of his ſon, yet the ſon haſtened to his ruin: and indeed a prince ſo unworthy of a throne could not reign long.

I was no longer allowed to hope for my return to Ithaca; I remained in a tower on the ſea-ſhore near Peluſium, where our embarkation was to have been made,

made, if Seſoſtris had not died. Metophis, having had art enough to get out of priſon, and to eſtabliſh himſelf in the good graces of the new king, had cauſed me to be confined in this tower, to revenge himſelf for the diſgrace I had occaſioned him. I ſpent the days and the nights in a deep melancholy. All Termoſiris had foretold me, and all I had heard from the cave, appeared to me no more than a dream. I was overwhelmed with the bitterest ſorrow: I viewed the billows which came and beat againſt the foot of the tower where I was a priſoner. I often employed myſelf in contemplating veſſels toſt by tempeſt, and in danger of ſplitting on the rocks on which the tower was built; but inſtead of bewailing men threatened with ſhipwreck, I envied their lot. Soon, ſaid I to myſelf, will they end the misfortunes of their life, or arrive in their own country: I, alas! can hope for neither.

Whilſt I was thus pining away in fruitleſs grief, I perceived as it were a foreſt of ſhip-maſts. The ſea was covered with ſails which were ſwelled by the winds, and the waves foamed beneath innumerable oars. I heard from all parts a confuſed noiſe, and perceived on the ſhore a party of affrighted Egyptians running to arms, and others who ſeemed going to meet the fleet which they ſaw arriving. I ſoon perceived that theſe foreign ſhips were ſome of Phœnicia, and others of the iſle of Cyprus; for my misfortunes began to render me ſkilful in what relates to navigation. The Egyptians ſeemed to me to be divided among themſelves. I had no difficulty in believing that the thoughtleſs Bocchoris had by his violences cauſed a revolt of his ſubjects, and kindled a civil war. I was from the top of the tower a ſpectator of a bloody battle.

The Egyptians, who had called in foreigners to their aſſiſtance, having favoured their deſcent, attacked the other Egyptians who had the king at their head. I ſaw this prince animating his ſubjects by his

his example, and looking like the God of war. Rivers of blood flowed around him; his chariot wheels were dyed with a black, thick and frothy gore, and could hardly paſs over the heaps of mangled dead.

This young king, well made, robuſt, of an high and haughty mien, had fury and deſpair in his eyes. He was like a fine headſtrong horſe; his courage puſhed him into dangers, but wiſdom did not temper his valour. He knew neither how to retrieve his errors, nor to give proper orders, nor to foreſee the evils which threatened him, nor to ſave his men of whom he had the greateſt need: Not that he wanted a genius, for his underſtanding was equal to his courage; but he had never been inſtructed by adverſity. His governors had poiſoned his naturally good diſpoſition by flattery. He was intoxicated with his power and his fortune; he thought that every thing ought to give way to his impetuous deſires; the leaſt reſiſtance enflamed his anger; he then no longer reaſoned; he was as it were beſide himſelf; his furious pride transformed him into a wild beaſt; his natural gentleneſs and good ſenſe forſook him in an inſtant; his moſt faithful ſervants were forced to fly from him, and he no longer liked any but thoſe who ſoothed his paſſions. He was thus, contrary to his true intereſt, always in extremes, and forced all good men to deteſt his extravagant conduct. His courage ſupported him a long while againſt a multitude of enemies, but he was at laſt overpowered. I ſaw him fall: the dart of a Phœnician pierced his breaſt; the reins ſlipped out of his hands, and he fell from his chariot under his horſes feet. A ſoldier of the iſland of Cyprus cut off his head; and, taking it by the hair, showed it as it were in triumph to the victorious army.

I ſhall all my life remember my having ſeen his head ſwimming in blood, his eyes ſhut and extinguiſhed, his face pale and diſfigured, his mouth half opened, and ſeeming ſtill deſirous of finiſhing the

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the ſpeech it had began, his haughty and threatening air, which death itſelf could not efface. As long as I live, his image will be before my eyes; and if ever the Gods permit me to reign, I ſhall not forget, after ſo terrible an example, that a king is not worthy of commanding, nor happy in his power, but in proportion as he ſubjects it to reaſon. Alas! what a misfortune! for a man deſigned to cauſe the public happineſs, to be the maſter of ſuch multitudes only to render them wretched!

End of the Second Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the THIRD.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates, that the ſucceſſor of Bocchoris reſtoring all the Tyrian priſoners, he himſelf was carried with them to Tyre in Narbal's ſhip, who commanded the Tyrian fleet; that Narbal gave him the character of their king Pygmalion, whoſe cruel avarice was to be feared; that he was afterwards inſtructed by Narbal in the Maxims of the Tyrian commerce, and was going to embark on board a Cyprian ſhip, in order to go by the iſland of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion diſcovered that he was a ſtranger, and ordered him to be apprehended; that he was then on the brink of ruin, but that Aſtarba, the tyrant's miſtreſs, ſaved him, in order to put to death in his ſtead a youth, whoſe diſdain had provoked her.

CALYPSO heard ſuch wiſe reflections with aſtoniſhment. What charmed her moſt was to obſerve, that Telemachus ingenuouſly related the errors he had committed through precipitation, and a want of docility with regard to the ſage Mentor's counſels. She found a ſurpriſing nobleneſs and grandeur in the youth, who accuſed himſelf, and who

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who ſeemed to have made ſo good an uſe of his failings, as to render himſelf wiſe, provident and moderate. Go on, ſaid she, my dear Telemachus, I long to know how you got out of Egypt, and where you found the ſage Mentor again, of whoſe loſs you was with ſo much reaſon ſenſible.

Telemachus thus reſumed his ſtory. The Egyptians the moſt virtuous and the moſt faithful to the king, being the weakeſt, and ſeeing their king dead, were conſtrained to yield to the others. Another king was appointed, whoſe name was Turmutis. The Phœnicians with the troops of the Iſland of Cyprus, departed after they had made an alliance with the new prince, who reſtored all the Phœnician priſoners. I was reckoned as one of the number; and being releaſed from the tower and embarking with the reſt, hope began to dawn again in the bottom of my heart.

A favourable gale already filled our ſails; the rowers cleft the frothy waves; the wide ſea was covered with ships; the mariners shouted for joy; the shores of Egypt flew far from us; the hills and the mountains grew level by degrees; we began to ſee nothing but the heavens and the waters, while the riſing ſun ſeemed to dart his ſparking fires out of the boſom of the deep: his rays gilt the tops of the mountains, which we ſtill diſcovered a little above the horiſon; and the whole heaven, painted with a deep azure, promiſed us an happy voyage.

Though I was diſmiſſed as a Phœnician, none of the Phœnicians with whom I was, knew me. Narbal, who commanded the ship on board of which I was put, asked me my name and my country. Of what city of Phœnicia are you, ſaid he to me? I am not a Phœnician, ſaid I, but the Egyptians took me at ſea in a Phœnician veſſel. I have been a captive in Egypt as a Phœnician; it is under this name that I have ſuffered a long while; it is under this name that I was ſet at liberty. Of what country

try are you then, replied Narbal? I am Telemachus, ſaid I, the ſon of Ulyſſes, king of Ithaca in Greece; my father rendered himſelf famous among all the kings who beſieged the city of Troy; but the Gods have not permitted him to ſee his country again. I have ſought him in various countries; fortune perſecutes me as well as him. You ſee a wretch, who wiſhes only for the happineſs of returning to his own country; and of finding his father.

Narbal looked upon me with ſurpriſe, and thought he obſerved in me I know not what of fortunate, which is one of the gifts of heaven, and is not found in common men. He was naturally ſincere and generous; he was touched with my misfortunes; and talked to me with a confidence, with which the Gods inſpired him, for my preſervation, in an imminent danger.

Telemachus, ſaid he, I do not, I cannot doubt of what you tell me. The ſweetneſs and virtue viſible in your countenance, do not permit me to miſtruſt you: nay, I feel that the Gods whom I have always ſerved, love you; and that they would have me love you as if you were my ſon. I will give you wholeſome advice, and ask nothing of you in return but ſecreſy. Fear not, ſaid I, that it will be any pain to me to be ſilent with regard to the things with which you ſhall be pleaſed to entruſt me. Though I am ſo young, I am already grown old in the habit of never diſcloſing my ſecrets, and more eſpecially in never betraying, under any pretence whatever, thoſe of another. How can you, ſaid he, have accuſtomed yourſelf to ſecreſy in ſo tender an age? I ſhall be glad to hear by what means you have acquired this quality, which is the foundation of the wiſeſt conduct, and without which all talents are uſeleſs.

When Ulyſſes, ſaid I, departed to go to the ſiege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and in his arms, as I have been informed. Having kiſſed me with tenderneſs, he ſaid theſe words to me, though I could not

not underſtand them; O my ſon! may the Gods preſerve me from ever ſeeing thee again: may the ſciſſars of the fatal Siſters rather cut the thread of thy days when it is hardly formed, as a reaper with his ſickle cuts down a tender flower which is beginning to blow: may my Enemies dash thee in pieces before thy mother's eyes and mine, if thou art one day to be corrupted and to abandon virtue! O my friends! continued he, I leave you this ſon who is ſo dear to me, take care of his infancy; if you love me, remove pernicious flattery far from him; teach him to vanquish himſelf; let him be like a young tree, which is only bent in order to be made ſtraight. Above all, forget nothing in order to render him juſt, beneficent, ſincere, and faithful in keeping a ſecret. Whoever is capable of lying, is unworthy of being reckoned in the number of men; and whoever knows not to be ſilent, is unworthy of ruling.

I relate to you the very words, becauſe care was taken frequently to repeat them to me, they penetrated even to the bottom of my heart; and I often repeat them to myſelf. My father's friends were careful to exerciſe me betimes in ſecreſy. I was in the tendereſt ſtate of childhood, when they intruſted me with all their uneaſineſs, at ſeeing my mother expoſed to a great number of raſh ſuitors who ſought to marry her. Thus they treated me from that time as a reaſonable and truſty man; they often conferred with me about the moſt important affairs; and informed me of what they had reſolved on to remove theſe ſuitors. I was tranſported at their having ſuch a confidence in me; I thereby thought myſelf already a perfect man. I never abuſed it; I never let ſlip a ſingle word which could diſcover the leaſt ſecret. The ſuitors often endeavoured to make me talk, hoping, that a child, who had ſeen or heard any thing of importance, could not contain himſelf; but I well knew how to anſwer them without lying, and

and without informing them of any thing which I ought not to tell them.

Hereupon Narbal ſaid to me, You ſee, Telemachus, the power of the Phœnicians. They are formidable to all their neighbours by their innumerable ſhips. The trade they carry on as far as the pillars of Hercules, yields them riches ſurpaſſing thoſe of the moſt flouriſhing nations. The great king Seſoſtris, who could never have conquered them by ſea, had great difficulty in conquering them by land, with his armies which had ſubdued all the eaſt. He impoſed a tribute upon us which we did not long pay. The Phœnicians were too rich and too powerful to bear the yoke of ſervitude with patience: we recovered our liberty. Death did not allow Seſoſtris time to finiſh the war againſt us. It is true that we had every thing to fear from his wiſdom, even more than from his power; but his power paſſing into the hands of his ſon, wholly deſtitute of wiſdom, we concluded that we had nothing to fear. And indeed the Egyptians, inſtead of returning in arms to our country to ſubdue us once again, were conſtrained to invite us to their aſſiſtance, to deliver them from that impious and outrageous prince. We have been their deliverers. What glory added to the liberty and opulence of the Phœnicians!

But whilſt we deliver others, we ourſelves are ſlaves. O Telemachus! beware of falling into the hands of Pygmalion our king. He has dipt his hands, his cruel hands, in the blood of Sichæus, the husband of Dido his ſiſter. Dido, greatly deſirous of revenge, fled from Tyre with many ſhips. Moſt of thoſe who love virtue and liberty, accompanied her: ſhe has founded on the coaſt of Africa a ſtately city, which ſhe calls Carthage. Pygmalion, tormented by an inſatiable thirſt of wealth, renders himſelf more and more miſerable and odious to his ſubjects. It is a crime at Tyre to have great riches. Avarice makes him miſtruſtful, ſuſpicious, cruel;

cruel; he perſecutes the rich, and he fears the poor.

It is a ſtill greater crime at Tyre to be virtuous: for Pygmalion ſuppoſes, that good men cannot ſuffer his unjuſt and infamous actions. Virtue condemns him, and he is exaſperated and irritated againſt her. Every thing moves him, diſquiets him, gnaws him; he is afraid of his ſhadow, and ſleeps neither night nor day. The Gods, to plague him, load him with treaſures, which he dares not enjoy. What he ſeeks in order to be happy, is the very thing which hinders him from being ſo. He repines at all he gives, he is always afraid of loſing, and tortures himſelf for gain. He is hardly ever ſeen; he continues ſolitary, ſad, dejected, in the moſt ſecret parts of his palace: even his friends dare not approach him for fear of being ſuſpected by him. A frightful guard, with naked ſwords and pikes erected, continually inveſt his palace. Thirty chambers, which have a communication one with another, and each of them an iron door with ſix huge bolts, are the places where he ſhuts himſelf up. It is never known in which of theſe chambers he lies; and it is affirmed, that he never lies two nights ſucceſſively in the ſame, for fear of being murdered in it. He is a ſtranger to the ſweets of pleaſure, and the yet greater ſweets of friendſhip. If any one talks to him of purſuing pleaſure, he is ſenſible that it flies far from him, and that it refuſes to enter his heart. His hollow eyes are full of a fierce and ſavage fire, and inceſſantly ſtraying on all ſides. He liſtens to, and is alarmed at, the leaſt noiſe. He is pale, emaciated, and gloomy cares are pictured on his ever-wrinkled viſage. He is mute; he ſighs; he groans from the bottom of his heart, and cannot conceal the remorſe which preys on his bowels. The moſt exquiſite dishes diſguſt him. His children, inſtead of being his hope, are the objects of his fear; he has made them his moſt dangerous enemies. He has

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not had all his life a ſecure moment; he preſerves himſelf only by ſhedding the blood of all thoſe he fears. A fool! who does not ſee that the cruelty in which he confides, will cauſe his deſtruction. Some one of his domeſtics, as ſuſpicious as himſelf, will quickly rid the world of this monſter.

As for me, I fear the Gods; whatever it may coſt me, I will be faithful to the king they have given me. I had rather that he ſhould take away my life than I his, or even than be wanting in my duty to defend him. As for you Telemachus, be ſure not to tell him that you are the ſon of Ulyſſes: he would hope that Ulyſſes, returning to Ithaca, would pay him a large ſum for your ranſom, and he would keep you in priſon.

When we arrived at Tyre, I followed Narbal's advice, and perceived the truth of every thing which he had told me. I was not able to conceive that a man could render himſelf ſo miſerable as Pygmalion ſeemed to be. Aſtoniſhed at a ſight ſo terrible and new to me, I ſaid to myſelf, Lo! a man who only ſought to make himſelf happy, and imagined that he ſhould accompliſh it by riches and abſolute power; he poſſeſſes all he can deſire, and yet he is wretched even by his riches and his power. Were he a ſhepherd, as not long ſince I was, he would be as happy as I have been; he would enjoy the innocent pleaſures of the country, and enjoy them without remorſe. He would dread neither daggers nor poiſon; he would love men, and be loved by them. He would not have theſe immenſe riches which are as uſeleſs to him as ſand, ſince he dares not touch them; but he would freely enjoy the fruits of the earth, and ſuffer no real want. This man ſeems to do all he deſires, but is far from doing it; he does every thing his brutal paſſions command. He is continually hurried away by his avarice, his fears, and his ſuſpicions. He ſeems the maſter of all other men, but is not

maſter

maſter of himſelf; for he has as many maſters and tormentors, as he has violent deſires.

I reaſoned thus of Pygmalion without ſeeing him; for he was not to be ſeen: one only beheld with awe the lofty towers which were night and day ſurrounded by guards, wherein he immured himſelf as in a priſon, ſhutting himſelf up with his treaſures. I compared this inviſible king with Seſoſtris, ſo gentle, ſo eaſy of acceſs, ſo affable, ſo curious to ſee ſtrangers, ſo attentive to hear every body, and to draw out of the hearts of men the truth they conceal from kings. Seſoſtris, ſaid I, feared nothing, and had nothing to fear; he ſhewed himſelf to all his ſubjects as to his own children: this man fears every thing, and has every thing to fear. This wicked king is continually expoſed to a tragical death, even in his inacceſſible palace, in the midſt of his guards. On the contrary, the good king Seſoſtris was ſafe in the midſt of a crowd of his people, like an indulgent father in his own houſe, ſurrounded by his family.

Pygmalion gave orders to ſend home the troops of the iſle of Cyprus, that came to aſſiſt his in conſequence of an alliance which was between the two nations. Narbal took this opportunity to ſet me at liberty: he cauſed me to be muſtered among the Cyprian ſoldiers; for the king was ſuſpicious even in the minuteſt things. The failing of eaſy and indolent princes is to give themſelves up, with a blind confidence, to crafty and corrupt favourites; the failing of this man was, on the contrary, to miſtruſt the worthieſt men. He knew not to diſcern upright and frank men who act without diſguiſe; he had accordingly never converſed with men of probity; for ſuch men never make their court to ſo corrupted a king. Beſides, he had ſeen, ſince his acceſſion to the throne, in the men by whom he was ſerved, ſo much diſſimulation, perfidy, and ſhocking vices, diſguiſed under the appearances of virtue, that he looked upon all men without exception as if they

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had been masked; he ſuppoſed that there was no real virtue on the earth, and ſo regarded all men as being nearly alike. When he found a man falſe and corrupt, he did not give himſelf the trouble to ſeek for another, ſuppoſing that another would not be better: the good ſeemed to him worſe than the moſt openly wicked, becauſe he thought them as wicked and more deceitful.

To return to myſelf. I was blended with the Cyprians, and eſcaped the piercing jealouſy of the king. Narbal trembled for fear I ſhould be diſcovered, which would have coſt him his life, and me mine. His impatience to ſee us depart was incredible, but contrary winds detained us a good while at Tyre.

I made uſe of this opportunity to inform myſelf of the manners of the Phœnicians, ſo famous in all the known nations. I admired the happy ſituation of this great city, which ſtands in an iſland in the midſt of the ſea. The neighbouring coaſt is delightful for its fertility, for the exquiſite fruits it bears, for the number of cities and villages which almoſt touch each other, and laſtly for the mildneſs of its climate; for the mountains ſcreen this coaſt from the burning winds of the ſouth, and it is refreshed by the north wind which blows from the ſea. This country lies at the foot of Libanus; whoſe ſummit cleaves the clouds, and almoſt touches the ſtars; eternal ice covers its brow, and rivers of ſnow pour like torrents from the tops of the rocks which environ its head. Beneath is ſeen a vaſt foreſt of ancient cedars, that ſeem as old as the earth in which they grow, and extend their thick branches even to the clouds. This foreſt has at its foot fat paſtures on the ſide of the mountain. Here bellowing bulls are ſeen to ſtray, and bleating ſheep and tender lambkins skipping over the graſs. There glide a thouſand rills of limpid water. Laſtly, beneath theſe paſtures appears the foot of the mountain, reſembling a garden. Spring and autumn here reign at the ſame time, in order to join fruits and flowers together.

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together. Neither the peſtilent breath of the ſouth, which blaſts and burns up all things, nor the bleak north wind, did ever preſume to ſully the lively colours which adorn this garden.

It is near this beautiful coaſt that the iſland on which Tyre is built emerges out of the ſea. This great city ſeems to float upon the water, and to be the queen of all the ſea. The merchants reſort to it from all parts of the world, and its inhabitants themſelves are the moſt famous merchants in the univerſe. When one enters into this city, one imagines at firſt that it is not a city which belongs to any particular people, but that it is the common city of all nations, and the center of their commerce. It has two great moles, like arms, that ſtretch themſelves into the ſea, and embrace an immenſe harbour, where the winds cannot enter. In this port is ſeen as it were a wood of the maſts of ships, and theſe ships are ſo numerous that one can hardly perceive the ſea which ſupports them. All the citizens apply themſelves to commerce, and their great riches never give them a diſtaſte to the pains neceſſary to increaſe them. Here on all ſides is ſeen the fine linen of Egypt, and twice dyed Tyrian purple of a marvellous luſtre. This double tincture is ſo lively that time cannot efface it: it is uſed for fine cloths, enriched with embroideries of gold and ſilver. The Phœnicians trade with all nations as far as the ſtreights of Gades, and have penetrated even into the vaſt ocean which ſurrounds the whole earth. They have alſo made long voyages on the red ſea; it is this way they go to unknown iſlands in queſt of gold, perfumes, and divers animals which are not found elſewhere.

I could not ſatisfy my eyes with the magnificent ſight of this great city, where every thing was in motion. I did not ſee here, as in the cities of Greece, idle and inquiſitive perſons, who go to hear news in public places, or to ſtare at foreigners who arrive in the port. The men are employed in unlading

their ships, in ſending away or ſelling their merchandiſes, in putting their warehouſes in order, and in keeping an exact account of what is owing to them by foreign merchants. The women never ceaſe either to ſpin wool, or to draw patterns of embroidery, or to fold up rich ſtuffs.

Whence comes it, ſaid I to Narbal, that the Phœnicians have rendered themſelves maſters of the commerce of the whole earth, and thus enrich themſelves at the expence of all other nations? You ſee the cauſe, ſaid he: the ſituation of Tyre is happy for trade; it is our country which has the honour of having invented navigation. For the Tyrians were the firſt (if we may credit what is related of the darkeſt antiquity) who tamed the waves, long before the time of Typhis and the Argonauts, ſo much vaunted of in Greece: They, ſay I, were the firſt who ventured to commit themſelves in a feeble bark to the mercy of waves and tempeſt, who ſounded the depths of the ſea, who obſerved the ſtars at a great diſtance from the land, according to the ſcience of the Egyptians and Babylonians, and joined together ſo many nations whom the ſea had ſeparated. The Tyrians are induſtrious, patient, laborious, neat, ſober, and frugal; they have a regular form of government, they are perfectly united among themſelves, and never was a nation more conſtant, more ſincere, more faithful, more truſty, more courteous to all ſtrangers.

This, without ſeeking for any other cauſe, is what gives them the dominion of the ſea, and makes ſo profitable a trade flourish in their port. If diviſions and jealouſies ſhould creep in among them; if they ſhould begin to ſoften in pleaſures and idleneſs: if the chiefs of the nation ſhould deſpiſe labour and frugality; if arts ſhould ceaſe to be honourable in their city; if they ſhould be wanting in honeſty to ſtrangers; if they ſhould alter ever ſo little their maxims of a free trade; if they ſhould neglect their manufactures,

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manufactures, and ceaſe to advance the large ſums which are neceſſary to render all their commodities perfect each in its kind, you would ſoon ſee the fall of the power you admire.

But explain to me, ſaid I, the true means of eſtabliſhing hereafter a like trade in Ithaca. Do, replied he, as is done here: treat all ſtrangers in a kind and condeſcending manner; let them find in your ports, ſafety, conveniency, and an entire freedom; never ſuffer yourſelf to be drawn away either by avarice or by pride. The true way to gain a great deal is never to aim at gaining too much, and to know the proper times of loſing. Make yourſelf beloved by all ſtrangers, and even ſuffer in ſome things by them; beware of exciting their jealouſy by your haughtineſs; be ſteady in the rules of commerce, and let them be plain and eaſy; accuſtom your ſubjects to obſerve them inviolably; punish with ſeverity the frauds and even the negligence or extravagance of merchants, which ruin trade in ruining thoſe who carry it on. Above all, never attempt to cramp commerce, in order to turn it according to your own views. It is moſt proper for the prince not to be concerned in it, but to leave the whole profit to his ſubjects who have all the trouble of it; otherwiſe he will diſcourage them. He will draw ſufficient advantages from it by the great riches which will enter into his dominions. Commerce is like certain ſprings; if you endeavour to divert their courſe, you dry them up. It is only profit and conveniency which attract ſtrangers to you. If you render trade leſs eaſy and leſs beneficial to them, they inſenſibly retire, and never return; becauſe other nations, making their advantage of your imprudence, allure them to their country, and accuſtom them to live without you. I muſt even own to you, that for ſome time the glory of Tyre has been greatly obſcured. O! had you ſeen it, my dear Telemachus, before Pygmalion's reign, you would have been much more aſtonished. You now find here only the ſad

remains of a grandeur which haſtens to its ruin. O wretched Tyre! into what hands art thou fallen! The ſea formerly brought thee the tribute of all the nations of the earth.

Pygmalion fears every thing both from foreigners and his own ſubjects. Inſtead of opening his ports, according to our ancient cuſtom, to all the moſt diſtant nations with an entire freedom, he inſiſts on knowing the number of the ships which arrive, their country, the names of perſons on board them, their kind of trade, the nature and price of their merchandiſes, and the time they are to ſtay here. He does ſtill worſe, for he uſes artifice to enſnare the merchants, and confiſcate their effects. He haraſſes the merchants whom he thinks the richeſt; he eſtabliſhes under various pretences new impoſts: he will enter into trade himſelf, and every one is afraid of having to do with him. Trade therefore languiſhes; foreigners by degrees forget the way to Tyre, which was formerly ſo well known to them; and if Pygmalion does not change his conduct, our glory and power will ſoon be tranſported to ſome other people better governed than we.

I then asked Narbal how the Tyrians had rendered themſelves ſo powerful by ſea; for I was unwilling to be ignorant of any thing which conduces to the good government of a kingdom. We have, anſwered he, the foreſts of Libanus, which furniſh us with timber for our shipping, and we carefully reſerve them for this uſe; we never fell any of them but for the ſervice of the public. As for the building of ships, we have the advantage of having skilful workmen. How, ſaid I to him, were you able to find theſe workmen? He replied, they were trained up by degrees in our own country. When we well reward thoſe who excel in arts, we are ſure of ſoon having men who carry them to their higheſt perfection; for men who have the moſt knowledge and genius, do not fail to apply themſeves to thoſe arts to which the

the greateſt rewards are annexed. Here we treat with honour all thoſe who ſucceed in the arts and ſciences uſeful in navigation. We reſpect a good geometrician; we highly eſteem a skilful aſtronomer; we load with riches a pilot who excels others in his function; we do not deſpiſe a good carpenter; on the contrary, he is well paid and well treated: even good rowers have rewards ſute and proportioned to their ſervice; we feed them well; we take care of them when they are ſick; in their abſence we take care of their wives and their children. If they perish in a shipwreck, we indemnify their family, and we diſmiſs thoſe who have ſerved a certain time. By theſe means we have as many of them as we pleaſe. The father is glad to bring up his ſon in ſo good a trade, and from his earlieſt youth is diligent to teach him to handle an oar, to manage the cordage, and to deſpiſe ſtorms. It is thus that we lead men, without compulſion, by rewards and good regulations. Power alone never does well; the ſubmiſſion of inferiors is not ſufficient; we muſt win their hearts, and make men find their account in the things wherein we deſign to make uſe of their induſtry.

After this diſcourſe, Narbal conducted me to viſit all the magazines, the arſenals, and all the trades which are ſubſervient to the building of ships. I asked a detail of the minuteſt things, and wrote down all I heard, for fear of forgetting ſome uſeful circumſtance.

Mean while Narbal, who knew Pygmalion and loved me, waited with impatience for my departure, fearing I should be diſcovered by the king's ſpies, who paſſed night and day thro' all parts of the city; but the winds did not yet permit us to embark. Whilſt we were employed in curiouſly viewing the port, and in asking queſtions of ſeveral merchants, we ſaw coming towards us one of Pygmalion's officers, who ſaid to Narbal, the king has juſt heard from one of the captains of the ships which returned with you from Egypt, that you have brought a ſtranger

who paſſes for a Cyprian: it is his majeſty's pleaſure that he be apprehended, and that he may know for certain of what country he is; you are to anſwer for him on peril of your head. At this inſtant I was gone to a ſmall diſtance to take a nearer view of the proportions which the Tyrians had obſerved in building an almoſt new ship, (which was, they ſaid, by this exact proportion of all its parts, the beſt ſailor which had ever been ſeen in the port) and I was asking ſome queſtions of the builder who had adjuſted thoſe proportions.

Narbal, ſurpriſed and terrified, anſwered, I will go and ſeek this ſtranger, who is of the iſle of Cyprus. But when he had loſt ſight of the officer, he run to me to inform me of the danger I was in. I but too well foreſaw it, my dear Telemachus, ſaid he; we are loſt. The king, whom his jealouſy tortures day and night, ſuſpects that you are not of the iſle of Cyprus; he orders me to apprehend you, and will put me to death if I do not deliver you into his hands. What ſhall we do? O God! give us wiſdom, to extricate ourſelves out of this danger. I muſt lead you, Telemachus, to the king's palace. You ſhall maintain that you are a Cyprian of the city of Amathus, and the ſon of a ſtatuary of Venus: I will aver, that I formerly knew your father, and perhaps the king, without further inquiry, will ſuffer you to depart. I ſee no other way to ſave your life and mine.

I replied to Narbal: Let a wretch periſh whom his deſtiny deſires to deſtroy; I can die, Narbal, and I owe you too much to draw you into my ruin. I cannot reſolve to tell a lye; I am not a Cyprian, and cannot ſay that I am. The Gods ſee my ſincerity: it is theirs to ſave my life by their power, if they pleaſe; but I will not ſave it by an untruth.

Narbal anſwered, This untruth, Telemachus, has nothing which is not innocent; the Gods themſelves cannot condemn it; it does no injury to any one;

one; it ſaves the lives of two innocent perſons; it deceives the king only to hinder him from committing a great crime. You carry too far the love of virtue, and the fear of wounding religion.

It is enough, ſaid I, that a lye is a lye, to be unworthy of a man who ſpeaks in the preſence of the Gods, and owes every thing to truth. He who violates the truth offends the Gods, and commits a violence on himſelf; for he ſpeaks againſt his conſcience. Ceaſe, Narbal, to propoſe what is unworthy of you and of me. If the Gods have pity of us, they well know how to deliver us; if they are pleaſed to leave us to perish, we ſhall die the victims of truth, and leave men an example to prefer unſpotted virtue to length of life: mine is already but too long, being ſo miſerable. It is you alone, O my dear Narbal! for whom my heart is melted. Muſt your friendship for a wretched ſtranger be thus fatal to you!

We continued a good while in this kind of combat; but at length perceived a man, quite out of breath, running towards us. He was another of the king's officers, and came from Aſtarba. This woman was beautiful as a Goddeſs; ſhe joined to the charms of the body all thoſe of diſpoſition and genius; ſhe was gay, flattering, inſinuating. With ſo many deluſive charms, ſhe had, like the Syrens, a heart full of cruelty and malice; but ſhe knew how to hide her corrupt affections by deep artifice. She had won Pygmalion's heart by her beauty, her wit, her ſweet voice, and the harmony of her lyre. Pygmalion, blinded by his violent love for her, had abandoned queen Topha his conſort, and only ſtudied how to gratify the paſſions of the ambitious Aſtarba. His love of this woman was little leſs fatal to him than his infamous avarice. But though he had ſo great a paſſion for her, ſhe only deſpiſed and loathed him. However ſhe concealed her real ſentiments, and

ſeemed to deſire to live only for him, at the ſame time that she could not endure him.

There was at Tyre a young Cretan, whoſe name was Malachon, of a marvellous beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and immerſed in pleaſures. He minded but to preſerve the delicacy of his complection, to comb his flaxen locks which flowed over his shoulders, to perfume himſelf, to give a graceful turn to the folds of his gown, and to ſing his amours to his lyre. Aſtarba ſaw him, loved him, and grows diſtracted for him. He ſlighted her becauſe he had a paſſion for another woman. Beſides, he was afraid to expoſe himſelf to the cruel jealouſy of the king. Aſtarba, finding herſelf diſdained, gave way to her reſentment. In her deſpair she fancied that she could make Malachon paſs for the ſtranger whom the king was enquiring after, and who was ſaid to have come with Narbal. And indeed she made Pygmalion believe it, and bribed all thoſe who could undeceive him. As he loved not virtuous men, and could not diſcern them, he was ſurrounded by ſuch only as were ſelfiſh, artful, and ready to execute his unjuſt and bloody commands. Theſe people were afraid of Aſtarba's power, and aſſiſted her to deceive the king, for fear of diſpleaſing this haughty woman, who had his whole confidence. Thus Malachon, tho' known for a Cretan thro' all the city, paſſed for a young ſtranger whom Narbal had brought from Egypt, and was thrown into priſon.

Aſtarba, who was afraid leſt Narbal ſhould go and ſpeak to the king, and diſcover the impoſture, ſent in haſte to Narbal this officer, who ſpoke theſe words to him: Aſtarba forbids you to diſcover to the king who your ſtranger is; she asks nothing of you but ſilence, and will ſo order matters that the king ſhall be ſatisfied with you. In the mean time, be expeditious in cauſing to embark with the Cyprians the young ſtranger whom you brought with you from Egypt, that

that he may be no more ſeen in the city. Narbal, overjoyed at being able thus to ſave his own life and mine, promiſed to be ſilent; and the officer, ſatisfied with having obtained what he asked, returned to give Aſtarba an account of his commiſſion.

Narbal and I admired the goodneſs of the Gods, who rewarded our ſincerity, and have ſo tender a care of thoſe who hazard all for virtue. We looked with horror upon a king given up to avarice and voluptuouſneſs. He who is ſo exceſſively afraid of being deceived, ſaid we, deſerves to be, and is almoſt always groſsly deceived. He miſtruſts men of probity, and abandons himſelf to villains: he is the only one who is ignorant of what is tranſacting. Lo, Pygmalion! he is the ſport of a shameleſs woman. Mean time the Gods make uſe of the falſhood of the wicked to ſave the good, who had rather loſe their life than tell an untruth.

We now perceived the winds change, and become favourable to the Cyprian fleet. The Gods declare themſelves, cried Narbal, they, my dear Telemachus, will provide for your ſafety; fly this cruel and accurſed land. Happy he who might follow you to the moſt unknown ſhores! Happy he who might live and die with you! But cruel fate ties me down to this my unhappy country; I muſt ſuffer with her; perhaps muſt be buried in her ruins: no matter, provided I always ſpeak the truth, and my heart love nothing but juſtice. As for you, my dear Telemachus, pray the Gods, who lead you as it were by the hand, to grant you the moſt precious of all gifts, which is a pure and ſpotleſs virtue until death. Long may you live! may you return to Ithaca, comfort Penelope, and deliver her from her raſh ſuitors! may your eyes ſee, may your hands embrace, the ſage Ulyſſes, and may he find in you a ſon equal to his wiſdom! But in your good fortune remember the unhappy Narbal, and never ceaſe to love me.

When he had ended theſe words, I bedewed him with my tears without replying: Profound ſighs prevented my ſpeaking: we embraced in ſilence. He conducted me to the ſhip: he remained on the ſhore, and when the bark ſailed, we did not, as long as we could ſee, ceaſe to look at each other.

End of the Third Book.

THE

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS,

SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypso interrupts Telemachus that he may repose himself. Mentor blames him in private for having undertaken the relation of his adventures, but advises him to conclude since he has begun it. Telemachus relates that in his voyage from Tyre to the isle of Cyprus, he had a dream wherein he saw Venus and Cupid, against whom Minerva protected him; that he afterwards fancied he saw mentor likewise, exhorting him to fly from the isle of Cyprus; that when he awaked, the ship would have been lost in a storm, if he had not himself taken the helm, because the Cyprians, being drowned in wine, were not in a condition to save it; that at his arrival in the island he beheld with horror the most contagious examples of vice; that Hazaël the Syrian, whose slave Mentor was now become, happening to be at Cyprus at the same time, restored him his wise guide, and took them both on board his ship to carry them to Crete, and that in this passage they saw the glorious sight of Amphitrite drawn in her chariot by sea-horses.

AND now Calypso, who had hitherto continued motionless and transported with pleasure in hearing Telemachus's adventures, interrupted him, that he might take some repose. It is time for you, said

ſaid she, to go and enjoy the ſweets of ſleep after ſo many toils. You have nothing to apprehend here; every thing is favourable to you; give a looſe therefore to joy, and taſte of peace, and of all the other bleſſings which the Gods are ready to heap upon you. To-morrow when Aurora with her roſy fingers opens the golden gates of the eaſt, and the ſteeds of the ſun, ſpringing from the briny waves, ſpread the flames of day, and chace before them all the ſtars of heaven, we will reſume, my dear Telemachus, the ſtory of your misfortunes. Never did your father equal you in wiſdom and courage. Neither Achilles who conquered Hector, nor Theſeus who returned from hell, nor even the great Alcides who purged the earth of ſo many monſters, ever diſcovered ſuch fortitude and virtue. May a ſound ſleep make the night ſeem short to you; but alas! how tedious will it be to me! How ſhall I long to ſee you, to hear you again, to make you repeat what I know already, and to ask you what I know not yet! Go, my dear Telemachus, with the wiſe Mentor whom the Gods have reſtored to you, go into this retired grotto, where every thing is prepared for your repoſe. May Morpheus ſhed his ſweeteſt charms on your heavy eye-lids! may he cauſe a heavenly vapour to glide thro' all your weary limbs, and ſend you pleaſant dreams, which, hovering around you, may ſooth your ſenſes by the moſt ſmiling images, and chace far from you whatever might awake you too early.

The goddeſs herſelf conducted Telemachus to this grotto, which was ſeparated from her own, but altogether as rural and pleaſant. A fountain, gliding in a corner, gently murmured, and invited ſleep. The nymphs had here prepared two ſoft and verdant beds, and covered them with two large skins; one with a lion's for Telemachus, the other with a bear's for Mentor.

Mentor, before he ſuffered ſleep to cloſe his eyes, thus addreſſed Telemachus. The pleaſure of relating your ſtory has carried you too far; you have charmed

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the Goddeſs by diſplaying the dangers from which your courage and dexterity have delivered you; you have thereby only the more enflamed her heart, and prepared a more dangerous captivity for yourſelf. How can you expect that she will let you depart from her iſland now you have enchanted her by the recital of your adventures? Vanity has made you ſpeak imprudently. She promiſed to relate ſome adventures to you, and to inform you of the fortunes of Ulyſſes; but she found the means of talking a great while without ſaying any thing and engaged you to tell her all she deſires to know: Such is the art of flattering and enamoured women. When, Telemachus, will you be ſo wiſe as never to talk out of vanity, and to conceal the ſhining parts of your ſtory, when it is of no ſervice to reveal them? Others admire your wiſdom at an age when it is excuſable to want it, but, as for me, I can pardon you nothing; I am the only one who knows and loves you enough to tell you of all your faults. How far are you ſtill from being as wiſe as your father?

How, replied Telemachus, could I refuſe to relate my misfortunes to Calypſo? No, anſwered Mentor, it was neceſſary to relate them; but you ſhould have mentioned ſuch things only as might have inſpired her with pity. You might have told her that you was one while a wanderer, then a captive in Sicily, and afterwards in Egypt. This would have been ſufficient, and all the reſt ſerved but to enflame the poiſon which already rages in her heart. The Gods grant that your's may be preſerved from it!

But what ſhall I do now? continued Telemachus in a modeſt and ſubmiſſive manner. It is now too late, replied Mentor, to conceal the ſequel of your adventures; she knows too much of them already to be capable of being deceived in what is to come; your reſerve would only provoke her. To-morrow therefore conclude your narrative of all that the Gods have done in your favour; and learn another time to

ſpeak

ſpeak with more reſerve of things which may tend to your own praiſe. Telemachus received this good advice kindly; and they both betook themſelves to reſt.

As ſoon as Phœbus had ſhed his earlieſt rays on the earth, Mentor, hearing the voice of the Goddeſs calling her nymphs in the grove, awakened Telemachus. It is time, ſaid he, to ſhake off ſleep. Come, let us return to Calypſo, but be upon your guard againſt the honey of her words; let the door of your heart be continually ſhut againſt her, and dread the inſinuating poiſon of her praiſes. She yeſterday extolled you above your wiſe father, the invincible Achilles, the famous Theſeus, and Hercules, who is become immortal. Did you not perceive how exceſſive ſuch commendations are? Or did you believe what she said? Know that she does not believe it herſelf. She praiſes you only becauſe she thinks you weak and vain enough to be impoſed upon by praiſes which bear no proportion to your actions.

This ſaid, they went where the Goddeſs was waiting for them. She ſmiled when she ſaw them, concealing under an appearance of joy the fear and inquietude of her heart; for she foreſaw that Telemachus, conducted by Mentor, would eſcape from her as Ulyſſes had done. Make haſte, ſaid she, my dear Telemachus, to ſatisfy my curioſity; I ſaw you, methought, all the night departing from Phœnicia, and going to try your fortune in the iſland of Cyprus. Give me an account therefore of your voyage, and let us not loſe a moment. They then ſat down, in a shady grove, on the graſs enamelled with violets.

Calypſo could not forbear continually caſting tender and paſſionate looks on Telemachus, nor ſee without indignation that Mentor watched even the leaſt motion of her eyes. Mean while all the nymphs were ſilent, and leaning forwards to liſten, formed a kind of ſemi-circle in order to hear and ſee the better. The eyes of the aſſembly were immoveable, and fixed on Telemachus, who with down-

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caſt eyes and graceful blushes, thus reſumed the thread of his ſtory.

The gentle breath of a favourable wind had hardly filled our ſails, when the coaſt of Phœnicia diſappeared. As I was with Cyprians, whoſe manners I was a ſtranger to, I reſolved to ſay nothing, to make my remarks on every thing, and obſerve all the rules of diſcretion to gain their eſteem. But, during my ſilence, I was ſeized with a ſweet and powerful ſleep. My ſenſes were bound up and ſuſpended, my ſoul was ſerene, and my heart overflowed with joy. All of a ſudden methought I ſaw Venus cleave the clouds in her flying chariot drawn by a pair of doves. She had all that radiant beauty, that lively youth, thoſe tender graces which were ſeen in her when she ſprung from the froth of the ocean, and dazzled the eyes of Jupiter himſelf. She deſcended all at once with the utmoſt rapidity, laid her hand upon my ſhoulder with a ſmile, and calling me by my name, uttered theſe words: Young Greek, you are going to enter my empire, you will ſoon arrive at the happy Iſland, where pleaſures, ſmiles, and wanton ſports, ſpring up under my footſteps. There ſhall you burn perfumes on my altars, there ſhall you plunge into rivers of delight. Let the ſweeteſt hopes dilate your heart, and beware of reſiſting the moſt potent of all the Goddeſs, who deſigns to make you happy.

At the ſame time I perceived her ſon Cupid fluttering his little wings, and hovering round his mother. Though he had the fondneſs, the graces, the ſprightlineſs of a child in his face, yet had he I know not what in his piercing eyes which made me tremble. He ſmiled when he looked upon me, but his ſmiles were malicious, ſcornful and cruel. He drew out of his golden quiver the ſharpeſt of his arrows, he bent his bow, and was aiming at my heart, when Minerva ſuddenly appeared and covered me with her Ægis. The countenance of this Goddeſs has not thoſe effeminate charms, and that amorous languor, which

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which I obſerved in Venus's face and air. On the contrary Minerva was a plain, careleſs, modeſt beauty; all was grave, manly, noble, full of ſtrength and majeſty. Cupid's arrow not being able to pierce the Ægis, and falling to the ground, he ſighed bitterly through indignation, and was aſhamed to ſee himſelf vanquiſhed. Begone, Minerva cried, begone, raſh boy; thou never wilt conquer but ignoble ſouls, who prize thy ſhameful pleaſures more than wiſdom, virtue, and glory. The God of love, provoked at theſe words, betook himſelf to flight; and, Venus re-aſcending to Olympus, I ſaw her chariot and doves a long while in a gold and azure cloud; at length ſhe diſappeared, and then turning my eyes to the earth, I beheld Minerva no more.

I was, methought, afterwards tranſported into ſuch a delightful garden as men deſcribe the Elyſian fields to be. There I found Mentor, who ſaid: Fly this cruel country, this infectious Iſland, where all breathe nothing but voluptuouſneſs; where the moſt heroic virtue has reaſon to tremble, and can ſave itſelf only by flight. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I attempted to throw myſelf on his neck and embrace him; but I perceived that my feet were not able to move, that my knees failed under me, and that my hands, endeavouring to lay hold of Mentor, purſued an empty ſhadow, which continually eluded my graſp. As I was making this effort, I awaked, and perceived that this myſterious dream was a divine admonition. I felt myſelf inſpired with a firm reſolution againſt pleaſure, with a diffidence of myſelf, and a deteſtation of the effeminate life of the Cyprians. But what pierced me to the heart, was my thinking that Mentor was dead, that he had paſſed the Stygian lake and was become an inhabitant of the happy manſions of the juſt.

This thought made me ſhed a torrent of tears. I was asked why I wept. Tears, ſaid I, but too well become a wretched ſtranger, who wanders without hopes of ever ſeeing his country again. In the mean time

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time all the Cyprians who were in the ship, abandoned themſelves to the moſt extravagant mirth. The rowers, averſe to labour, ſlept on their oars; the pilot crowned with flowers, left the helm; and, holding in his hand an enormous bowl of wine which he had almoſt emptied, he and all the reſt of the crew, tranſported with the fury of Bacchus, ſung ſuch ſongs in honour of Venus and Cupid as would excite horror in all lovers of Virtue.

While they were thus forgetful of the dangers of the ſea, a ſudden ſtorm troubled the heavens and the waters. The looſened winds furiouſly bellowed in the ſails, and the black billows beat againſt the ſides of the bark which groaned beneath their ſtrokes. Sometimes we rode on the backs of the ſwelling waves; ſometimes the ſea, ſeeming to ſlip from under the veſſel, plunged us down a bottomleſs gulph, and cloſe by us we beheld ſeveral rocks, on which the angry ſurge broke with an horrible roar. Then I learnt by experience what Mentor had often told me, that men of diſſolute and pleaſurable lives are cowards in time of danger. All our dejected Cyprians wept like women; I heard but woful cries, but ſad laments for the loſt ſweets of life, and vain vows of ſacrifices to the Gods, if they arrived at their port. No one had preſence of mind enough either to work the ſhip himſelf, or to command others to do it. Thinking it my duty to ſave the lives of all the reſt as well as my own, I took the helm in my hand, becauſe the pilot, diſordered with wine, like a Bacchanal, was not in a condition to be ſenſible of the danger the veſſel was in; I encouraged the affrighted ſea-men, and ordered them to take down their ſails. They plyed their oars with great vigour; we ſteered between the rocks and had a near proſpect of all the horrors of death.

This adventure ſeemed like a dream to all thoſe who owed the preſervation of their lives to me, they looked upon me with aſtoniſhment. We arrived at the iſle of Cyprus in the vernal month, which is ſacred to Venus.

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This ſeaſon, ſay the Cyprians, properly belongs to this Goddeſs; for it ſeems to animate all nature, and to give birth to pleaſures and flowers together.

On my arrival at this iſland, I perceived a mildneſs in the air, which rendered the body ſlothful and inactive, but inſpired gaiety and wantonneſs. The country, tho' naturally fruitful and pleaſant, was, I obſerved, almoſt wholly uncultivated, ſo greatly were the inhabitants averſe to labour. I ſaw on all ſides women and maidens gorgeouſly attired, ſinging the praiſes of Venus, and going to devote themſelves to the ſervice of her temple. Beauty, the graces, joy, pleaſure ſhone equally in their faces; but their charms were too affected, and there was none of that noble ſimplicity, that amiable modeſty, which is the greateſt allurement of beauty. Their ſoft air, the ſtudied adjuſtment of their looks, their vain attire, their languiſhing gait, their eyes which ſeemed to purſue thoſe of the men, the jealouſies among themſelves about kindling the greateſt paſſions; in a word, all that I ſaw in theſe women appeared to me vile and contemptible: their immoderate deſires to pleaſe excited my averſion.

I was conducted to the Goddeſs's temple: she has ſeveral in that iſland; for she is particularly worshipped at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos; it was to Cythera that I was conducted. The temple is all marble, and a perfect periſtyle. Its large and lofty pillars render the fabric exceedingly majeſtic. On each front, above the architrave and freeze, are large pediments, on which are repreſented in bas-relief all the moſt agreeable adventures of the Goddeſs. At the gate there is continually a crowd of people who come to make their offerings. Within the encloſure of this ſacred place no victim is ever ſlain, no fat of bulls and heifers is burnt as elſewhere, nor is their blood ever ſpilt there: the beaſts which are offered, are only preſented before the altar, and none can be offered which are not young, white, and without blemish or imperfection

imperfection: they are crowned with purple fillets embroidered with gold; their horns are gilt and adorned with nosegays of odoriferous flowers, and when they have been presented before the altar, they are sent back to a retired place, where they are slain for the banquets of the Goddess's priests.

Here also are offered all sorts of perfumed liquors, and wine more delicious than nectar. The priests are clad in long white robes with girdles of gold, and fringes of the same at the bottom of their vestments. The most exquisite perfumes of the east are burning night and day on the altars, and form a kind of cloud which ascends to heaven. All the columns of the temple are adorned with pendant festoons; all the vases which are used in the sacrifices, are gold, and a sacred grove of myrtle surrounds the edifice. None but boys and girls of extraordinary beauty may present the victims to the priest, or presume to kindle the fire of the altars. But immodesty and lasciviousness dishonour this magnificent temple.

At first I was struck with horror at what I saw; but I insensibly began to grow familiar with it. I was no longer startled at vice; all companies inspired me with I know not what inclination to intemperance; my innocence was laughed at, and my sobriety and modesty served for a jest to this shameless people. They tried all arts to stir up my passions, to ensnare me, and to awaken my appetite for pleasure. I found that I lost strength daily; my good education could scarce sustain me any longer; all my virtuous resolutions vanished; I had no longer power to resist the evil which pressed me on all sides, and was even ashamed of virtue: I was like a man swimming in a deep and rapid river; at first he cleaves the waves and ascends against the stream, but if the banks are steep, and he cannot rest himself on the shore, he at length tires by degrees, his strength forsakes him, his limbs stiffen with fatigue, and the torrent hurries him away: thus

thus my eyes began to grow dim, my heart failed within me, and I no longer ſummoned my reaſon to my aid, nor the memory of my father's virtues. The dream wherein I thought I ſaw Mentor in the Elyſian fields, completed my dejection; a ſilent, ſoothing languor poſſeſſed me entirely. I already cherished the flattering poiſon, which glided from vein to vein, and penetrated even to the marrow in my bones. I fetched however the profoundeſt ſighs; I shed the bittereſt tears, and roared like a lion in his fury. O wretched condition of youth, ſaid I! Ye Gods, who cruelly ſport with men, why do you make them paſs through that age which is a time of folly, or a burning fever? O! why am I not covered with ſilver hairs, bowed down and dropping into the grave, like my grandſire Laertes! Death would be welcomer to me than the shameful weakneſs I now feel.

I had hardly ſpoken thus but my grief began to abate, and my heart, intoxicated with extravagant paſſion, shook off almoſt all ſenſe of shame; I was afterwards plunged into an abyſs of remorſe. In this diſorder I wandered up and down the ſacred grove, like a hind which the hunter has wounded: she flies through the ſpacious foreſt to eaſe her pain; but the arrow which ſticks in her ſide, purſues her every where: she every where bears the murderous shaft. Thus did I vainly run to forget myſelf, for nothing could ſooth the wound in my heart.

In the dark shade of this grove I ſuddenly perceived at ſome diſtance from me the form of the ſage Mentor; but his viſage ſeemed ſo pale, ſo ſad and auſtere, that I felt no joy from it. Is it you then, my dear friend, my only hope? Is it you? What! you yourſelf? Does not a flattering image delude my eyes? Is it you, Mentor? Is it not your shade, ſtill ſenſible to my woes? Are you not in the number of happy ſouls, who enjoy the fruits of their virtue,

tue, and on whom the Gods beſtow uncorrupted pleaſures, and an eternal peace in the Elyſian fields; Say, Mentor, do you ſtill live? Am I ſo happy as to poſſeſs you, or are you only the ſhade of my friend? As I ſpoke theſe words, I ran towards him with ſuch eagerneſs and tranſport that I was quite out of breath: he calmly waited for me, without taking a ſingle ſtep to meet me. Ye know, ye Gods! how great was my joy, when I found that my hands touched him! No, 'tis not an empty ſhadow; I hold him, I embrace him, my dear Mentor! 'Twas thus that I exclaimed; I bedewed his face with a flood of tears, and hung about his neck without being able to ſpeak. He beheld me with eyes of ſadneſs and tender compaſſion.

At length I ſaid, Alas! whence come you? What dangers have I not been expoſed to in your abſence, and what could I now do without you? But he, without anſwering my queſtions, cried with a terrible voice, Fly, fly hence with ſpeed: this earth bears no fruit but poiſon; the air you breathe is tainted; the men are infectious and ſpeak not but to communicate their deadly venom. Baſe and infamous voluptuouſneſs, the moſt horrible evil which iſſued from Pandora's box, enervates the ſoul and ſuffers no virtue here. Fly; what do you wait for? Do not ſo much as look behind you in your flight? efface even the ſlighteſt remembrance of this execrable iſland.

He ſaid; and I immediately perceived as it were a thick cloud diſperſing from before my eyes, and beheld the pure light. Serene joy and manly fortitude revived in my heart; a joy very different from that effeminate and wanton joy which had poiſoned my ſenſes: one is the joy of drunkenneſs and diſorder, and is interrupted by raging paſſions and ſtinging remorſe; the other is the joy of reaſon, and is accompanied with ſomething bleſſed and celeſtial; it is always pure, equal, and inexhauſtible;

inexhauſtible; the deeper one plunges into it, the ſweeter it is; it ravishes the ſoul without diſcompoſing it. I then shed tears of joy, and found that nothing is ſo delightful as ſuch tears. O happy they, ſaid I, to whom virtue reveals herſelf in all her beauty; Can they ſee her, and not love her? Can they love her, and not be happy?

Mentor ſaid, I muſt leave you; I muſt depart this moment; I am not permitted to ſtay. Where are you going, cried I? To what uninhabitable country will I not follow you? Think not that you can eſcape me; I will rather die in purſuing you. As I ſpoke theſe words, I held him locked in my arms with all my ſtrength. You hope in vain, ſaid he, to detain me. The cruel Metophis ſold me to certain Æthiopians or Arabs, and they, going to trade at Damaſcus in Syria, determined to ſell me again, imagining they could get a large ſum for me of one Hazaël, who was enquiring for a Greek ſlave to teach him the manners of Greece, and to inſtruct him in our ſciences. And indeed Hazaël bought me at a great price. What I have taught him of our cuſtoms, excited his curioſity to go to the iſland of Crete, to ſtudy the wiſe laws of Minos. During our voyage the winds conſtrained us to put in at the iſle of Cyprus; while we were waiting for a favourable gale, he came to make his offerings in the temple: lo! he is coming out of it. The winds call us, and already ſwell our ſails. Adieu, my dear Telemachus; a ſlave who fears the Gods ought faithfully to attend his maſter. The Gods no longer permit me to be at my own diſpoſal; they know, if I were, that I should be wholly at yours. Farewel, remember the toils of Ulyſſes, Penelope's tears, and the righteous Gods. O ye immortal protectors of innocence, in what a clime am I conſtrained to leave Telemachus!

No, no, ſaid I, my dear Mentor, it shall not be in your power to leave me here; I will ſooner die than ſee you depart without me. Is this Syrian maſter inexorable?

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exorable? Was he ſuckled by a tygreſs in his infancy? Will he tear you out of my arms? He muſt kill me, or ſuffer me to go with you. You yourſelf exhort me to fly, and yet will not let me fly by following you. I will go and ſpeak to Hazaël, who perhaps will pity my youth and my tears: ſince he loves wiſdom, and is going ſo far in ſearch of it, he cannot have a ſavage and inſenſible heart. I will throw myſelf at his feet, I will embrace his knees, I will not ſuffer him to go, 'till he has given me leave to attend you. My dear Mentor, I will make myſelf a ſlave with you, I will offer myſelf to him; if he rejects me, my fate is determined; I will lay down the burthen of life.

Hazaël at this inſtant called Mentor; I proſtrated myſelf before him, and he was ſurpriſed to ſee a ſtranger in this poſture. What would you have, ſaid he? Life, replied I; for I cannot live, unleſs you permit me to accompany your ſlave Mentor. I am the ſon of the great Ulyſſes, wiſeſt of all the kings of Greece, who deſtroyed the haughty city of Troy, ſo famous throughout all Aſia. I tell you my birth not out of vanity, but only to move you to pity my misfortunes. I have ſought my father in every ſea, accompanied by this man, who was another father to me. Fortune, to fill up the meaſure of my woes, tore him from me, and made him your ſlave; ſuffer me to be ſo too. If it be true that you are a lover of juſtice, and going to Crete to learn the laws of good king Minos, harden not your heart againſt my ſighs and my tears. You ſee the ſon of a prince, reduced to ſue for ſlavery as his only refuge, tho' in Sicily he heretofore deſired death to avoid it; but my former calamities were only faint eſſays of the outrages of fortune: I now tremble leſt I ſhould not be received into the number of ſlaves. Ye Gods! behold my diſtreſs, and O Hazaël! remember that Minos, whoſe wiſdom

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you admire, will adjudge us both in the kingdom of Pluto.

Hazaël, viewing me with a benign and humane aſpect, ſtretched forth his hand and raiſed me up. I am no ſtranger, ſaid he, to the wiſdom and virtue of Ulyſſes; Mentor has often mentioned the glory he acquired among the Greeks, and beſides, ſwift-winged fame has ſounded his renown thro' all the nations of the eaſt. Follow me, thou ſon of Ulyſſes, I will be your father till you find him who gave you life. Though I were not moved with your father's glory, with his calamities nor yours, yet would my friendship for Mentor engage me to take care of you. I purchaſed him indeed as a ſlave, but I detain him as my faithful friend: the money he coſt me, has gained me the deareſt and moſt valuable friend I have in the world. In him I have found wiſdom; to him I owe whatever I may have of love for virtue. From this moment he is free, you shall be ſo too; I ask nothing of either of you but your hearts.

I paſſed in an inſtant from the bittereſt woe to the moſt ravishing joy that mortals are capable of feeling. I ſaw myſelf delivered from a moſt dreadful danger; I was approaching my country; I was aſſiſted in my return to it, and had the conſolation of being with a man, who already loved me thro' a pure affection for virtue. In short, I found every thing in finding Mentor, and in not being to part with him again.

Hazaël advances towards the shore; we follow and embark with him. The rowers cleave the peaceful waves; a gentle zephir plays in our ſails, animates the whole bark, and gives it a pleaſing motion. The iſle of Cyprus quickly diſappears. Hazaël, impatient to know my ſentiments, asked me what I thought of the manners of this iſland. I ingenuouſly told him to what dangers my youth had been expoſed, and the conflict I had endured in my own boſom. He was touched with my abhorrence of vice, and ſpoke theſe words: O Venus, I own your power, and that of your ſon: I have burnt incenſe on your altars;

altars; but give me leave to deteſt the infamous effeminacy of the inhabitants of your iſland, and the brutiſh impudence with which they celebrate your feſtivals.

Afterwards he diſcourſed with Mentor of the firſt cauſe which formed the heavens and the earth; of that infinite unchangeable light, which is communicated to all without being divided; of that ſovereign univerſal truth which illuminates all ſpirits, as the ſun illuminates all bodies. The man, added he, who has never ſeen this pure light, is as blind as one who is born blind; he paſſes his life in profound darkneſs, like the nations which the ſun enlightens not for ſeveral months in the year. He thinks himſelf wiſe, and is a fool; he thinks he ſees all things, and ſees nothing, and dies without having ſeen any thing: At moſt he perceives but glimmering and falſe lights, vain ſhadows, and phantoms that have nothing of reality. Such is the condition of all who are carried away by the pleaſures of ſenſe, and the allurements of imagination. There are in the world no men really rational, except thoſe who conſult, who love, who obey this eternal reaſon. It is that which inſpires us with good thoughts; it is that which reproves us for our ill ones. We are indebted to it for our underſtanding as well as for our lives; it is like a great ocean of light; our ſouls are like rivulets which flow from it, and return into, and are loſt in it again.

Tho' I did not perfectly comprehend the wiſdom of this diſcourſe, yet I taſted in it I know not what of pure and ſublime; my heart was warmed with it, and truth methought ſhone in every word. They proceeded to ſpeak of the origin of the Gods, of heroes, of poets, of the golden age, of the deluge, of the earlieſt hiſtories of mankind, of the river of oblivion in which the ſouls of the dead are plunged, of the eternal pains prepared for the wicked in the diſmal gulph of Tartarus, and of the bleſſed tranquillity which the juſt enjoy in the Elyſian fields, without any apprehenſion of loſing it.

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While Hazaël and Mentor were diſcourſing together, we perceived ſeveral dolphins, whoſe ſcales ſeemed gold and azure, ſwelling the waves and making them foam with their ſportings. After them came Tritons blowing their writhen ſhells, and ſurrounding Amphitrite's chariot, which was drawn by ſea-horſes that were whiter than ſnow, that ploughed the briny waves, and left a deep furrow far behind them in the ſea. Their eyes flamed, and foam iſſued from their mouths. The Goddeſs's car was a ſhell of a marvellous form; it was of a more ſhining white than ivory; its wheels were of gold, and it ſeemed to ſkim the peaceful ſurface of the deep. Nymphs crowned with flowers, whoſe lovely treſſes flowed over their ſhoulders and waved with the winds, ſwam in ſhoals behind it. The Goddeſs had in one hand a ſceptre of gold to command the waves, and with the other held on her knees the little God Palemon her ſon, who hung at her breaſt. She had ſuch ſerenity, ſuch ſweetneſs and majeſty in her countenance, that every ſeditious wind and lowering tempeſt fled before her. Tritons guided the ſteeds, and held the golden reins. A large purple ſail waved in the air above the car, and was gently ſwelled by a multitude of little zephirs, who ſtrove to blow it forwards with their breath. In the midſt of the air Æolus was ſeen buſy, reſtleſs, vehement. His wrinkled face and ſour looks, his threatening voice, his long bushy eye-brows, and the gloomy fire and ſeverity of his eyes, ſilenced the fierce north-winds, and drove back all the clouds. Immenſe whales and all the monſters of the deep, whoſe noſtrils made the briny wave to ebb and flow, iſſued in haſte from their profound grots to view the Goddeſs.

End of the Fourth Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FIFTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that he was informed, on his arrival in Crete, that Idomeneus, king of that iſland, had ſacrificed his only ſon to fulfil a rash vow; that the Cretans reſolving to revenge the ſon's blood, had conſtrained the father to quit their country, and were after long debates actually aſſembled to elect another king. Telemachus adds that he was admitted into this aſſembly; that he there obtained the prizes in ſeveral games; that he ſolved the queſtions left by Minos in his book of laws, and that the old men, who were the rulers of the iſland, and all the people ſeeing his wiſdom, would have made him their king.

AFTER we had admired this ſight, we began to diſcover the mountains of Crete, which we could yet hardly diſtinguish from the clouds of the heaven and the billows of the ſea. We ſoon diſcovered the top of mount Ida above the other mountains of the iſland: So an old ſtag in a foreſt carries his branchy head above thoſe of the ſurrounding fawns. By degrees we ſaw more diſtinctly the coaſt of the iſland, which preſented itſelf to us like an amphitheatre. As much as the lands of Cy-

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prus had appeared uncultivated and neglected, did theſe of Crete ſeem fertile and adorned with all ſorts of fruits by the labour of the inhabitants.

On all ſides we obſerved well built villages, ſtately cities, and towns which were equal to cities. We found no field on which the hand of the induſtrious husbandman was not imprinted; the plough had every where left indented furrows: briars, thorns and all plants that unprofitably incumber the ground, are unknown in this country. We viewed with pleaſure the hollow vallies, where herds of oxen were lowing in fat paſtures along the banks of the rivers; the sheep feeding on the ſide of the hills; the ſpacious plains covered with golden ears, the rich preſents of fruitful Ceres; and the mountains adorned with vines, whoſe cluſtering grapes, already of a bluish hue, promiſed the vintagers the delicious gifts of Bacchus to ſooth the cares of men.

Mentor ſaid that he had formerly been in Crete, and informed us of all he knew of it. This iſland, ſaid he, admired by all ſtrangers and famous for its hundred cities, eaſily maintains all its inhabitants, tho' they are innumerable; for the earth is never weary of pouring her bleſſings on thoſe who cultivate her: her fruitful boſom is inexhauſtible; the more inhabitants there are in a country, the more they abound, provided they are induſtrious; they have never any occaſion to be jealous of each other. Our bountiful mother earth multiplies her gifts according to the number of her children, that merit her fruits by their labour. The ambition and avarice of men are the only ſources of their miſery. Men covet all, and make themſelves wretched by their deſires of ſuperfluities; if they would live in a plain and ſimple manner, and be contented with ſatisfying their real wants, we ſhould every where ſee plenty, joy, peace, and concord.

This is what Minos, the wiſeſt and beſt of kings, underſtood. All that you will ſee moſt admirable in this iſland is the fruit of his laws. The education he

preſcribed

preſcribed for children, renders their bodies healthful and robuſt: they are accuſtomed betimes to a plain, frugal and laborious life; it is a maxim among the Cretans, that all pleaſures enervate both the body and the mind, and the only pleaſure which they ever propoſe to their children is that of being invincible in virtue, and of acquiring glory. Courage is not ſolely placed in deſpiſing death amidſt the dangers of war, but alſo in trampling great riches and shameful pleaſures under foot. Three vices are punished here, which are not punished in other nations, ingratitude, diſſimulation, and avarice.

As for extravagance and luxury, there is no need to ſuppreſs them; for they are unknown in Crete; here every one works without ſtudying to enrich himſelf, and thinks that he is ſufficiently recompenſed for his pains by an eaſy and regular way of living, wherein he enjoys in peace and plenty all that is really neceſſary to life. Coſtly furniture is not allowed here, nor magnificent attire, nor ſumptuous feaſts, nor gilded palaces. Their cloaths are of fine wool and of a beautiful colour, but quite plain and without embroidery. Their meals are temperate; they drink but little wine at them, and their chief ingredient is good bread, together with the fruits which the trees yield as it were ſpontaneouſly, and the milk of their flocks and herds: at moſt they only eat coarſe meat, and that too is plainly dreſſed; for they carefully reſerve the beſt of their oxen for the improvement of agriculture. Their houſes are neat, convenient, pleaſant; but without ornaments: not that magnificent architecture is unknown to them, but they apply it only to the temples of the Gods: men are not allowed to have manſions like thoſe of the immortals. The great riches of the Cretans are health, ſtrength, courage, the peace and union of families, the liberty of all the citizens, a plenty of neceſſaries, a contempt of ſuperfluities, an habit of labour, an abhorrence of idleneſs, an emulation in virtue, a ſubmiſſion to the laws, and a fear of the righteous Gods.

I asked him in what the king's authority consisted. The king, replied he, is absolute over the people, but the laws are absolute over him. He has an unlimited power to do good, but his hands are tied when he would do evil. The laws commit the people as the most precious of all trusts to his care, on condition that he shall be their father. They ordain that a single person shall by his wisdom and moderation promote the felicity of multitudes, and not that multitudes by their misery and base slavery should serve to flatter the pride and luxury of a single person. The king is to have nothing more than others, except what is necessary either to relieve him in his painful duties, or to imprint on the people a respect for him who is to maintain the laws. Nay, the king is to be more temperate, more averse to luxury, to pomp and pride than any other. He is not to have more riches or pleasures, but more wisdom, virtue and glory than the rest of men. Abroad he is to be the defender of his country, by commanding its armies; and to be the judge of the people at home, in order to render them good, wise and happy. It is not for his own sake that the Gods made him king; he is so only to be the servant of the people; to them he owes all his time, all his cares, all his affection; and he is only so far worthy of royalty, as he forgets and sacrifices himself to the good of the public. Minos ordained that his children should not reign after him, unless they reigned according to these maxims; for he loved his people more than his family. It was by this wise conduct that he rendered Crete so powerful and happy; it was by this moderation that he eclipsed the glory of all the conquerous, who aim at making the people subservient to their own grandeur, that is to say to their vanity: in a word, it was by his justice that he deserved to be in hell the supreme judge of the dead.

Whilst Mentor was discoursing thus, we arrived at the island where we saw the famous labyrinth made

made by the ingenious Dedalus, in imitation of the great one which he had ſeen in Egypt. Whilſt we were viewing this curious edifice, we obſerved multitudes of people on the ſhore running to a place near the ſea-ſide; we asked the cauſe of their hurry, and the following account was given us by one Nauſicrates a Cretan.

Idomeneus, the ſon of Deucalion and grandſon of Minos, ſaid he, went like the other kings of Greece to the ſiege of Troy. After the deſtruction of that city, he ſet ſail to return to Crete; but he was overtaken by ſo violent a ſtorm, that the pilot of the ſhip, and all other experienced navigators, thought that they ſhould inevitably be wrecked. Every one had death before his eyes; every one ſaw the abyſs gaping to ſwallow him up; every one deplored his fate, deſpairing even of the ſad conſolation of ſouls which croſs the Styx after their bodies have been buried. Idomeneus, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, invoked Neptune: O powerful God! cried he, thou who ſwayeſt the wavy empire, deign to hear a wretched mortal! If thou giveſt me to ſee the iſland of Crete again in ſpite of the raging winds, to thee will I ſacrifice the firſt head which ſhall preſent itſelf to my eyes.

Mean while his ſon, impatient to ſee his father again, haſtened to meet and embrace him. Unhappy youth! who knew not that he was running to his deſtruction. The father having eſcaped the tempeſt, arrived at the deſired port, and thanked Neptune for hearing his vows; but he ſoon found how fatal they were to be to him. A foreboding of his misfortune made him bitterly repent of his indiſcreet vow; he was afraid of arriving amongſt his own ſubjects, and apprehenſive of ſeeing what was deareſt to him in this world. But cruel Nemeſis, an inexorable Goddeſs, who lies in wait to punish men, and eſpecially haughty kings, puſhed Idomeneus on with a fatal and inviſible hand. He arrives; he hardly dares to lift up his eyes; he ſees his ſon; he ſtarts back

with horror, and vainly looks about for ſome other leſs dear head to ſerve him for a victim. Mean while the ſon threw himſelf on his neck, and is quite aſtoniſhed at his father's cold returns to his fondneſs, and at ſeeing him diſſolve into tears.

O my father, ſaid he, whence this ſadneſs? After ſo long an abſence are you ſorry to ſee your kingdom again, and to be the joy of your ſon? What have I done? You turn away your eyes leſt you ſhould ſee me. The father, oppreſt with grief, made no reply. At laſt after many profound ſighs, he ſaid, Ah! Neptune, what have I promiſed you? At what a price have you ſaved me from ſhipwreck? Give me back to the waves and the rocks, which dashing me in pieces, ſhould have ended my wretched life; let my ſon live. O cruel God! here take my blood and ſpare his. As he ſpoke thus, he drew his ſword to kill himſelf: but thoſe about him held his hand. Old Sophronymus, an interpreter of the will of the Gods, aſſuring him that he might ſatisfy Neptune without putting his ſon to death. Your vow, ſaid he, was imprudent: the Gods will not be honoured by cruelty; beware of adding to your criminal promiſe the crime of fulfilling it contrary to the laws of nature; offer to Neptune an hundred bulls whiter than ſnow; let their blood ſtream around his altar crowned with flowers; let ſweet incenſe ſmoke in honour of the Gods.

Idomeneus heard theſe words, hanging down his head and without replying. Fury was kindled in his eyes: his pale and diſfigured countenance changed its colour every moment, and his limbs trembled. Mean time his ſon ſaid, Lo! father, here I am, your ſon is ready to die to appeaſe the God of the ſea; draw not his wrath upon you: I die contented, ſince my death has prevented yours. O my father! ſtrike, nor fear to find me unworthy of you, or afraid to die.

Idomeneus at the ſame inſtant, quite frantick and like one torn by the infernal furies, aſtoniſhes all who

were

were near him; he plunges his ſword into his ſon's heart; he draws it out again, all reeking and bloody, to thruſt it into his own bowels: he is once more with-held by thoſe about him. The youth falls down in his blood; the ſhades of death overſpread his eyes; he half-opens them to the light, but as ſoon as he finds it, he can bear it no longer. As a beautiful lily of the fields, that is wounded in its root by the plough-ſhare, droops and can ſupport itſelf no longer, tho' it has not yet loſt its lively white and the luſtre which charms the eye, yet as the earth nourishes it no more, its life is extinguiſhed: ſo the ſon of Idomeneus, like a young and tender flower, is cruelly mowed down in his bloom of life. The father grows ſtupid thro' exceſs of grief; he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do; he goes ſtaggering towards the city, and asks for his ſon.

Mean while the people, moved with compaſſion for the ſon, and with horror at the barbarous action of the father, cry out, the juſt Gods have delivered him up to the furies. Rage furniſhes them with arms; they ſeize on ſticks and ſtones, and diſcord breathes its deadly venom into all their hearts. The Cretans, the wiſe Cretans, forget the wiſdom they ſo much loved, and no longer acknowledge the grandſon of the ſage Minos. Idomeneus's friends find no ſafety for him but in leading him back to his ſhips; they embark with him, and commit themſelves to the mercy of the waves. Idomeneus, coming to himſelf, thanks them for ſnatching him from a country which he had watered with his ſon's blood, and could no longer inhabit. The winds waft them to Heſperia, where they are going to found a new kingdom in the country of the Salentines.

Mean while the Cretans having no king to govern them, are come to a reſolution to elect one who will maintain the eſtabliſhed laws in all their purity; and the meaſures they have taken in order to make this choice, are theſe. All the chief inhabitants of the hun-

dred cities are here met together; they have already opened the assembly by sacrifices; they have convened all the most famous sages of the neighbouring countries, to inquire into the wisdom of those who shall appear worthy to command; they have made preparations for exhibiting public games, wherein all the candidates are to contend; for they will give the crown as a prize to him who shall be judged superior to all others both in body and mind. They will have a king whose body is robust and active, and whose mind is adorned with wisdom and virtue. All strangers are invited hither.

Nausicrates, having related this surprising story, said, Hasten, strangers, to our assembly; you shall contend with the rest, and if the Gods decree the victory to one of you, he shall reign in this country. We followed him, not with any desire of conquest, but only out of curiosity to see so extraordinary an affair.

We came to a sort of circus, which was very large, and compassed with a thick wood. The middle of the circus was an arena, which was prepared for the combatants, and was surrounded by an amphitheatre of verdant turf, on which innumerable spectators were seated in rows. On our arrival we were received with honour; for the Cretans of all nations in the world are the most generous and religious observers of hospitality. They caused us to be seated, and invited us to engage in the combats. Mentor excused himself on account of his age, and Hazaël on account of his ill health. My youth and vigour left me no excuse. I glanced my eyes however upon Mentor to discover his thoughts, and perceived that he would have me engage. I accordingly accepted of their offer; I stripped myself of my cloaths; floods of sweet and shining oil were poured on all my limbs, and I mingled with the combatants. It was said on all sides, That is the son of Ulysses, who is come to contend for the prize, and several Cretans, who had seen me during my infancy in Ithaca, knew me again.

The

The firſt exerciſe was wreſtling. A Rhodian about five and thirty years old, threw all who ventured to engage him. He ſtill retained all the vigour of youth; his arms were nervous and brawny; at the leaſt motion he made, all his muſcles appeared, and all his activity was equal to his ſtrength. Not thinking me worthy of being conquered, and beholding my tender youth with eyes of compaſſion, he was going away; but I went up to him: whereupon we ſeized each other, and preſſed the breath almoſt out of our bodies; we ſtood ſhoulder to ſhoulder, and foot to foot; all our nerves were on the ſtretch, and our arms twiſted together like ſerpents, each endeavouring to lift his antagoniſt from the ground. Sometimes he attempted to throw me by ſurpriſe, by puſhing me to the right ſide, and ſometimes he endeavoured to bend me to the left. Whilſt he was trying me in this manner, I ſhoved him with ſo much violence, that his loins gave way; he fell on the ſand, and drew me upon him. In vain did he endeavour to get me under him; for I held him immoveable beneath me. All the people cried, Victory to the ſon of Ulyſſes; and I helped the confounded Rhodian to get up again.

The combat of the Cæſtus was more difficult. The ſon of a rich citizen of Samos had acquired ſo high a reputation in this kind of conflict, that all others yielded to him, and there was none but I, who hoped for victory. At firſt he ſtruck me ſeveral blows on the head, and then on the ſtomach, which made me vomit blood, and ſpread a thick cloud over my eyes. I reeled, he preſſed upon me, and my breath was gone; but I was re-animated by Mentor's crying out, O ſon of Ulyſſes, will you be vanquiſhed? Anger gave me new ſtrength, and I avoided ſeveral blows which I muſt otherwiſe have ſunk under. The Samian failing in a blow he made at me, and extending his arm in vain, I ſurpriſed him in that ſtooping poſture: he was drawing back when I lifted up my cæſtus in order to fall upon him with more

more force; he endeavoured to avoid me, but loſing his balance, he gave me an opportunity to throw him down. He was hardly ſtretched on the earth, when I held out my hand to raiſe him up; he got up himſelf, beſmeared with duſt and blood, and in the utmoſt confuſion, but he did not dare to renew the combat.

Immediately after begun the chariot-races; the cars were diſtributed by lot, and mine happened to be the worſt, both as to the lightneſs of the wheels and the ſtrength of the horſes. We ſtart, and clouds of riſing duſt obſcure the heavens. At firſt I let others go before me. A young Lacedæmonian, whoſe name was Crantor, preſently left all the reſt behind him. A Cretan, named Polycletus, followed him cloſe. Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, who aſpired to ſucceed him, giving the reins to his foaming courſers, hung over their flowing manes, and the motion of his chariot wheels was ſo rapid, that they ſeemed like the wings of an eagle cleaving the air, not to move at all. My ſteeds being warmed and brought to their wind by degrees, I left far behind me almoſt all thoſe who had ſet out with ſo much ardor. Hippomachus, Idomeneus's kinſman, driving his courſers with too much fury, the moſt vigorous of them fell down, and by his fall deprived his maſter of the hopes of a crown.

Polycletus, leaning too much over his horſes, could not keep himſelf faſt in a ſhock which his chariot received; he fell, the reins ſlipped out of his hands, and he was very fortunate in being able to avoid death. Crantor ſeeing, with eyes full of indignation, that I was cloſe by him, redoubled his ardor; ſometimes invoking the Gods and promiſing them rich offerings, and ſometimes encouraging his ſteeds with words. He was apprehenſive leſt I ſhould paſs between the goal and him; for my horſes having been more favoured than his, were in a condition to get before him, and he could no way prevent it but by obſtructing my paſſage. To effect this, he run the risk of breaking

breaking his car againſt the goal, and indeed he broke his wheel againſt it. My ſole care was to make a ſudden turn that I might not be involved in his diſorder, and was in a moment at the end of the courſe. The people once again cried, Victory to the ſon of Ulyſſes; 'tis he whom the Gods appoint to reign over us.

Then the moſt illuſtrious and wiſeſt of the Cretans conducted us into an ancient and ſacred wood, ſequeſtered from the ſight of the profane, where the elders, whom Minos had appointed judges of the people and guardians of the laws, aſſembled us together. We were the ſame who had contended in the games; nobody elſe was admitted. The ſages opened the books wherein all the laws of Minos were collected together. I felt myſelf ſtricken with reſpect and awe as I approached theſe ſeniors, whom age had rendered venerable, without depriving them of their vigour of mind. They were ſeated in order, and motionleſs in their places; their hairs were white, and ſeveral of them had hardly any. A ſerene and engaged wiſdom was conſpicuous in their grave countenances. They were not eager to ſpeak, and ſaid nothing but what they had weighed before. When they were of different opinions, they were ſo moderate in maintaining what they thought on either ſide, that one would have imagined they were of the ſame mind. A long experience of things paſt, and application of buſineſs, gave them a great inſight into all things; but what moſt contributed to the perfecting of their judgment, was the tranquillity of their minds, which were free from the extravagant flights and caprices of youth. Wiſdom alone operated in them, and the fruit of their long virtue was to have ſo thoroughly ſubdued their paſſions, that they taſted without alloy the ſweet ſublime pleaſure of hearkening to reaſon. While I was admiring them, I wiſhed that my life could be contracted that I might once arrive at ſo valuable an old age, and thought that youth was unhappy in being ſo impetuous and ſo far diſtant from this enlightened and ſerene virtue.

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The chief of these elders opened the book of the laws of Minos. It was a large volume, and was usually locked up in a golden box with perfumes. All these seniors kissed it with respect; for they say that next to the Gods from whom good laws proceed, nothing ought to be so sacred to men as laws designed to render them good, wise, and happy. Those who are entrusted with the execution of the Laws for the government of the people, ought always to be governed by the laws themselves: 'tis the law, and not the man, which ought to reign. Such was the discourse of these sages. The president then proposed three questions, which were to be resolved by the maxims of Minos

The first question was, Who is the freest of all men? Some answered, that it was a king who had an absolute dominion over his subjects, and was victorious over all his enemies. Others maintained, that it was a man who was so rich, that he could gratify all his desires. Others said, that it was one who was not married, and was continually travelling during his whole life thro' divers countries, without ever being subject to the laws of any. Others imagined, that it was a barbarian, who, living by hunting in the midst of the woods, was independant of all government, and free from every want. Others believed that it was a man lately made free, because by passing from the rigours of slavery, he had a quicker relish than any body else of the sweets of liberty. And lastly, others bethought themselves to say, that it was a dying person, because death freed him from every thing, and all mankind united had no longer any power over him.

When my turn was come, I was at no loss for an answer, because I had not forgot what Mentor had often told me. The freest of all Men, said I, is he who can be free even in slavery itself. In what country or condition soever a man may be, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the Gods, and fears nothing but them; in a word, the truly free man

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is he, who, void of all fears and all desires, is subject only to the Gods and reason. The elders looked on each other with a smile, and were surprised to see that my answer was precisely the same as that of Minos.

They then proposed the second question in these words, who is the most unhappy of all men? Every one said what occurred to his mind. One said, It is a man who had neither money, nor health, nor honour. Another said, It is one who hath no friend. Others maintained that it was a man who has ungrateful and degenerate children. There came a sage of the isle of Lesbos, who said, The most unhappy of all men, is he who thinks himself so; for unhappiness arises less from what we suffer, than from the impatience with which we aggravate our misery. At these words the whole assembly shouted and applauded the sage Lesbian; believing that he would carry the prize as to this question. But my opinion being asked, I answered according to Mentor's maxims. The most unhappy of all men is a prince who thinks to be happy by rendering other men miserable: his blindness doubles his unhappiness; for not knowing his misfortune, he cannot cure himself of it; nay, he is afraid even to know it. Truth cannot pierce thro' his crowds of flatterers to arrive at him. His passions are his tyrants; he knows not his duty; he has never tasted the pleasure of doing good, nor been sensible of the charms of uncorrupted virtue; he is wretched, and deserves to be so; his wretchedness encreases daily; he runs to his destruction, and the Gods are preparing eternal punishment for him. The whole assembly owned that I had outdone the Lesbian sage, and the elders declared that I had hit upon the true sense of Minos.

For the third question, they asked, Which of the two is preferable, a king victorious and invincible in a war, or a king without experience of war, but qualified to govern his people wisely in peace. The majority answered, that a king who was invincible in

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war was to be preferred. What profits it, ſaid they, to have a king who knows to govern well in peace, if he knows not to defend his country in times of war? his enemies will vanquish him, and reduce his people to ſlavery. Others on the contrary maintained, that a pacific king would be better, becauſe he would be apprehenſive of war, and take care to avoid it. Others ſaid, that a victorious king would labour to advance his ſubjects glory as well as his own, and would render them maſters of other nations; whereas a pacific king would keep them in a shameful cowardice. My opinion was asked, and I anſwered thus:

A king who knows to govern only in peace or only in war, and is not capable of conducting his people in both theſe circumſtances, is but half a king. But if you compare a king who underſtands nothing but war to a wiſe king, who, without underſtanding war himſelf, is capable of maintaining it on occaſion by his generals, I think him preferable to the other. A king entirely turned to war would be ſo continually making it, in order to extend his dominions and glory, that he would ruin his own people: And what boots it them that their prince ſubdues other nations, if they themſelves are miſerable under his reign? Beſides, long wars always draw after them many diſorders: the victors themſelves grow licentious in theſe times of confuſion. Conſider how dear the triumphing over Troy has coſt Greece; ſhe was deprived of her kings for more than ten years. Whilſt every thing is enflamed by war, laws, agriculture, arts, languish. Even the beſt princes, while they are engaged in it, are conſtrained to commit the greateſt of evils, which is, to wink at licentiouſneſs and to employ wicked men. How many profligate wretches are there whom one would punish in times of peace, whoſe audacious villainies we are obliged to reward during the diſorders of war? Never had any nation a conquering prince, without having much to ſuffer from his ambition. A conqueror

queror intoxicated with his glory, ruins his own victorious nation almoſt as much as the nations he conquers. A king who has not the qualifications requiſite for peace, is not able to make his ſubjects taſte the fruits of a war happily ended: he reſembles a man who can defend his own field, and perhaps uſurp his neighbour's, but can neither plough nor ſow, in order to reap the harveſt. Such a man ſeems born to deſtroy, to ravage, to overturn the world, and not to render a nation happy by the wiſdom of his government.

Let us come now to the pacific king. He is not indeed qualified to make great conqueſts, that is, he is not born to trouble the repoſe of his own people, by ſeeking to vanquiſh others whom juſtice has not ſubjected to him; but if he is really adapted to govern in peace, he has all the qualifications which are neceſſary to ſecure his ſubjects againſt their enemies. For he is juſt, moderate and eaſy with regard to his neighbours; he never undertakes any thing againſt them which may diſturb the publick peace, and he is faithful to his alliances. His allies love him, do not fear him, and have an entire confidence in him. If he has a reſtleſs, haughty and ambitious neighbour, all the adjacent princes, who fear the turbulent, and have no jealouſy of the peaceful king, join themſelves to the latter, in order to hinder him from being oppreſſed. His probity, his ſincerity, his moderation, make him the arbiter of all the neighbouring nations. Whilſt the enterpriſing monarch is hated by all the reſt, and continually in danger of their leagues, the peaceful prince has the glory to be as it were the father and guardian of all others. Theſe are the advantages which he has abroad; thoſe he enjoys at home are ſtill more ſolid. Since he is qualified to govern in peace, I ſuppoſe that he governs by the wiſeſt laws. He ſuppreſſes pomp, luxury, and all arts which ſerve only to cherish vice; he makes thoſe flourish which are ſubſervient to the real wants of life; above all, he cauſes his ſubjects

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to apply themſelves to agriculture, and he thereby procures them a plenty of all neceſſaries. This laborious people, plain in their manners, accuſtomed to live on a little, and eaſily getting their livelihood by the culture of their lands, increaſe daily. Thus the people of this kingdom are innumerable; but they are a healthful, a vigorous, a robuſt people, who are not enervated by pleaſure, who are inured to virtue, who are not addicted to a ſoft, effeminate and luxurious life, who deſpiſe death, and would rather loſe their lives than the liberty they enjoy under their wiſe king, who reigns only to make reaſon reign. Let a neighbouring conqueror attack this people, and he will find them perhaps not very expert in forming of camps, in ranging themſelves in order of battle, or in erecting machines to beſiege a city; but he will find them invincible by their numbers, by their courage, by their patience in fatigues, by their habit of bearing poverty, by the vigour of the combatants, and by a virtue which ill ſucceſs itſelf cannot abate. Beſides, if the king has not ſufficient experience to command his armies himſelf, he will cauſe them to be commanded by men who are capable of it, and will know how to make uſe of them without loſing his own authority. He will in the mean while obtain aſſiſtance from his allies; his ſubjects will rather die than ſubmit to the yoke of a violent and unjuſt prince, and even the Gods themſelves will fight for him. Lo, the reſources he will have amidſt the greateſt dangers. I conclude therefore that a pacific king, who is ignorant of war is a very imperfect king, ſince he knows not to diſcharge one of his greateſt duties, the ſubduing of his Enemies; but I add, that he is however infinitely ſuperior to a conqueror, who wants the accomplishments which are neceſſary in peace, and is qualified only for war.

I perceived that many perſons in the aſſembly could not relish my opinion; for moſt men, dazzled by glaring objects, as victories and conqueſts, prefer them to what is ſimple, calm and ſolid, as the peace and

and good government of a people. But all the elders declared that I had ſpoken like Minos.

The chief of theſe ſeniors cried out, I ſee the accomplishment of an oracle of Apollo, which is known thro' all our Iſland. Minos having conſulted this God, to know how long his offspring would reign according to the laws which he had eſtabliſhed, Apollo anſwered him: Thy race will ceaſe to reign, when a ſtranger ſhall enter thy iſland and cauſe thy laws to reign there. We were afraid that ſome ſtranger would come and conquer the Iſland of Crete; but Idomeneus's misfortune, and the wiſdom of the ſon of Ulyſſes, who better than any man underſtands the Laws of Minos, ſhew us the ſenſe of the oracle. Why do we delay to crown him whom the Gods give us for our king?

End of the fifth Book.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SIXTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that he refuſed the crown of Crete to return to Ithaca; that he propoſed the Election of Mentor, who alſo refuſed the diadem; that the aſſembly at laſt preſſing Mentor to chooſe for the whole nation, he told them what he had heard of the virtues of Ariſtodemus, who was the ſame moment proclamed king; that Mentor and he afterwards embarked for Ithaca: but that Neptune, to gratify the reſentment of Venus, had cauſed them to be wrecked, after which the Goddeſs Calypſo received them into her iſland.

HEreupon the elders went out of the ſacred wood, and their preſident taking me by the hand, told the people, who waited with impatience for their determination, that I had obtained the prize. He had hardly done ſpeaking, when a confuſed noiſe was heard thro' the whole aſſembly. Every one ſhouted for joy. The ſhores and all the neighbouring mountains rung with this acclamation. Let the ſon of Ulyſſes, who reſembles Minos, reign over the Cretans.

I waited a while, and then making a ſign with my hand, deſired to be heard. Mean time Mentor ſaid in a whiſper, Will you renounce your country? Will the ambition of reigning make you forget Penelope, who expects you as her laſt hope, and the great

great Ulyſſes, whom the gods have determined to reſtore to you? Theſe words pierced my very heart, and ſupported me againſt the vain deſire of reigning. And now a profound ſilence of all this tumultuous aſſembly gave me an opportunity to ſpeak thus: O illuſtrious Cretans, I am not worthy to command you. The oracle you mention plainly ſhews indeed, that the race of Minos ſhall ceaſe to reign when a ſtranger ſhall enter this iſland, and cauſe the laws of that wiſe king to reign therein; but it is not ſaid that this ſtranger himſelf ſhall reign. I am willing to believe that I am the ſtranger pointed at by the oracle; I have fulfilled the prediction; I am come into this Iſland; I have diſcovered the true ſenſe of the laws, and I wish that my explanation may cauſe them to reign with him whom you ſhall elect. As for me, I prefer my own country, the poor little Iſland of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, and all the glory and opulence of this fine kingdom. Give me leave to purſue the courſe which deſtiny has marked out for me. If I contended in your games, it was not in hopes of reigning here; it was to merit your eſteem, and compaſſion: it was that you might furniſh me with the means of a ſpeedy return to the place of my nativity. I had rather obey my father Ulyſſes, and comfort my mother Penelope, than reign over all the nations of the univerſe. O Cretans! you ſee the bottom of my heart; I muſt leave you, but death only ſhall put a period to my gratitude. Yes, even to his lateſt breath will Telemachus love the Cretans, and be as much concerned for their glory as for his own.

I had hardly done ſpeaking, when a hollow murmur aroſe, like that of the billows dashing againſt each other in a tempeſt. Some ſaid, is he a God in an human ſhape? Others averred, that they had ſeen me in other countries, and knew me again. Others cried, He muſt be compelled to reign here. At length I reſumed the diſcourſe, and every one was immediately ſilent, not knowing but that I was about

about to accept of what I had refuſed at firſt. The words I ſpoke were theſe:

Give me leave, ye Cretans, to ſpeak what I think. You are the wiſeſt of all nations; but wiſdom, methinks, requires a precaution to which you do not ſeem to attend. You ſhould chooſe not the man who reaſons the beſt concerning the laws, but him who practices them with the ſteady virtue. As for me, I am young, and of conſequence, unexperienced, ſubject to violent paſſions, and fitter to learn by obeying how to command hereafter, than to command at preſent. Seek not therefore a man who has conquered others in exerciſes of the mind and body, but who has conquered himſelf; ſeek one who has your laws written on the table of his heart, and has, all his life, been punctual in obeying them; let his actions rather than his words induce you to chooſe him.

All the old men, charmed with this diſcourſe, and ſeeing the applauſes of the aſſembly continually encreaſing, ſaid: Since the Gods deprive us of the hopes of ſeeing you reign among us, at leaſt aſſiſt us to find a king who may cauſe our laws to reign. Do you know any one who can command with this moderation; I know, ſaid I immediately, a man from whom I derive all that you eſteem in me; 'tis his wiſdom, and not mine which has ſpoken to you; he inſpired me with all the anſwers you have heard.

At the ſame time the whole aſſembly caſt their eyes upon Mentor, whom I ſhewed to them, holding him by the hand. I related the care he had taken of my infancy, the dangers from which he had delivered me, and the evils which were poured down upon me, when I ceaſed to follow his counſels. They had not at firſt taken notice of him by reaſon of his plain and negligent dreſs, his modeſt looks, his almoſt continual ſilence, and his cold and reſerved air. But when they viewed him with attention, they diſcovered in his face I know not what of firmneſs

neſs and elevation; they obſerved the vivacity of his eyes, and the vigour with which he performed even the minuteſt actions; they asked him ſeveral queſtions; they admired him, and reſolved to make him their king. He calmly excuſed himſelf, and ſaid, that he preferred the ſweets of a private life to the ſplendor of a crown; that the beſt of kings were unhappy, becauſe they hardly ever did the good which they deſired to do, and often did, thro' the miſrepreſentations of flatterers, the evils which they did not deſign. He added, that if ſervitude is miſerable, royalty is not leſs ſo, ſince it is only ſervitude in diſguiſe. When one is a king, ſaid he, one is dependant on all thoſe whom we need to make ourſelves obeyed. Happy he who is not obliged to command! We owe to our own country, only when she entruſts us with authority, the ſacrifice of our liberty, in order to toil for the publick good.

Upon this the Cretans not being able to recover from their ſurpriſe, asked him whom they ought to chooſe. A man, replied he, who knows you well, ſince he muſt govern you, and who is afraid to take the reins in his hands. Whoever deſires a crown, knows not what it is; and how can he perform the duties which he does not know? he ſeeks it for his own ſake, and you ought to deſire one who accepts it only for yours.

All the Cretans being ſtrangely aſtonished to ſee two ſtrangers refuſe the crown which was courted by ſo many others, deſired to know with whom they came thither. Nauſicrates, who had conducted us from the port to the circus, where the games were celebrated, pointed to Hazaël with whom Mentor and I came from the Iſland of Cyprus. But their aſtonishment was ſtill greater, when they knew that Mentor had been Hazaël's ſlave; that Hazaël, touched with his ſlave's wiſdom and virtue, had made him his counſellor and his boſom friend; that this ſlave, being ſet at liberty, was the ſame perſon who had refuſed to be their king, and that Hazaël was ſo

enamoured of wiſdom as to come from Damaſcus in Syria, to be inſtructed in the laws of Minos.

The elders ſaid to Hazaël, We dare not deſire you to reign over us, for we ſuppoſe that you have the ſame thoughts as Mentor. You deſpiſe men too much to be willing to burden yourſelf with the care of them; beſides, you think too lightly of riches and the ſplendors of royalty, to be willing to purchaſe their luſtre with the pains which are inſeparable from the government of kingdoms. Hazaël replied, Believe not, Cretans, that I deſpiſe men: No, no, I am ſenſible how glorious it is to toil to make them virtuous and happy: but theſe toils are full of anxieties and dangers. The ſplendor which is annexed to them, is falſe, and can dazzle none but vain-glorious ſouls. Life is short; greatneſs raiſes the paſſions above its power to gratify them; it was to learn to be contented without theſe chimerical bleſſings, and not to obtain them, that I came ſo far. Farewell: all my thoughts are fixt on returning to a quiet and retired way of life, where wiſdom will cherish my heart, and where the hopes which I derive from virtue of another better life after death, shall comfort me under the miſeries of old age. Were I to wish for any thing, it would not be to be a king; it would be, never to be ſeparated from theſe two men whom you ſee before you.

At length the Cretans, addreſſing themſelves to Mentor, cried, Tell us, O wiſeſt and greateſt of all mortals, tell us then whom we can chooſe for our king? We will not let you go 'till you have told us the choice which we ought to make. He anſwered, While I was in the crowd of ſpectators, I obſerved a man who diſcovered not the leaſt ſollicitude nor eagerneſs. He is a hail old man; I asked his name, and was told that it is Ariſtodemus. I afterwards heard ſomebody tell him that his two ſons were in the number of the combatants, which ſeemed to give him no joy at all, He ſaid, that as for one, he did not wish him the dangers of a crown, and that he loved

loved his country too well ever to consent that the other should reign. By this I understood, that the father loved with a rational fondness one of his sons who has virtue, and that he did not indulge the other in his vices. My curiosity encreasing, I enquired what sort of a life this old man had led, and one of your citizens told me, that he bore arms a long while, and is covered with wounds; but that his sincere virtue and his aversion to flattery rendered him obnoxious to Idomeneus, which hindered the king from employing him at the siege of Troy. Idomeneus was afraid of a man who would give him wise counsels, which he was not inclined to follow: nay, he was jealous of the glory which Aristodemus would be sure soon to acquire; he forgot all his services, and left him here, indigent, and despised by rude and sordid wretches, who esteem nothing but riches. But contented with his poverty, he lives chearfully in a sequestered part of the island, where he cultivates his fields with his own hands. One of his sons toils with him; they tenderly love each other; they are happy by their frugality, and have, by their labour, procured themselves a plenty of all things which are necessary to a plain way of life. The wise old man gives to the sick poor of his neighbourhood all that remains above a sufficiency for his own and his son's wants. He causes all the young men to work; he encourages and instructs them; he determines all the disputes among his neighbours, and is the father of every family. The misfortune of his own is to have a second son, who would never follow any of his counsels. The father, having long born with him in order to reclaim him from his vices, at last discarded him, and he has since abandoned himself to vain ambition, and all kind of pleasures.

This, O Cretans, is what I have been told; you should know if this account be true. But if this man be such as he is described to be, why do you exhibit games? Why do you assemble so many strangers? You have in the midst of you a man who knows you,

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and whom you know; who underſtands war; who has given proofs of his courage, not only againſt darts and arrows, but againſt frightful poverty itſelf; who has deſpiſed riches acquired by flatteries; who loves labour; who knows how uſeful agriculture is to a nation; who deteſts pomp; who does not ſuffer himſelf to be unmanned by a blind fondneſs for his children; who loves the virtue of the one, and condemns the vices of the other; in a word, a man, who is already the father of the people. This man is your king, if it be true that you deſire to make the laws of the wiſe Minos reign amongſt you.

All the people cried out, Ariſtodemus is indeed what you repreſent him: he is worthy to reign. The elders ordered him to be called. He was ſought for in the crowd, where he was confounded with the meaneſt of the people. He ſeemed perfectly calm. They told him that they would make him their king. He replied, I can conſent to it only on three conditions. Firſt, that I ſhall reſign the crown in two years, if I do not render you better than you are, and if you diſobey the laws. Secondly, that I ſhall have the liberty to continue my plain and frugal way of life. Thirdly, that my children ſhall have no precedence, and that they ſhall be treated, after my death, without diſtinction, according to their merit, like the reſt of the citizens.

At theſe words, the air was rent with a thouſand acclamations. The crown was placed by the chief of the elders, who are the guardians of the laws, on the head of Ariſtodemus. Sacrifices were offered to Jupiter and the other ſuperior Gods. Ariſtodemus made us preſents, not with the magnificence which is uſual to kings, but with a noble ſimplicity. He gave Hazaël the laws of Minos written by the hand of Minos himſelf. He gave him alſo a collection of the whole hiſtory of Crete from the time of Saturn and the golden age; he ſent on board his ſhip all the choiceſt fruits that grow in Crete, and are unknown in Syria, and offered to ſupply him with every thing he might want.

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As we were eager to depart, he ordered a bark to be got ready for us with a great number of good rowers and ſoldiers, and he ſent cloaths and proviſions for us on board it. The ſame inſtant a wind aroſe which was fair for ſailing to Ithaca; but this wind being contrary to Hazaël, obliged him to wait. He ſaw us depart; he embraced us as friends he was never to ſee again. The Gods are juſt, ſaid he; they are witneſſes to a friendſhip which is founded only on virtue: they will one day bring us together again, and the happy fields, where it is ſaid the juſt enjoy an eternal peace after death, ſhall ſee our ſouls meet each other again, never to be parted more. O could my aſhes alſo but be collected with yours! — As he ſpoke theſe words, he ſhed torrents of tears, and ſighs choaked his voice. We wept not leſs than Hazaël; he attended us to the ſhip.

As for Ariſtodemus, he ſaid, you have made me a king; remember the dangerous ſituation in which you have placed me; beſeech the Gods to inſpire me with true wiſdom, and that I may as much exceed other men in moderation, as I exceed them in power. As for me, I beſeech them to conduct you happily to your own country, to baffle the inſolence of your enemies, and to grant that you may ſee Ulyſſes reigning there in peace with his dear Penelope. I preſent you, Telemachus, with a good ſhip, well provided with rowers and ſoldiers; they may be uſeful to you againſt the unjuſt perſecutors of your mother. O Mentor, your wiſdom, which needs nothing, leaves me nothing to deſire for you. Depart, and may you live happy together; remember Ariſtodemus; and if the Ithacans ſhould ever have need of the Cretans, depend upon me to my lateſt breath. He embraced us, and we could not, as we thanked him, ſuppreſs our tears.

Mean while the wind which ſwelled our ſails, promiſed us a pleaſant voyage. Already mount Ida looked to us like a little hill; all the ſhores diſappeared, and the coaſt of Peloponeſus ſeemed to

advance into the ſea to met us. But a black tempeſt ſuddenly overſpread the heavens, and irritated all the billows of the Sea; day was turned into night, and death preſented itſelf to us. 'Twas you, O Neptune, who with your haughty trident ſtirred up all the waters of your empire! Venus, to revenge herſelf for our having deſpiſed her even in her temple of Cythera, went to this God; she addreſſed him with grief; her lovely eyes were bathed in tears: at leaſt, Mentor, who is well skilled in things divine, told me ſo. Will you, Neptune, ſaid she, ſuffer theſe impious wretches to mock my power with impunity? The Gods themſelves feel it, and yet theſe rash mortals preſume to cenſure every thing which is done in my iſland. They pretend to a wiſdom which is proof againſt all temptations, and treat love as a weakneſs. Have you forgot that I was born in your empire? Why do you delay to bury in your profound abyſſes theſe two wretches whom I cannot endure?

She had hardly ſpoken, when Neptune lifted the waves even to the very skies. — Venus ſmiled, believing that we should inevitably be wrecked. Our affrighted pilot cried out, that he could no longer withſtand the winds which drove us with violence towards the rocks. A ſudden guſt broke our maſt, and a moment after we heard the points of the rocks breaking thro' the bottom of the ship. The water enters on all ſides; the veſſel ſinks, and all our rowers ſend up loud laments to heaven. I embrace Mentor, and cry, Lo! death is here, we muſt meet it with courage. The Gods have delivered us from ſo many dangers only to deſtroy us now. Let us die, Mentor, let us die. 'Tis ſome conſolation to me to die with you; it were in vain to contend with the ſtorm for our lives.

Mentor anſwered, True courage always finds ſome reſource. 'Tis not enough to receive death with tranquillity; we muſt without fearing it, make our utmoſt efforts to repel it. Let us take one of theſe great

great benches of the rowers; and whilſt this timorous and troubled multitude are regretting life, without ſeeking the means of preſerving it, let us not loſe a moment to ſave ours. Upon this he takes a hatchet; he cuts the maſt quite off, which being already broken, and hanging in the ſea, had laid the veſſel on one ſide; he throws it over-board; he jumps upon it amidſt the furious billows; he calls me by my name, and encourages me to follow him. As a mighty tree, which all the conſpiring winds attack, remains ſo immoveable on its deep roots that the tempeſt can only shake its leaves; ſo Mentor, who was not only firm and courageous but calm and eaſy, ſeemed to command the winds and the ſea. I followed him; and who could but have followed, encouraged by him? We ſteered ourſelves on the floating maſt, which was very ſerviceable to us; for we could ſit upon it. Had we been obliged to ſwim without reſting, our ſtrength would ſoon have been exhauſted. But the ſtorm often turned this huge piece of timber round, and we were plunged into the ſea; we then drank the briny ſurge, which poured from our mouths, our noſtrils and our ears, and were forced to ſtruggle with the billows, in order to get on the upper part of the maſt again. Sometimes alſo a wave as high as a mountain rolled over us, and then we clung cloſe, for fear the maſt, which was our only hope, ſhould in ſuch a violent ſhock get from us.

While we were in this terrible condition, Mentor, as calm as he is now on this turfy ſeat, ſaid, Do you think, Telemachus, that your life is left to the mercy of the winds and the waves? Do you think that they can deſtroy you without a command from the Gods? No, no, the Gods determine every thing. It is the Gods therefore, and not the Sea, who are to be feared. Were you at the bottom of the deep, the hand of Jupiter could draw you from it; were you in Olympus, viewing the ſtars beneath your feet, Jupiter could plunge you to the bottom of the abyſs, or

hurl you headlong into the flames of dreary Tartarus. I heard and admired theſe words, which comforted me a little; but my mind was not free enough to make him a reply. He ſaw me not, neither could I ſee him. We paſſed the whole night ſhivering and half dead with cold, without knowing whither the tempeſt would drive us. At laſt the winds began to abate, and the bellowing ſea reſembled a perſon, who having been long in a rage, is grown tired of his fury, and feels but ſome remains of his trouble and emotion; its growlings were hollow, and its waves hardly higher than the ridges between the furrows of a ploughed field.

Mean while Aurora opened the gates of heaven to the ſun, and promiſed us a fine day. The eaſt was all on fire, and the ſtars which had ſo long been hid, appeared again, but fled at the approach of Phœbus. We deſcried land at diſtance, and the winds wafted us towards it. Hope then began to revive in my heart; but we ſaw none of our companions; their ſpirits probably failed, and the tempeſt overwhelmed them and the ship together. When we were near land, the ſea drove us againſt craggy rocks, which would have dashed us in pieces, had we not ſteered the end of the maſt againſt them, of which Mentor made as good a uſe as a skilful pilot makes of the beſt rudder. Thus we avoided theſe dreadful rocks, and at laſt found a pleaſant level coaſt, where ſwimming without any difficulty, we got a-shore on the ſand. It was there you ſaw us, O mighty Goddeſs, who inhabit this iſland; it was there you vouchſafed us a kind reception.

End of the Sixth Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SEVENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypso admires Telemachus in his adventures, and does all she can to detain him in her island, by engaging him to return her passion. Mentor supports Telemachus by his remonstrances against the Goddess's artifices, and against Cupid whom Venus had brought to her assistance. Telemachus however and the nymph Eucharis soon feel a mutual passion, which at first excites Calypso's jealousy, and afterwards her resentment against the two lovers. She swears by Styx that Telemachus shall depart from her island. Cupid goes to comfort her, and prevails on her nymphs to burn a ship which Mentor had built, at the time that Mentor was dragging Telemachus along to embark on board it. Telemachus feels a secret joy at seeing the vessel on fire. Mentor perceiving it throws him headlong into the sea, and leaps into it himself, in order to swim to another ship, which he saw near the coast.

WHEN Telemachus had concluded his narrative, all the nymphs, who had been motionless, and kept their eyes fixt upon him, looked on each other, and said with astonishment, Who are these men, so beloved of the Gods? Did you

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ever hear of ſuch marvellous adventures? The ſon of Ulyſſes already excels his father in eloquence, in wiſdom and valour. What an air! what beauty! what ſweetneſs! what modeſty! But then, what nobleneſs and elevation of ſoul! did we not know that he is the ſon of a mortal, one might eaſily take him for Bacchus, for Mercury, or even for the great Apollo. But who is this Mentor who ſeems a plain, obſcure and ordinary man? When one views him near, one finds in him I know not what that is more than human.

Calypſo heard this diſcourſe with an uneaſineſs which she could not hide. Her eyes were inceſſantly ſtraying from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. Sometimes she deſired that Telemachus would begin the long hiſtory of his adventures again; then she would ſuddenly interrupt herſelf. At laſt riſing abruptly, and leading him aſide into a myrtle grove, she tried all arts to learn of him, if Mentor were not a God concealed under the form of a man. It was not in Telemachus's power to reſolve her; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the shape of Mentor, had not diſcovered herſelf to him, by reaſon of his youth: She was not yet ſufficiently aſſured of his ſecrecy to entruſt him with her deſigns. Beſides, she was deſirous to try him by the greateſt dangers: Now had he known that Minerva was with him, ſuch a ſupport would have buoyed him up too much, and he would without difficulty have braved the moſt terrible accidents. He really therefore took Minerva for Mentor, and all Calypſo's artifices to diſcover what she deſired to know, were in vain.

Mean while all the nymphs gathered around Mentor, and took a pleaſure in asking him queſtions. One enquired the particulars of his journey into Ethiopia; another deſired to know what he had ſeen at Damaſcus; and a third asked him if he knew Ulyſſes before the ſiege of Troy. He anſwered them all in a courteous manner; and his words, though plain, were very

very graceful. Calypſo did not leave them long in this converſation; ſhe returned, and while the nymphs began to gather flowers, ſinging all the while, to amuſe Telemachus, ſhe took Mentor aſide, in order to make him diſcover who he was. The balmy vapours of ſleep do not glide more ſweetly through the weary eyes and all the limbs of a man who is quite exhauſted by labour, than the Goddeſs's ſoothing words inſinuated themſelves, in order to enchant the heart of Mentor; but ſhe continually perceived I know not what which baffled all her efforts, and derided her charms: Like a ſteep rock which hides its head in the clouds, and laughs at the rage of the winds, Mentor was ſteadfaſt in his wiſe deſigns, and unshaken by Calypſo's importunities. He would ſometimes even permit her to hope that ſhe ſhould enſnare him by her queſtions, and draw the truth from the bottom of his heart; but the moment ſhe expected to ſatisfy her curioſity, her hopes vaniſhed: All that ſhe thought ſhe held faſt, ſlipt from her on a ſudden, and a ſhort anſwer of Mentor plunged her again in her doubts.

Thus ſhe paſſed the days, ſometimes flattering Telemachus, and ſometimes ſeeking the means of ſeparating him from Mentor, from whom ſhe no longer hoped for a diſcovery. She employed her moſt beautiful nymphs to kindle the fires of love in young Telemachus's heart; and a Goddeſs, more powerful than herſelf, came to her aſſiſtance.

Venus ſtill highly reſenting the contempt which Mentor and Telemachus had expreſſed for the worſhip which is paid her in the iſle of Cyprus, was inconſolable when ſhe ſaw that theſe two raſh mortals had eſcaped from the winds and the ſeas, in the ſtorm which Neptune excited. She made bitter complaints of it to Jupiter; but the father of the Gods ſmiling, and unwilling to let her know that Minerva, in the ſhape of Mentor, had ſaved the ſon of Ulyſſes, gave Venus leave to ſeek the means of being revenged on theſe two men. She quits Olympus; forgets the

ſweet perfumes, which are burnt on her altars at Paphos, Cythera, and Idalia; flyes in her chariot drawn by doves; calls her ſon, and grief diffuſing itſelf over her face, which was adorned with new graces, ſhe beſpoke him thus:

Beholdeſt thou, my ſon, thoſe two mortals who ſcorn thy power and mine? Who will worship us for the future? Go, pierce their inſenſible hearts with thy arrows; deſcend with me to that iſland, and I will talk with Calypſo. She ſaid, and cleaving the air in a golden cloud, preſented herſelf before Calypſo, who was then all alone, on the brink of a fountain, at ſome diſtance from her grotto.

Unhappy Goddeſs! ſaid she, the ungrateful Ulyſſes diſdained you. His ſon, ſtill more inſenſible than he, is ready to treat you with the like contempt; but Love himſelf is come to revenge you. I leave him with you; he shall remain among your nymphs, as the boy Bacchus was formerly educated by the nymphs of the iſland of Naxos. Telemachus will look upon him as a common child; he will not ſuſpect him, and will quickly feel his power. She ſaid, and re-aſcending in the golden cloud from which she alighted, left ambroſial odours behind her, which perfumed all the groves of Calypſo.

Cupid remained in Calypſo's arms. Though a Goddeſs, she preſently felt his flames ſpreading in her boſom. To eaſe herſelf, she immediately gave him to Eucharis, a nymph, who happened to be by her. But alas! how often did she afterwards repent her doing it! At firſt nothing ſeemed more innocent, more ſweet, more lovely, more ingenuous, more obliging than this child. When one ſaw his ſprightlineſs, his wheedling, his perpetual ſmiles, one would have thought that he could inſpire nothing but pleaſure; but as ſoon as one truſted his careſſes, one felt I know not what of poiſon. The falſe malicious boy careſſed but to deceive, and never laughed but at the cruel miſchiefs he had done, or deſigned to do. He durſt not approach Mentor, whoſe ſeverity affrigted him;

him; he perceived that this unknown perſon was invulnerable, and that none of his arrows could pierce him. As for the nymphs, they quickly felt the fires the treacherous boy enkindles; but they carefully concealed the deep wounds which feſtered in their hearts.

Mean while Telemachus, ſeeing the child play with the nymphs, was ſurprized at his beauty and ſweetneſs. He embraces him; he takes him ſometimes on his knees, and ſometimes in his arms, and finds an inquietude in his own boſom of which he can aſſign no cauſe: The more he ſeeks for innocent diverſions, the more reſtleſs and languid he grows. Do you ſee theſe nymphs, ſaid he to Mentor? How different they are from the Cyprian women, whoſe charms were diſguſtful by reaſon of their immodeſty? Theſe immortal beauties diſplay an innocence, a modeſty, a ſimplicity that is enchanting. He blushed, without knowing why, as he ſpoke; he could not forbear ſpeaking, and yet had he hardly begun but he was unable to proceed; his words were broken, obſcure, and ſometimes had no meaning at all.

Hereupon Mentor ſaid, O Telemachus! the dangers of the iſle of Cyprus were nothing in compariſon of thoſe which you do not apprehend at preſent. Groſs vice excites horror, and brutiſh impudence, indignation; but modeſt beauty is much more dangerous. In loving it, we fancy we love nothing but virtue, and yield inſenſibly to the deluſive charms of a paſſion, which we do not perceive 'till it is almoſt too late to extinguish it. Fly, my dear Telemachus, fly theſe nymphs, who are ſo diſcreet only to enſnare you the better. Fly the dangers of your youth; but above all, fly this child whom you do not know. It is Cupid, whom Venus has brought into this iſland to revenge herſelf from the contempt you ſhewed of the worſhip which is paid her at Cythera. He has wounded the heart of the Goddeſs Calypſo; ſhe has conceived a violent paſſion for you; he has enflamed all her attendant nymphs,

nymphs, and you yourſelf, unhappy youth! burn, and hardly perceive it.

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, ſaying, Why ſhould we not ſtay in this iſland? Ulyſſes is not living; he muſt long ſince have been buried in the waves. Penelope ſeeing neither him nor me return, has not been able to reſiſt ſo many ſuitors; her father Icarus has conſtrained her to accept of another husband. And ſhall I return to Ithaca to ſee her engaged in new bonds, and her plighted faith to my father broken? The Ithacans have forgotten Ulyſſes: To return were rushing on certain death, ſince Penelope's lovers have ſeized on all the avenues of the Port, to make our deſtruction at our return the ſurer.

Mentor replied, Lo the effects of a blind paſſion: We ſubtilly hunt after all the reaſons which favour it; we turn away our eyes that we may not ſee thoſe which condemn it, and are quick-ſighted only to deceive ourſelves and to ſtifle our remorſe. Have you forgot all that the Gods have done in order to bring you back to your own country? How did you get out of Sicily? Were not the evils you ſuffered in Egypt ſuddenly turned into bleſſing: What unſeen hand ſnatched you from all the dangers which hung over your head in the city of Tyre? After ſo many miracles, are you ſtill ignorant of what the Gods have in ſtore for you? But what am I ſaying! you are unworthy of it. As for me, I will depart; I ſhall eaſily find the means of eſcaping from this iſland. Degenerate ſon of ſo wiſe and ſo brave a father, lead here a ſoft inglorious life in the midſt of women, and do, in deſpite of the Gods, what your father thought unworthy of him.

Theſe diſdainful words pierced the very ſoul of Telemachus. He was moved at Mentor's reproaches; his grief was blended with ſhame; he dreaded the indignation and departure of his wiſe guide, to whom he was ſo much indebted; but a riſing paſſion, of which he himſelf was not conſcious,

had

had rendered him quite another man. What then, ſaid he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, do you eſteem as nothing the immortality which the Goddeſs offers me; I eſteem as nothing, replied Mentor, all that is repugnant to virtue and the commands of the Gods. Virtue calls you back to your own country in order to ſee Ulyſſes and Penelope again; virtue forbids you to abandon yourſelf to an extravagant paſſion; the Gods, who have delivered you from ſo many perils that your glory may ſhine as bright as your father's, command you to quit this iſland. Love, the shameful tyrant, love alone, can detain you here. Ah! what would you do with an immortal life without liberty, without virtue, without glory? Such a life would be the more miſerable, in that it could never end.

To this Telemachus anſwered only by ſighs. Sometimes he wished that Mentor had ſnatched him in ſpite of himſelf from this iſland, and ſometimes that his rigid monitor were gone, that he might no longer be reproached with his weakneſs. All theſe oppoſite thoughts racked his heart by turns, but none of them laſted long; his breaſt was like the ſea which is the ſport of all the adverſe winds. He often lay extended and motionleſs on the ſea-shore, and often in the midſt of a gloomy wood, shedding bitter tears, and making louds laments like the roarings of a lion. He was grown lean; his hollow eyes were full of a conſuming fire. His wan, dejected and disfigured face would have made one believe that he was not Telemachus. His beauty, his ſprightlineſs, his noble air had forſook him; he was dying away. As the flower which blows and diffuſes its perfumes around the fields in the morning, decays gradually towards the evening, and loſes its lively colours, and languishes and withers, and hangs down its lovely head, unable longer to ſupport itſelf: So was the ſon of Ulyſſes at the very gates of death.

Mentor ſeeing that Telemachus could not reſiſt the violence of his paſſion, formed an artful deſign

to deliver him from ſo great a danger. He had obſerved that Calypſo was paſſionately in love with Telemachus, and that Telemachus was not leſs in love with the young nymph Eucharis; for the cruel boy, to plague mankind, ſeldom makes them love the perſon by whom they are beloved. Mentor reſolved to excite Calypſo's jealouſy. Eucharis being to go a hunting with Telemachus, Mentor ſaid to Calypſo, I have taken notice that Telemachus has a paſſion for hunting, which I never obſerved in him before; this diverſion begins to give him a diſtaſte to all others; he delights in nothing but the moſt ſavage woods and mountains. Is it you, O Goddeſs, who inſpire him with this violent paſſion?

Theſe words ſo cruelly ſtung Calypſo, that ſhe could not contain herſelf. This Telemachus, ſaid ſhe, who deſpiſed all the pleaſures of the iſle of Cyprus, cannot withſtand the moderate beauty of one of my nymphs. How dares he vaunt of having performed ſo many wonderful actions, he whoſe heart is ſhamefully ſoftened by effeminate pleaſures, and who ſeems born to paſs an obſcure life among women? Mentor obſerving with pleaſure how jealouſy ſtung Calypſo's heart, ſaid no more, that he might not excite her ſuſpicions; he expreſſed his concern only by a ſad and dejected countenance. The Goddeſs diſcovered her uneaſineſs to him at every thing which ſhe ſaw, and was continually making freſh complaints. This hunting-match, of which Mentor had informed her, compleated her fury; ſhe knew that Telemachus had ſought only to ſteal away from the other nymphs, in order to converſe with Eucharis. A ſecond chace was even already propoſed, in which ſhe foreſaw that he would behave as he had in the firſt. To break Telemachus's meaſures, ſhe declared that ſhe would be one of their party; then all of a ſudden, unable longer to moderate her reſentment, ſhe addreſt him thus:

Is it for this, raſh boy, that thou cameſt into my iſland, and eſcapedſt the wreck with which Neptune juſtly

juſtly threatened thee, and the vengeance of the Gods? Didſt thou enter this iſland, which is open to no mortal, but to deſpiſe my power and the love which I have ſhewn thee? Ye Deities of Olympus and Styx! hear a miſerable Goddeſs, make haſte to confound this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious wretch! Since thou art more obdurate and unjuſt than thy father, mayeſt thou ſuffer evils more laſting and cruel than his? No, no, mayeſt thou never ſee thy country more, the poor, the wretched Ithaca, which thou haſt not been aſhamed to prefer to immortality: or rather, mayeſt thou perish in ſight of it amidſt the billows; may thy body become the ſports of the waves, and be caſt without hopes of ſepulture on this ſandy ſhore? May my eyes ſee it devoured by vultures! She whom thou loveſt ſhall ſee it alſo: ſhe ſhall ſee it, her heart ſhall break at the ſight, and her deſpair prove a pleaſure to me.

While Calypſo was ſpeaking thus, her eyes were red and fiery; they dwelt upon nothing, and had I know not what of gloom and wildneſs. Her trembli ngs cheeks were chequered with black and livid ſpo ts; ſhe changed colour every moment. A deadly paleneſs would frequently ſpread itſelf over her face; her tears flowed not as formerly in abundance; rage and deſpair ſeemed to have dried up their ſource, and they rarely trickled down her cheeks. Her voice was hoarſe, trembling and broken. Mentor watched all her motions, and ſpoke no more to Telemachus. He treated him as a patient who is given over, often caſting looks of compaſſion upon him.

Telemachus was conſcious how culpable he was, and how unworthy of Mentor's friendſhip; he dared not lift up his eyes leſt they ſhould meet thoſe of his friend, whoſe very ſilence condemned him. Sometimes he longed to go and throw himſelf about his neck, and to tell him how ſenſible he was of his fault; but he was with-held, ſometimes by a falſe ſenſe of ſhame, and ſometimes by a fear of going farther than he deſired, in order to retreat from danger; for the danger

danger ſeemed pleaſing to him, and he could not yet reſolve to ſubdue his ſenſeleſs paſſion.

The Gods and the Goddeſſes of Olympus were aſſembled together, and obſerving a profound ſilence, kept their eyes fixt on Calypſo's iſland, to ſee which would be victorious, Minerva or Cupid. Cupid by playing with the nymphs, had ſet the whole iſland on fire; and Minerva, in the ſhape of Mentor, made uſe of jealouſy, the inſeparable companion of Love, againſt Love himſelf. Jupiter reſolved to be a ſpectator of the combat, and to remain neuter.

Mean while Eucharis who was apprehenſive of loſing Telemachus, practiſed a thouſand arts to hold him in her chains. She was now going a hunting with him for the ſecond time, and was attired like Diana. Venus and Cupid had adorned her with new charms, inſomuch that her beauty on that day eclipſed the beauty of the Goddeſs Calypſo herſelf. Calypſo ſeeing her at a diſtance, viewed herſelf at the ſame time in the cleareſt of her fountains; and being aſhamed of her own face, she hid herſelf in the moſt ſecret part of her grotto, and ſpoke thus all alone:

My endeavours then to diſturb theſe two lovers, by declaring that I would be at this chace, are, it ſeems, in vain! Shall I be there? What! aid her triumph, and ſuffer my beauty to be a foil to hers! Muſt Telemachus by ſeeing me be ſtill more enamoured of his Eucharis? Wretch that I am! what have I done? No, I will not go, they ſhall not go themſelves; I well know how to hinder them: I will go and find Mentor, I will deſire him to take Telemachus away, he ſhall carry him back to Ithaca. But what do I ſay? What will become of me, when Telemachus is gone? Where am I? O cruel Venus, what can I do? Venus, you have deceived me: Oh! what a treacherous preſent you made me! Pernicious boy! infectious Cupid! I opened my heart to thee only in hopes of living happy with Telemachus, and thou haſt brought nothing into it but grief and

deſpair.

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deſpair. My nymphs are revolted againſt me, and my divinity ſerves only to make my woes eternal. O! that I could put an end to my life and my pains! Thou, Telemachus, muſt die, ſince I cannot die. I will be revenged of thy ingratitude; thy nymph ſhall ſee thee expire, I will kill thee before her eyes. But I rave! O wretched Calypſo! what wouldeſt thou? Deſtroy an innocent youth whom thou thyſelf haſt plunged into this abyſs of miſeries? It was I who applied the torch to the chaſte Telemachus's boſom. What innocence! what virtue! what horror of vice! what reſolution againſt infamous pleaſures! Should I have poiſoned his heart? He would have left me. Well! muſt he not leave me now, or I ſee him full of contempt for me, and living but for my rival! Nay, nay, I ſuffer no more than I have well deſerved. Go, Telemachus, go, croſs the ſeas; leave the wretched Calypſo, unable to bear, or to lay down, the burden of life; leave her diſconſolate, overwhelmed with shame, and deſpairing with thy haughty Eucharis.

Thus ſpoke Calypſo alone in her grotto: but rushing ſuddenly out of it, Where are you, Mentor, ſaid she? is it thus that you ſupport Telemachus againſt vice, which he is now ſinking under? You ſleep, while Love watches for opportunities againſt you, I can no longer bear your shameful indifference. Will you always calmly ſee the ſon of Ulyſſes diſhonour his father, and neglect his high deſtiny? Was it to you or me that his parents entruſted his conduct? I ſeek for remedies to cure his heart, and will you do nothing? There are lofty poplars, fit for building of a ſhip, in the remoteſt part of this foreſt; it was there Ulyſſes built that in which he departed from this iſland. In the ſame place you will find a deep cave wherein are all the tools which are neceſſary for forming, and for joining together, the ſeveral parts of a veſſel.

She had hardly ſpoken theſe words, but she repented of them. Mentor loſt not a moment; he went

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went to the cave, found the tools, felled the poplars, and in one day made and fitted out a veſſel for the ſea; for Minerva's power and skill require but little time to finish the greateſt works.

Calypſo was in a terrible agony of mind; longing on the one hand to ſee if Mentor's work went on, and not having reſolution enough on the other to quit the chace, and leave Eucharis and Telemachus to their liberty. Her jealouſy would not let her loſe ſight of the two lovers, but she endeavoured to turn the chace where she knew that Mentor was building a ship. She heard the ſtrokes of the axe and the hammer; she liſtened to them, and trembled at every one: But at the ſame time she apprehended that her attention to Mentor might prevent her obſerving ſome ſign, or glance, which Telemachus might make to the young nymph.

Mean while Eucharis ſaid to Telemachus in a jeering tone, Are you not afraid that Mentor will chide you for going a hunting without him? Oh! how are you to be pitied for living under ſo ſevere a maſter! Nothing can ſoften his auſterity; he affects an averſion to all ſorts of pleaſures, and cannot bear that you should taſte of any: nay, he imputes to you as a crime the moſt innocent things. You might indeed be governed by him, while you were incapable of governing yourſelf; but after ſo many proofs of your wiſdom, you should no longer ſuffer yourſelf to be uſed like a baby.

Theſe artful words pierced Telemachus's heart, and filled it with indignation againſt Mentor, whoſe yoke he wished to shake off. He was afraid to ſee him, and was ſo troubled that he made Eucharis no reply. At laſt towards the evening, the chace having paſt in a continual conſtraint on all ſides, they returned by a corner of the foreſt near the place where Mentor had been toiling all the day. Calypſo ſaw from afar that the bark was finished: her eyes were inſtantly overſpread with a thick cloud like that of death; her trembling knees failed beneath her; a cold ſweat ſeized

on

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on all her limbs; she was forced to lean on the ſurrounding nymphs; and Eucharis holding out her hand to ſupport her, Calypſo gave her a terrible frown, and pushed it away.

Telemachus ſeeing the ship, and not ſeeing Mentor, who had finished his work and was already retired, asked the Goddeſs to whom the veſſel belonged, and for what it was deſigned. At firſt she was at a loſs for an anſwer, but at length she ſaid, I ordered it to be built to ſend Mentor away; you shall no longer be troubled with this rigid friend, who oppoſes your happineſs, and would be jealous if you should become immortal. Mentor leave me! I am ruined, cried Telemachus. O Eucharis! if Mentor forſakes me, I have none left but you. Theſe words eſcaped him in the tranſport of his paſſion; he perceived his error in ſpeaking them, but he had been in too much confuſion to attend to their meaning. All the company was ſtruck dumb with ſurpriſe. Eucharis blushed, and ſtood behind with down-caſt eyes, quite confounded, and not daring to shew herſelf; but whilſt shame appeared on her face; gladneſs dilated her heart. Telemachus was no longer himſelf, and could not believe that he had ſpoken ſo indiſcreetly. What he had done appeared to him like a dream, but a dream which confounded and troubled him.

Calypſo, more furious than a lioneſs robbed of her young, run at random up and down the foreſt, unknowing whither she went. At laſt she came to the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting for her. Begone from my iſland, ſaid she, ye ſtrangers, who came to trouble my repoſe; away with this young fool; and thou, raſh dotard, thou shalt feel the effects of a Goddeſs's wrath, if thou doſt not ſnatch him hence this inſtant. I will never ſee him more, nor will I ſuffer any of my nymphs to ſpeak to him or to look upon him again: And this I ſwear by the Stygian lake, an oath at which the Gods themſelves tremble. But know, Telemachus,

that

that thy miſeries are not at an end: thou, ungrateful wretch, ſhall not depart from my iſland but to be a prey to new misfortunes; I ſhall be revenged, and thou in vain ſhall regret Calypſo. Neptune, ſtill incenſed againſt thy father who offended him in Silicy, and importuned by Venus whom thou deſpiſedſt in the iſland of Cyprus, is preparing other tempeſts for thee. Thou ſhalt ſee thy father who is not dead, but thou ſhalt ſee him without knowing him; thou ſhalt not meet him in Ithaca, 'till thou haſt been the ſport of the moſt adverſe fortune. Begone, I conjure the celeſtial powers to revenge me. Mayeſt thou in the midſt of the ſea, ſuſpended on the points of a rock and blaſted by thunder, vainly invoke Calypſo, whom thy punishment will ravish with joy.

She had hardly ſpoken theſe words, but her troubled mind was ready to take contrary reſolutions. Love revived in her heart the deſire of detaining Telemachus. Let him live, ſaid she to herſelf, let him ſtay here; perhaps he may at laſt be ſenſible of all my good offices; Eucharis cannot like me confer immortality upon him. O blind Calypſo! thou haſt betrayed thyſelf by thy oath; thou art bound, and the waves of Styx, by which thou haſt ſworn, leave thee no room for hope. Nobody heard theſe words, but one might ſee the furies painted on her face; and all the baleful venom of black Cocytus ſeemed to exhale from her heart.

Telemachus was ſtruck with horror, of which Calypſo perceived the cauſe: for what does not jealous love perceive? His terror redoubled the Goddeſs's rage. Like a prieſteſs of Bacchus, who fills the air and makes the lofty mountains of Thrace ring with her howlings, she runs acroſs the woods with a dart in her hand, calling her nymphs, and threatening to kill all who refuſed to follow her. They, terrified at this menace, run in crowds around her. Eucharis herſelf advanced, with tearful eyes, looking from afar at Telemachus, to whom she no longer durſt to ſpeak. The Goddeſs trembled at the nymph's approach,

proach, and instead of being appeased by her submission, felt a new fury when she observed that grief brightened her beauty.

Mean while Telemachus remains alone with Mentor. He embraces his knees, for he durst not look at, nor embrace him in any other manner; he sheds a flood of tears; he attempts to speak, but his voice fails him, and his words still more; he knows neither what he is doing, or what he ought, nor what he desires to do. At last he cried out, O my real father! O Mentor! deliver me from this train of woes; I can neither forsake nor follow you: Deliver me from this train of woes; deliver me from myself; take my life.

Mentor embraces him, comforts him, encourages him, teaches him how to support himself in his grief without indulging his passion, and says: Son of wise Ulysses, whom the Gods have so much loved and whom they still love, your suffering such terrible miseries is an effect of their kindness. Who has not experienced his own weakness and the strength of his passions, is not yet wise; for he neither knows nor is diffident of himself. The Gods have led you as it were by the hand to the very brink of a precipice, to shew you its depth, without suffering you to fall into it. Now therefore learn what you would never have known, had you not experienced it: You would in vain have been told of the treasons of Love, who flatters to destroy, and under an appearance of sweetness conceals the worst of bitters. The boy, all-over charming, came amidst the smiles, the sports and the graces: You saw him; he stole away your heart, and you took a pleasure in letting him steal it: You sought for pretences to continue ignorant of its wounds, to deceive me and to flatter yourself, and was apprehensive of nothing. Lo the fruits of your rashness; you now desire death, and that is the only hope which is left you. The distracted Goddess resembles an infernal Fury; Eucharis burns with a fire more tormenting than the bitterest pangs of death,

and

and all the jealous nymphs are ready to tear each other in pieces: Theſe are the doings of the traitor Cupid, who appears ſo ſweet and gentle. Reſume your courage. How dear muſt you be to the Gods, ſince they open you ſo eaſy a way to fly from Love, and to ſee your dear country again? Calypſo herſelf is conſtrained to drive you away; the ſhip is quite ready; why do you delay to quit this iſland, where virtue cannot dwell?

Mentor, as he ſpoke theſe words, took him by the hand, and dragged him towards the ſhore. Telemachus followed with reluctance, continually looking behind him, and gazing at Eucharis who was going away from him. Not being able to ſee her face, he viewed her lovely plaited hair, her flowing veſtments and noble gait, and would gladly have kiſſed the very prints of her feet. Nay, when he had loſt ſight of her, he ſtill liſtened, imagining that he heard her voice; though abſent, he ſaw her; her image was painted and living as it were before his eyes; he even fancied that he talked to her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing Mentor.

At length awaking as it were out of a profound ſleep, he ſaid to Mentor, I am reſolved to follow you; but I have not yet taken my leave of Eucharis: I had rather die than forſake her thus ungratefully. Stay 'till I have ſeen her once again, and taken an eternal farewell. Permit me at leaſt to ſay to her, O nymph, the cruel Gods, the Gods jealous of my happineſs, conſtrain me to depart; but they ſhall ſooner put a period to my life, than blot you out of my memory. O my father! grant me this laſt, this reaſonable conſolation, or rid me inſtantly of life. No, I will neither ſtay in this iſland, nor abandon myſelf to love; I have no ſuch paſſion in my breaſt; I feel no ſentiments for Eucharis but thoſe of friendſhip and gratitude; I ſhall be ſatisfied with bidding her once more farewell, and will then immediately depart with you.

How

How I pity you, replied Mentor! your paſſion is ſo furious that you are not ſenſible of it. You think you are calm, and yet you beg for death; you ſay that you are not vanquiſhed by love, and yet you cannot leave the nymph you doat on. You ſee, you hear nothing but her; you are blind and deaf to every thing elſe: A man raving in a fever ſays, I am not ſick. O blind Telemachus! you were ready to renounce Penelope, who expects you; Ulyſſes, whom you ſhall ſee again; Ithaca, where you are to reign, and the glory and elevated fortune which the Gods have promiſed you by the many wonders which they have wrought in your favour: You were about to renounce all theſe bleſſings to lead an inglorious life with Eucharis. And will you pretend that love does not attach you to her? What troubles you? Why do you deſire death? Why did you ſpeak with ſuch tranſport before the Goddeſs? I do not accuſe you of inſincerity, but I lament your blindneſs. Fly, Telemachus, fly; love is not to be conquered but by flight. Againſt ſuch an enemy, true courage conſiſts in fear and flying; but in flying without deliberation, and without giving one's ſelf time ever to look behind one. You have not forgotten the cares which you have coſt me from your infancy, nor the dangers from which you have eſcaped by my counſels; be guided by me now, or ſuffer me to forſake you. Oh! did you but know my grief to ſee you run to your deſtruction! Did you but know what I endured when I durſt not ſpeak to you! your mother's pangs at your birth were leſs ſevere than mine. I was ſilent, I patiently bore my pains, I ſtifled my ſighs to ſee if you would return to me again. O my ſon! my dear ſon! eaſe my heart; reſtore me what is dearer to me than my life; reſtore me the loſt Telemachus, and reſtore yourſelf to yourſelf. If wiſdom get the better of love in your breaſt, I live, and am happy; but if love run away with you in ſpite of wiſdom, Mentor can live no longer.

Whilſt Mentor was ſpeaking thus, he continued his way towards the ſea; and Telemachus, who had

not yet reſolution enough to follow him of his own accord, had enough however to ſuffer himſelf to be led without reſiſtance. Minerva, all the while concealed under the form of Mentor, covering Telemachus with her inviſible Ægis, and ſhedding divine rays around him, inſpired him with a courage which he had never felt before, ſince he had been in this iſland. Coming at length to a ſteep rock on the ſea-ſhore, which was perpetually buffeted by the foaming billows, and looking from this eminence to ſee if the ſhip which Mentor had got ready were ſtill in the ſame place, they were ſpectators of a melancholy ſight.

Cupid was ſtung to the quick when he ſaw that this unknown old man was not only inſenſible of his arrows, but that he was taking Telemachus alſo away from him; he wept for vexation, and went to find Calypſo, who was wandering up and down in her gloomy foreſts. She could not ſee him without ſighing, and perceived that he opened all the wounds of her heart afreſh. You a Goddeſs, ſaid Cupid, and ſuffer yourſelf to be conquered by a weak mortal, who is a priſoner in your iſland! Why do you let him go? O! miſchievous Cupid, ſaid ſhe, I will no longer liſten to thy pernicious counſels; it was you drew me from my ſweet and profound tranquillity, and plunged me into an abyſs of woes. There is no help for it; I have ſworn by the waves of Styx that I will let Telemachus go, and Jupiter himſelf, the father of the Gods, dares not, with all his power, violate this dreadful oath. Begone, Telemachus, from my iſland; and thou, pernicious boy, begone; thou haſt done me more miſchief than he.

Cupid, wiping away his tears, ſaid with a ſneering malicious ſmile, A mighty difficulty truly! Leave this affair to me, keep your oath, and do not oppoſe Telemachus's departure. Neither your nymphs nor I have ſworn by the waves of Styx to let him depart. I will inſpire them with the deſign of burning the ſhip which Mentor has built with ſo much expedition: his

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ſurpriſing diligence ſhall be vain; he himſelf ſhall be ſurpriſed in his turn, and have no means left of taking Telemachus from you.

Theſe ſoothing words filled Calipſo's heart with hope and joy. As a cooling zephir on the margin of a brook revives the languiſhing flocks, which the heat of the ſummer conſumes; ſo this ſpeech allayed the Goddeſs's deſpair. Her face became ſerene, her eyes grew mild, and the black cares which gnawed her heart, fled for a moment from her: ſhe ſtopped, ſhe ſmiled, ſhe careſſed the ſportful boy, and by careſſing him prepared new tortures for herſelf.

Cupid, pleaſed with having prevailed on her not to oppoſe the burning of the ſhip, went to perſuade the nymphs to do it. They were wandering and diſperſed up and down on the mountains like a flock of ſheep which the rage of ravenous wolves has cauſed to fly from the ſhepherd. Cupid calls them together, and ſays, Telemachus is ſtill in your power, haſten to burn the bark which the raſh Mentor has built for his flight. They immediately light their torches, they run to the ſhore, they quiver with fury, they howl and ſhake their diſhevelled hair like Bacchanals. And now the flames aſcend; they conſume the Veſſel, which was built of dry wood and bedaubed with roſin; whirlwinds of ſmoaky flames aſcend to the clouds.

Telemachus and Mentor ſeeing the blaze from the top of the rock, and hearing the ſhouts of the nymphs, the former was tempted to rejoice at it; for his heart was not yet cured, and Mentor obſerved that his paſſion reſembled an ill-extinguiſhed fire, which from time to time breaks from under the aſhes, and ſends forth glittering ſparks. Lo! ſaid Telemachus, I am bound again in my fetters: we can no longer hope to quite this iſland.

Mentor plainly perceived that Telemachus was going to relapſe into all his weakneſſes, and that he had not a moment to loſe; he obſerved at a diſtance,

in the midſt of the waves, a veſſel riding at anchor, which durſt not approach Calypſo's iſland, for all the pilots knew that it was inacceſſible to mortals. Upon this, the ſage Mentor ſuddenly pushing Telemachus, who was ſitting on the edge of the rock, throws him headlong into the ſea, and leaps into it himſelf. Telemachus, ſtunned with the violence of the fall, drank in the briny waves, and became the ſport of the billows; but coming to himſelf, and ſeeing Mentor holding out his hand to aſſiſt him in ſwimming, he thought only of getting away from the fatal iſland.

The nymphs, who thought them their priſoners, ſcreamed in a terrible manner, ſeeing that they could not prevent their flight. The diſconſolate Calypſo returned to her grotto, which she filled with her ſhriekings. Cupid finding his triumph changed into a ſhameful defeat, ſprung into the air, ſhook his wings, and flew to the Idalian grove, where his cruel mother was waiting for him. The ſon, ſtill more cruel, comforted himſelf only by laughing together with her at all the miſchiefs he had done.

Telemachus perceived with pleaſure that the farther he got from the iſland, the more his courage and his love of virtue revived. Now I experience, cried he to Mentor, what you told me, and what I could not believe for want of experience, that vice is conquered only by flight. O my father, how gracious were the Gods in giving me your aſſiſtance! I deſerved to have been deprived of it, and to have been left to myſelf. I now fear neither ſeas, nor winds, nor tempeſts; I fear nothing but my paſſions: Love alone is more to be dreaded than a thouſand ſhipwrecks.

End of the Seventh Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the EIGHTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Adoam, the brother of Narbal, commands the Tyrian ship wherein Telemachus and Mentor are kindly received. The captain knowing Telemachus again, informs him of the tragical death of Pygmalion and Aſtarbe, and of Baleazar's advancement to the throne, whom the tyrant his father had diſgraced at Aſtarbe's inſtigation. During a repaſt which he gives to Telemachus and Mentor, Achitoas by the melody of his voice and lyre draws the Tritons, the Nereids, and the other Sea-Deities around the ship. Mentor taking a lyre, plays upon it much better than Achitoas. Adoam afterwards relates the wonders of Betica, and deſcribes the mildneſs of the air, and the other beauties of that country, whoſe inhabitants lead a quiet life with great ſimplicity of manners.

THE ſhip which was at anchor, and towards which they advanced, was a Tyrian bark that was bound to Epirus. Theſe Phœnicians had ſeen Telemachus in his voyage from Egypt, but did not know him again in the midſt of the waves. When Mentor was near enough to be heard, he cried out with a loud voice, raiſing his head above

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the water, O Phœnicians, you who are ſo ready to ſuccour all nations, refuſe not life to two men who hope it from your humanity. If you have any reverence of the Gods, receive us into your veſſel; we will go wherever you go. The commander anſwered, We will gladly receive you; we are not ignorant of what we ought to do for ſtrangers who ſeem in ſuch diſtreſs. Upon this they were immediately taken into the ſhip.

They were ſcarcely on board, but they were unable to breathe and motionleſs; for they had ſwam a long while, and ſtruggled hard with the billows. By little and little they recovered their ſtrength, and other cloaths were given them, becauſe their own were heavy with the water which had ſoaked into and poured from every part of them. When they were in a condition to ſpeak, all the Phœnicians crowding about them, deſired to know their adventures. The commander ſaid, How did you get into the iſland, from whence you came; It is reported to be poſſeſſed by a cruel Goddeſs, who never ſuffers any body to land in it. Beſides, it is ſurrounded by frightful rocks, againſt which the ſea vainly ſpends its rage, and none can approach it without being wrecked.

Mentor anſwered, We were driven upon it; we are Greeks; our country is the iſland of Ithaca, which is near Epirus whither you are bound. If you are unwilling to touch at Ithaca, which is in your way, we ſhall be contented to be carried to Epirus, where we ſhall find friends who will take care to ſupply us with conveniencies for the ſhort paſſage we ſhall have from thence, and we ſhall for ever be obliged to you for the joy of ſeeing again what is deareſt to us in the world.

Thus it was Mentor who ſpoke now, and Telemachus was ſilent, and ſuffered him to ſpeak; for the errors he had committed in the iſland of Calypſo, had greatly increaſed his prudence. He was diffident of himſelf; he perceived the neceſſity of always following the wiſe counſels of Mentor; and when he could

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could not ſpeak to him to ask his advice, he at leaſt conſulted his eyes, and endeavoured to gueſs at his thoughts.

The Phœnician captain fixing his eyes on Telemachus, thought that he remembered to have ſeen him before; but his remembrance was confuſed, and he could not render it clear. Give me leave, ſaid he, to ask you whether you remember that you have ever ſeen me before, as I methinks remember that I have ſeen you: your face is not unknown to me, it ſtruck me at firſt ſight; but I know not where I have ſeen you; your memory perhaps may help mine.

Telemachus anſwered with ſurpriſe and joy, I am in the ſame circumſtances at the ſight of you as you are with regard to me; I have ſeen you, I know you again; but I cannot to call to mind whether it was in Egypt or at Tyre. Hereupon the Phœnician, like a man who awakes in the morning, and recollects by little and little the fugitive dream which vaniſhed at his waking, cried out on a ſudden, You are Telemachus, with whom Narbal contracted a friendſhip in our return from Egypt: I am his brother, whom he undoubtedly often mentioned to you; I left you with him after our expedition to Egypt, being obliged to go beyond the remoteſt ſeas into the famous Betica, near the pillars of Hercules. As I did therefore but juſt ſee you, it is no wonder that I had ſo much difficulty in knowing you again at firſt ſight.

I plainly ſee, replied Telemachus, that you are Adoam. I had but a glimpſe of you then, but I became acquainted with you by the converſation of Narbal. O how I rejoice at this opportunity of hearing news by you of a man who will ever be ſo dear to me! Is he ſtill at Tyre? Does he meet with no cruel treatment from the ſuſpicious and barbarous Pygmalion? Adoam interrupting him, ſaid, Know, Telemachus, that fortune commits you to one who will take all imaginable care of you; I will carry you back to the iſland of Ithaca before I go to Epirus, and Narbal's brother ſhall not have a leſs friend-

ship for you than Narbal himſelf. This ſaid, he obſerved that the wind which he waited for, began to blow; he ordered the anchors to be weighed, the ſails to be ſpread, and the ſea to be cleft by their oars. He then took Telemachus and Mentor aſide, to diſcourſe with them alone.

I will, ſaid he, looking upon Telemachus, ſatisfy your curioſity. Pygmalion is no more; the juſt Gods have rid the world of him. As he truſted nobody, ſo nobody could truſt him. The good ſatisfied themſelves with bewailing their miſeries and with flying from his cruelties, without being able to reſolve to do him any hurt; the wicked thought they could not ſecure their own lives but by putting an end to his. There was not a Tyrian who was not daily in danger of being the object of his jealouſy. His guards themſelves were more expoſed than others; for as his life was in their hands, he feared them more than all the reſt of men, and would on the leaſt ſuſpicion ſacrifice them to his ſafety. Thus did his endeavours to render himſelf ſafe, undermine his ſafety. Thoſe who had the care of his life were in continual danger by his ſurmiſes, and could not extricate themſelves from ſo terrible a ſituation, but by preventing the tyrant's cruel ſuſpicions by his death.

The impious Aſtarbe, of whom you have ſo often heard, was the firſt who reſolved on the king's deſtruction. She was paſſionately in love with a rich Tyrian youth, whoſe name was Joazar, and hoped to place him on the throne. To ſucceed in this deſign ſhe perſuaded the king that Phadaël, the elder of his two ſons, was impatient to ſucceed his father, and had conſpired againſt him; ſhe ſuborned falſe witneſſes to prove the conſpiracy, and the unhappy king put his innocent ſon to death. The ſecond ſon, whoſe name was Baleazar, was ſent to Samos, under a pretence of learning the manners and ſciences of Greece: but in reality becauſe Aſtarbe had ſuggeſted to the king that it was neceſſary to ſend him away, that he might not enter into a correſpondence with the malecontents.

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contents He was hardly ſailed, when thoſe who had the command of the ſhip, being corrupted by this cruel woman, took their meaſures to be wrecked in the night, and ſaved themſelves by ſwimming to ſome foreign barks that were waiting for them; having thrown the young prince into the ſea.

Mean while Aſtarbe's amours were known to every body but Pigmalion, who fancied that she would never love any one but him. Such an entire confidence did that miſtruſtful prince repoſe in that wicked woman, and ſo exceſſively was he blinded by his paſſion for her. His avarice at the ſame time prompted him to ſeek pretences to put Joazar to death, with whom Aſtarbe was ſo paſſionately in love; all his thoughts were bent on ſeizing the riches of that young man.

But whilſt Pygmalion was a prey to ſuſpicion, love and avarice, Aſtarbe was haſtening to take away his life. She apprehended that he had perhaps diſcovered ſomething of her infamous intrigues with this youth. Beſides, she knew that avarice alone would be ſufficient to induce the king to commit an act of cruelty with regard to Joazar, and concluded that she had not a moment to loſe to prevent him. She ſaw the chief officers of the court ready to dip their hands in the king's blood, and daily heard of ſome new conſpiracy; but she was afraid to entruſt her deſigns with any one who might betray her. At laſt, she concluded that it was ſafeſt to poiſon Pigmalion.

He uſed moſt commonly to eat in private with her, and cooked himſelf all that he eat, not daring to truſt any hands but his own. He shut himſelf up in the moſt retired part of the palace, the better to conceal his ſuſpicions, and not to be obſerved when he was dreſſing his victuals. He apprehended all delicacies, nor could he prevail upon himſelf to taſte any thing which he knew not how to dreſs himſelf. Not only all ſorts of ragooes therefore which are prepared by cooks, but even wine, bread, ſalt, oil, milk and all the common aliments were not for his uſe. He eat

only the fruits which he gathered in his garden, or the pulſe which he had ſowed and cooked himſelf. And laſtly, he never drank any water but what he drew himſelf out of a fountain, which was locked up in an apartment of his palace, and of which he always kept the key. Though he ſeemed to have ſo much confidence in Aſtarbe, yet he did not fail to take precaution againſt her; he always obliged her to eat and drink before him of every thing of which his repaſt was to conſiſt, that he might not be poiſoned without her, and that ſhe might have no hopes of ſurviving him. But ſhe took an antidote, with which an old woman, ſtill more wicked than herſelf, and the confident of her amours, had furniſhed her; after which ſhe was no longer afraid to poiſon the king, and ſhe did it in this manner:

The moment they were about to begin their repaſt, the old woman I have mentioned, made a noiſe all of a ſudden at one of the doors. The king, who continually fancied that he was going to be murdered, is alarmed and runs to the door to ſee if it was well ſecured. The old woman retires; the king is confounded, not knowing what to think of the noiſe he had heard, but afraid however to open the door to ſee what was the matter. Aſtarbe encourages him, careſſes him and urges him to eat; ſhe had put poiſon into his golden cup, whilſt he was gone to the door. Pygmalion, according to his cuſtom, made her drink firſt, which ſhe did without any apprehenſion, relying on her antidote. Pygmalion drank alſo, and ſoon after fell into a ſwoon. Aſtarbe, who knew that he was capable of killing her on the leaſt ſuſpicion, began to rend her cloaths, to tear off her hair, and to make bitter lamentations; ſhe embraced the dying king; ſhe held him locked in her arms, and bedewed him with floods of tears; for this artful woman always had tears at command. At laſt, ſeeing that the king's ſtrength was exhauſted and that he was as it were in the agonies of death, and being afraid that he ſhould recover and cauſe her

to

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to die with him, she passed from caresses and the tenderest marks of friendship to the most horrible fury; she rushed upon him and stifled him. She afterwards tore the royal signet from his finger, took the diadem from his head, and called in Joazar, to whom she gave them both; imagining that all those who had been attached to her, would espouse the interests of her passion, and that her lover would be proclaimed king. But those who had been most assiduous to please her were groveling mercenary souls, who were incapable of a sincere affection. Besides they wanted courage, and were afraid of the enemies which Astarbe had drawn on herself; they were still more afraid of the haughtiness, dissimulation and cruelty of this impious woman, and every one for his own security wished for her destruction.

Mean while the whole palace is filled with a fearful tumult, and on all sides are heard cries of, The king is dead. Some are terrified, others run to arms, and all seem in pain for the consequences, but overjoyed at the news. Fame carries it from mouth to mouth throughout all the great city of Tyre, and there is not a single person who laments the king; his death is the deliverance and consolation of all his subjects.

Narbal, struck with so horrid a deed, bewailed like an honest man the wretched fate of Pygmalion, who had betrayed himself by his confidence in the impious Astarbe, and had chosen rather to be a monstrous tyrant, than to be, what a king ought to be, the father of his people. He applied his thoughts to the good of the state, and immediately assembled all men of probity to oppose Astarbe, under whom they would have seen a yet crueller reign than that which they now saw at an end.

Narbal knew that Baleazar was not drowned when he was thrown into the sea: They who assured Astarbe that he was dead, spoke as they thought; but favoured by the night, he escaped by swimming, and certain merchants of Crete, moved with compassion, took him into their ship. He durst not return to his

father's kingdom, ſuſpecting that the wreck was a thing concerted for his deſtruction, and dreading Pygmalion's cruel jealouſy as much as Aſtarbe's artifices. He remained a long while wandering up and down in diſguiſe, on the ſea coaſt of Syria, where the Cretan merchants had left him, and was even obliged to tend a flock to get his bread. At laſt he found means to let Narbal know the condition he was in, not doubting but that he might ſafely entruſt his ſecret and his life with one of ſo tried a virtue. Narbal, though he was ill treated by the father, loved the ſon, and was watchful of his intereſt; but he took care of it only to hinder him from ever failing in his duty to his father, and he prevailed on him to bear his ill fortune with patience.

Baleazar had written thus to Narbal; If you think I may venture to come to you, ſend me a gold ring, and I ſhall thereby immediately conclude that it is time for me to ſet out for Tyre. Narbal did not think proper to ſend for Baleazar while pygmalion was alive; he would thereby have hazarded the prince's life and his own, ſo difficult was it to be ſecure againſt the rigorous inquiſitions of Pygmalion. But as ſoon as that unhappy king had ſuffered a fate ſuitable to his crimes, Narbal immediately ſent the gold ring to Baleazar. Baleazar inſtantly ſet out, and arrived at the gates of Tyre, when the whole city was in confuſion about Pygmalion's ſucceſſor. He was readily acknowledged by the principal Tyrians and all the people; for they loved him, not out of any affection for the late king his father, who was univerſally hated, but on account of his own moderation and the ſweetneſs of his temper. And then his long ſufferings gave him a kind of luſtre which brightened all his good qualities, and moved all the Tyrians in his favour.

Narbal convened the chief of the people, the old men who compoſe the council, and the prieſts of the great Goddeſs of Phœnicia, who all ſaluted Baleazar as their king, and ordered him to be proclaimed by the heralds. The people anſwered by a thouſand ſhouts of acclaim,

acclaim, which Aſtarbe heard from the retired part of the palace, where she was locked up with her baſe and infamous Joazar. All the profligate wretches she had employed during Pygmalion's life, had forſaken her; for the wicked miſtruſt and are afraid of the wicked, and do not deſire to ſee them in power, well knowing how perſons like themſelves will abuſe it, and how great their oppreſſion will be. But they are more eaſily reconciled to the good, becauſe they hope to find them at leaſt moderate and indulgent. Aſtarbe had none left about her but ſuch as were acceſſory to her moſt atrocious crimes, and could expect nothing but punishment.

The palace was forced open; thoſe wretches not daring to make a long reſiſtance, nor thinking of ought but flight. Aſtarbe, diſguiſed like a ſlave, endeavoured to make her eſcape; but a ſoldier knowing her, she was taken, and with great difficulty ſaved from being torn in pieces by the enraged populace, who were dragging her along in the dirt, when Narbal reſcued her out of their hands. Upon this she begged to ſpeak to Baleazar, hoping to dazzle him with her charms, and to make him believe that she could let him into ſecrets of importance. Baleazar could not refuſe to hear her. At firſt she diſcovered beſides her beauty ſuch ſweetneſs and modeſty as were capable of touching the moſt irritated heart. She flattered the prince by the moſt delicate and inſinuating praiſes, she repreſented to him how greatly Pygmalion had loved her; she conjured him by his father's aſhes to pity her, she invoked the Gods as if she had ſincerely adored them; she ſhed floods of tears and threw herſelf at the new king's feet. But she afterwards uſed all her arts to render his beſt-affected ſervants ſuſpected and odious to him. She accuſed Narbal of having entered into a conſpiracy againſt Pygmalion, and of having tampered with the people to make himſelf king to Baleazar's prejudice; adding, that he deſigned to poiſon this young prince. She invented the like calumnies of all other Tyrians who

who were lovers of virtue, and hoped to find in Baleazar's heart the ſame diffidence and ſuſpicions which she had ſeen in that of the king his father. But Baleazar, unable longer to endure her black malice, interrupted her, and called for a guard. She was conveyed to priſon, and the wiſeſt old men were commiſſioned to enquire into all her actions.

They diſcovered with horror that she had poiſoned and ſtrangled Pygmalion; the whole courſe of her life ſeemed to be a chain of monſtrous crimes; and they were going to ſentence her to be burnt in a ſlow fire, a punishment which is appointed for the greateſt offences in Phœnicia. But when she perceived that she had no hopes left, she became like a fury come from hell, and ſwallowed poiſon, which she always carried about her to end her life, in caſe she should be doomed to ſuffer lingering tortures. Her guards perceived that she was in a violent agony, and endeavoured to comfort her: but she anſwered them only by ſigns, that she deſired none of their comfort. She was put in mind of the righteous Gods whom she had offended; but inſtead of shewing the confuſion and repentance due to her guilt, she lifted up her eyes to heaven with contempt and arrogance, as it were to inſult the Gods.

Rage and impiety were ſtamped on her dying viſage; one ſaw no remains of that beauty which had been fatal to ſo many men; all her charms were faded; her deaded eyes rolled in her head, and caſt forth wild and ſavage glances; convulſions shook her lips, and kept her mouth gaping horribly wide; her shrunk and shrivelled face made hideous grimaces; a livid paleneſs and deadly cold had ſeized on all her limbs. Sometimes she ſeemed to recover her ſtrength and ſpirits, but it was only to ſpend them in howling. At laſt she expired, leaving all who beheld her full of affright and horror. Her impious ſoul undoubtedly deſcended to thoſe regions

gions of ſorrow, where the cruel Danaïds are eternally drawing water in leaky veſſels; where Ixion for ever turns his wheel; where Tantalus, burning with thirſt, cannot taſte the ſtream which flies from his lips; where Siſyphus in vain up-rolls an ever-falling ſtone; and where Tyrius will eternally feel the gnawing vulture in his ever-growing bowels.

Baleazar being rid of this monſter, returned the Gods thanks by innumerable ſacrifices. He has begun his reign by a conduct directly oppoſite to Pygmalion's; he applies himſelf to the reviving of commerce, which daily languiſhed more and more; he follows Narbal's counſels in his moſt momentous affairs, and yet is not governed by him; for he inſiſts on ſeeing every thing with his own eyes. He hears all the different advices which are given him, and purſues that which ſeems to him the beſt. He is beloved of the people, and in poſſeſſing their hearts, he poſſeſſes greater treaſures than his father amaſſed by his cruel avarice; for there is no family which would not give him their all, were he in any preſſing neceſſity: What he leaves them therefore is more his own than if he took it from them. He has no need to take any precautions with regard to the ſecurity of his life; for he is always ſurrounded by the ſureſt of guards, the love of his people. There is not one of them who does not fear to loſe him, and would not hazard his own life to preſerve that of ſo good a king. He is happy, and all his ſubjects are happy alſo; he is fearful of over-burthening them, and they of not offering him a ſufficient portion of their ſubſtance. He ſuffers them to abound, and their abundance renders them neither intractable nor inſolent; for they are labourious, addicted to trade, and ſtedfaſt in preſerving the purity of their ancient laws. Phœnicia is riſen again to her high pitch of grandeur and glory, and it is to her young king that she is indebted for ſo much proſperity. Narbal governs under him. O Telemachus! were he to ſee you

now,

now, with what joy would he load you with preſents! What a pleaſure would it be to him to ſend you back in a magnificent manner to your own country! And how happy am I in doing what he would rejoice to do, in going to the iſland of Ithaca to place the ſon of Ulyſſes on the throne, that he may reign there as wiſely as Baleazar reigns at Tyre!

When Adoam had ſpoken thus, Telemachus, charmed with the hiſtory which the Phœnician had recited, and ſtill more ſo with the marks of friendſhip which he received from him in his diſtreſs, embraced him with great tenderneſs. Adoam then asked him by what accident he had entered Calypſo's iſland. Telemachus in his turn related his departure from Tyre; his paſſage to the iſle of Cyprus; the manner of his finding Mentor again; their voyage to Crete; the public games for the election of a king after Idomeneus's flight; the reſentment of Venus; their ſhipwreck: the pleaſure with which Calypſo received them; this Goddeſs's jealouſy of one of her nymphs; and how Mentor threw him into the ſea, as ſoon as he deſcried the Phœnician ſhip.

After theſe relations, Adoam ordered a magnificent repaſt, and to expreſs the greater joy, united all the pleaſures which were to be had. During the repaſt, which was brought in by young Phœnicians, clad in white, with garlands of flowers on their heads, the moſt exquiſite perfumes of the eaſt were burnt; and all the rowers benches were crowded with players on flutes, whom Architoas interrupted from time to time by the ſweet harmony of his voice and lyre, which were worthy of being heard at the table of the Gods, and of ravishing the ears of Apollo himſelf. The Tritons, the Nereids, all the Deities which are ſubject to Neptune, and the ſea-monſters themſelves, allured by this melody, iſſued from their deep and humid grottoes, and ſwam in ſhoals around the ſhip. A company of young Phœnicians of an uncommon beauty, clad in fine linnen whiter than ſnow, danced a long while the dances of their own country,

country, then thoſe of Egypt, and laſtly thoſe of Greece. Trumpets from time to time made the waves reſound to diſtant ſhores. The ſilence of the night, the calmneſs of the ſea, the trembling light of the moon ſhed on the ſurface of the waters, and the dusky azure of the sky beſpangled with glittering ſtars, ſerved to heighten the beauty of the ſcene.

Telemachus being of a lively temper and eaſily affected, relished all theſe pleaſures; but he was afraid to give a looſe to his inclinations. Since he had ſo shamefully experienced in the iſle of Calypſo how apt youth is to be inflamed, he was apprehenſive even of the moſt innocent pleaſures, and ſuſpected every thing. He look'd on Mentor, to learn from his face and eyes what he ought to think of all theſe diverſions.

Mentor was very glad to ſee him in this perplexity, and ſeemed to take no notice of it. At laſt being moved with Telemachus's moderation, he ſaid to him with a ſmile, I know what you are afraid of, and I commend you for your fear; but you should not carry it too far. Nobody is more willing than I that you should taſte of pleaſures, provided they are pleaſures that do not take too firm a hold of you, nor enervate you. Pleaſures which refresh you, and which you may enjoy and yet continue to be maſter of yourſelf, are neceſſary; but not pleaſures which run away with you. I would recommend calm and moderate pleaſures which do not deprive you of your reaſon, nor ever degrade you into a furious brute. It is now ſeaſonable to unbend after all your toils. Be complaiſant to Adoam, and taſte the pleaſure which he offers you. Be merry, Telemachus, be merry. Wiſdom has nothing of auſterity or affectation: it is she that beſtows real pleaſures; she alone knows to ſeaſon and to make them pure and laſting; she knows to mix paſtime and mirth with grave and ſerious affairs; she prepares pleaſure by fatigue, and unbends from fatigue by pleaſure. Wiſdom is not ashamed of being gay when it is needful to be ſo.

This

This ſaid, Mentor took a lyre, and played on it with ſo much art, that Achitoas let his fall through envy and vexation. His eyes flamed, his troubled viſage changed its colour, and every body would have obſerved his ſhame and confuſion, had not Mentor's lyre ravished the ſouls of all who were preſent. They hardly dared to breathe leſt they ſhould break the ſilence, and loſe ſomething of the heavenly ſong: they were all the while afraid that it would end too ſoon. Mentor's voice had no effeminate ſoftneſs; but it was various, ſtrong, and humoured even the minuteſt things.

He ſung firſt the praiſes of Jupiter, the father and king of Gods and men, who ſhakes the univerſe with his nod. Then he repreſented Minerva iſſuing out of his head, that is, wiſdom, of which this God is the ſource, and which flows from him for the inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to learn. Mentor ſung theſe truths with ſo affecting a voice, and with ſuch devotion, that the whole aſſembly thought themſelves tranſported to the higheſt Olympus and the preſence of Jupiter, whoſe looks are more piercing than his thunder. Afterwards he ſung the unhappy fate of the youth Narciſſus, who falling deſperately in love with his own beauty, which he was continually viewing on the margin of a fountain, pined away with grief, and was changed into a flower which bears his name. And laſtly he ſung the tragical death of the lovely Adonis, whom a wild boar tore in pieces, and the enamoured Venus could not revive by all her bitter complaints to heaven.

None who heard him could retain their tears, and every one felt I know not what of pleaſure in weeping. When he had done ſinging, the Phœnicians looked on each other with aſtoniſhment. One ſaid, This is Orpheus; it was thus that he tamed the ſavage beaſts with his lyre, and removed the woods and the rocks; it was thus that he enchanted Cerberus, that he ſuſpended the torments of Ixion and the Danaïds, and moved the inexorable Pluto, to permit

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permit him to bring the fair Euridyce from hell. Another cried, No, it is Linus the ſon of Apollo. You are miſtaken, replied a third, it is Apollo himſelf. Telemachus was little leſs ſurpriſed than the reſt; for he did not know that Mentor could ſing and play on the lyre in ſo exquiſite a manner. Achitoas having had leiſure to hide his jealouſy, began to praiſe Mentor; but he blushed as he praiſed him, and could not go through with his ſpeech. Mentor obſerving his confuſion, took the word as it were with a deſign to put a ſtop to his encomiums, and endeavoured to make him eaſy by giving him all the commendations he deſerved. Achitoas however was diſconſolate; for he perceived that Mentor excelled him ſtill more by his modeſty, than by the charms of his voice.

Mean time Telemachus ſaid to Adoam, I remember that you mentioned a voyage you made to Betica, after we left Egypt. Now Betica is a country of which ſo many wonders are told, that one can hardly believe them. Pleaſe to tell me if all that is reported of it be true. I ſhall with pleaſure, ſaid Adoam, give you a deſcription of this famous country, which is worthy of your curioſity, and ſurpaſſes all that fame relates of it. Whereupon he began thus:

The river Betis glides through a fertile country, and under a temperate and ever-ſerene ſky. The country took its name from this river, which falls into the grand ocean near the pillars of Hercules, and the place where the raging ſea, breaking down its mounds, formerly ſeparated the territories of Tarſis from thoſe of Great Africa. This country ſeems to have preſerved the pleaſures of the golden age. The winters are mild, the bleak north-winds never blow there, and the heat of the ſummer is always tempered by refreshing Zephirs, which cool the air towards the middle of the day. Thus the whole year is an happy union of the ſpring and the autumn, which ſeem to ſhake hands together. The ſoil in the vallies and the plains yields two harveſts in a year. The high-ways

are

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are bordered with lawrels, pomgranate, jeſſamins, and other trees, which are always green and always in bloom. The mountains are covered with flocks which yield a fine wool that is ſought after by all the known nations of the world. There are ſeveral gold and ſilver mines in this beautiful country; but the inhabitants, plain and happy in their plainneſs, do not even deign to reckon gold and ſilver among their riches; they eſteem nothing but what really ſubſerves the wants of man.

When we firſt began to trade with theſe people, we found gold and ſilver applied amongſt them to the ſame uſes as iron, as in plough-ſhares for inſtance. As they had no foreign trade, they had no occaſion for money. They are almoſt all ſhepherds or huſbandmen. There are in this country but few artificers, for they tolerate no arts but thoſe which ſubſerve the real neceſſities of man: beſides, moſt of the men in this country, though addicted to agriculture and the tendance of their flocks, neglect not the exerciſe of ſuch arts as are neceſſary to their plain and frugal way of life.

The women ſpin this wool, and make it into a fine and wonderful white cloth; they make the bread, and dreſs the victuals, which is but little trouble; for they eat only fruits, or milk, and now and then a little flesh. The skins of their sheep they uſe in making a thin ſort of covering for their legs and feet, and for thoſe of their husbands and children. They make tents, of which ſome are of waxed hides, and other of the bark of trees; they make and wash all the cloaths of the family, and keep their houſes in order and wonderfully neat. Their cloaths are eaſily made; for in this mild climate they wear only a ſingle piece of fine light cloth, which is not cut at all, and which every one for the ſake of decency, wraps in large folds about his body, giving it what form he pleaſes.

The men exerciſe no arts, beſides the culture of their lands and the tendance of their flocks, but that of

of working in wood and in iron: And indeed they ſeldom uſe iron, except for the tools which are neceſſary to tillage. All the arts which relate to architecture are uſeleſs to them, for they never build houſes. It is, ſay they, being too much attached to this world, to erect a manſion in it, which is much more laſting than we; a ſhelter from the injuries of the weather is ſufficient. As for all the other arts which are eſteemed among the Greeks, Egyptians, and all other civilized nations, they deteſt them as the inventions of vanity and luxury.

When they are told of nations that have the art of erecting ſtately edifices, and of making gold and ſilver furniture, ſtuffs adorned with embroidery and precious ſtones, exquiſite perfumes, delicate dishes, and inſtruments whoſe harmony is tranſporting; they anſwer in theſe words, Thoſe nations are very unhappy in having employed ſo much pains and induſtry to corrupt themſelves. Thoſe unneceſſary things enervate, intoxicate, and plague thoſe who poſſeſs them, and tempt thoſe who are deſtitute of them, to endeavour to acquire them by injuſtice and violence. And can one call a good, a ſuperfluity which ſerves only to make men evil? Are the inhabitants of thoſe countries more healthful and more robuſt than we? Do they live longer? Do they agree better among themſelves? Do they live a more free, a more quiet, a more chearful life? On the contrary, they muſt needs be jealous of each other, they muſt feel the gnawings of black and ſhameful envy, they muſt be always tortured by ambition, by fear, by avarice, and be incapable of pure ſimple pleaſures, ſince they are the ſlaves of ſo many imaginary wants, on which they make all their happineſs depend.

'Tis thus, continued Adoam, that theſe wiſe people reaſon, who have learnt wiſdom only by the ſtudy of ſimple nature. They abhor our politeneſs, and it muſt be owned that theirs is great in their amiable ſimplicity. They live all together without dividing their lands; every family is governed by its head, who

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is indeed its king. The father has a right to punish his children or grand-children, who commit any evil action; but before he punishes them, he conſults the reſt of the family. Theſe punishments hardly ever happen; for innocence of manners, ſincerity, obedience, and an horror of vice inhabit this happy region. It ſeems as if Aſtrea, who is ſaid to have retired to heaven, were ſtill concealed among theſe people here below. There is no need of judges among them; for their own conſcience is their judge. All their goods are in common; the fruits of the trees, the product of the earth, and the milk of the flocks and herds are ſuch abundant riches, that ſo ſober and abſtemious a people have no occaſion to divide them. Each family, wandering up and down in this beautiful country, removes its tents from one place to another, when it has conſumed the fruits and eat up the paſtures of that where it was ſettled. They have therefore no private intereſts to maintain among themſelves, and they love each other with a brotherly love which nothing interrupts. It is their abridging themſelves of vain riches and deceitful pleaſures, which preſerves this peace, union and liberty. They are all free, and all equal. There is no diſtinction among them, but what is derived from the experience of the wiſe old men, or the extraordinary wiſdom of ſome young men, who equal the conſummate virtue of the ſeniors. The cruel and peſtilent voice of fraud, violence, perjury, law and war is never heard in a country ſo dear to the Gods. Never did this climate blush with human blood; nay, that of lambs is hardly ever ſhed there. When they are told of the bloody battles, the rapid conqueſts, and revolutions which happen in other nations, they are at a loſs to expreſs their aſtoniſhment. What! ſay they, do not men die faſt enough, without deſtroying each other? How ſhort their ſpan of life! and yet one would think that it ſeems too long to them. Are they ſent into the world to tear each other in pieces, and to make themſelves mutually wretched?

To

To conclude, the Beticans cannot conceive why conquerors who ſubdue vaſt empires are ſo much admired. What madneſs is it, ſay they, to place one's happineſs in governing other men, ſince it is ſo painful an office, if it be diſcharged with wiſdom and juſtice! But why ſhould one take a pleaſure in governing them whether they will or no? All a wiſe man can do, is to ſubmit to govern a willing people whom the Gods have committed to his care, or a people who entreat him to be as it were their father and their ſhepherd. But to govern a people againſt their will, is to make oneſelf very miſerable for the ſake of the falſe honour of making them ſlaves. A conqueror is one whom the Gods, incenſed againſt mankind, have ſent into the world in their wrath, to ravage kingdoms, to ſpread every where terror, miſery and deſpair, and to make as many ſlaves as there are free men. Does not a man who ſeeks for glory, abundantly find it, in wiſely governing thoſe whom the Gods have ſubjected to his power? Does he think that he cannot merit praiſe but by being violent, unjuſt, haughty, an uſurper and tyrannical to all his neighbours? He ſhould never think of war, but to defend his liberty. Happy he, who not being the ſlave of another, has not the mad ambition of making another his ſlave! The mighty conquerors, who are repreſented to us in ſuch glorious colours, reſemble overflowing rivers, which though they ſeem majeſtic, ravage all the fruitful fields which they ought only to water.

After Adoam had drawn this picture of Betica, Telemachus, who was charmed with it, asked him ſeveral curious queſtions. Pray do theſe people drink wine, ſaid he? They are ſo far from drinking it, replied Adoam, that they never make any. Not that they want grapes: no country yields more delicious, but they content themſelves with eating them like other fruit, and dread wine as the corrupter of mankind. It is a kind of poiſon, ſay they, which inſpires

inſpires madneſs; it does not indeed kill a man but it degrades him into a brute. Men may preſerve their health and ſtrength without wine, and with it they run the risk of ruining both their health and their morals.

Telemachus then ſaid, I should be glad to know their laws relating to marriage. A man, replied Adoam, can have but one wife, and he is obliged to keep her as long as she lives. The honour of the men in this country depends as much on their fidelity to their wives, as the honour of women in others on their fidelity to their husbands. Never were people ſo virtuous, nor ſo jealous of their chaſtity. The women are beautiful and engaging; but plain, modeſt and laborious. Their marriages are peaceful, fertile and unſpotted. The husband and the wife ſeem to have but one ſoul in two different bodies, and they divide all their domeſtic cares between them. The husband manages all affairs abroad, and the wife confines herſelf to thoſe of the houſe. She comforts her husband; she ſeems born only to pleaſe him; she wins his confidence; she charms him leſs by her beauty than her virtue, and the pleaſure they take in each other's company laſts as long as they live. The ſobriety of this people, their temperance and purity of manners, procure them a long life, and exempt them from diſeaſes. There are amongſt them men of an hundred and of an hundred and twenty years old, who are ſtill ſprightly and vigorous.

I ſtill want to know, added Telemachus, what they do to avoid war with their neighbours. Nature, ſaid Adoam, has ſeparated them from other nations, on one hand by the ſea, and on the other, towards the north by high mountains. Beſides, their neighbours reſpect them for their virtue. Other nations not being able to agree together, have often made them the umpires of their differences, and pledged in their hands the lands and cities which were in diſpute between them. As this wiſe people never committed any violence, nobody is miſtruſtful of them.

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them. They ſmile when they hear of kings who cannot ſettle the limits of their dominions among themſelves. Are they afraid, ſay they, that the earth will not ſuffice mankind? There will always be more lands than they can cultivate. Whilſt there are any free and untilled tracts, we would not defend even our own againſt neighbours who would ſeize upon them. There is no ſuch thing in any of the inhabitants of Betica as pride, haughtineſs, treachery, or a deſire of extending their dominion. As their neighbours therefore have nothing to fear from ſuch a people, nor any hopes of making themſelves feared by them, they ſuffer them to be quiet. The Beticans would forſake their country, or chooſe to die, rather than ſubmit to ſervitude. It is therefore as difficult to ſubdue them, as they are incapable of deſiring to ſubdue others. This is the cauſe of the profound peace between them and their neighbours.

Adoam concluded his account by relating in what manner the Phœnicians carried on their trade in Betica. Theſe people, ſaid he, were ſurpriſed when they ſaw that ſtrangers came ſo far through the waves of the ſea; they ſuffered us to build a city in the iſle of Gades; they received us kindly among themſelves, and gave us a part of all that they had, without permitting us to pay for it. They offered likewiſe freely to give us all that remained of their wool, after they had made a proviſion for their own uſe: And indeed they ſent us a rich preſent of it; it is a pleaſure to them to beſtow their ſuperfluity on ſtrangers.

As for their mines, they abandoned them to us without any difficulty: they were uſeleſs to them. Men they thought were not over-wiſe in ſeeking with ſo much labour in the bowels of the earth, for what cannot make them happy, nor ſatisfy any real want. Dig not, ſaid they to us, ſo deep into the earth; be contented with ploughing it, and it will yield you the ſubſtantial bleſſings of food; you will reap fruits from it which are of greater worth

than ſilver and gold, ſince men deſire ſilver and gold only to purchaſe aliments which are the ſupport of life.

We frequently offered to teach them navigation, and to carry their young men into Phœnicia; but they would never conſent that their children ſhould be taught to live like us. They would learn, ſaid they, to want all the things which are become neceſſary to you; nay, they would have them, for they would relinquish virtue in order to obtain them by fraud. They would become like a man that has good legs, who by a diſuſe of walking, brings himſelf at laſt to the neceſſity of being always carried like a perſon that is ſick. As for navigation, they admire the induſtry of that art; but they think that it is a pernicious art. If theſe men, ſay they, have a ſufficiency of the neceſſaries of life in their own country, what do they go in queſt of to another? Is not what ſuffices the calls of nature, ſufficient for them? They deſerve to be wrecked, ſince they ſeek for death in the midſt of tempeſt, to glut the avarice of merchants, and to humour the paſſions of others.

Telemachus was charmed at hearing Adoam's relation, and rejoiced that there was ſtill in the world a people, who followed uncorrupted nature, and were at once ſo wiſe and happy. Oh! how different, ſaid he, are theſe manners from the vain and ambitious manners of the nations who are eſteemed the wiſeſt! We are ſo depraved that we can hardly believe that ſo natural a ſimplicity can be real. We look on the manners of theſe people as a beautiful fable, and they muſt needs look upon ours as a monſtrous dream.

End of the Eighth Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the NINTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Venus, ſtill incenſed againſt Telemachus, begs his deſtruction of Jupiter; but deſtiny not permitting him to perish, the Goddeſs goes to concert with Neptune the means to drive him from Ithaca, whither Adoam was carrying him. They employ a deceitful Deity to impoſe upon the pilot Athamas, who thinking that he was arrived at Ithaca, enters full ſail into the port of the Salentines. Idomeneus, their king, receives Telemachus into his new city, where he was then preparing a ſacrifice to Jupiter for the ſucceſs of a war againſt the Mandurians. The prieſt conſulting the entrails of the victims, promiſes Idomeneus all he could hope for, and gives him to underſtand that he would owe his good fortune to his two new gueſts.

WHILE Telemachus and Adoam were thus diſcourſing together, forgetful of ſleep, and not perceiving that the night was already in the middle of her courſe, an unfriendly and deceitful Deity drove them from Ithaca, which their pilot Athamas ſought for in vain. Neptune, though propitious to the Phœnicians, could no longer brook Telemachus's eſcape from the tempeſt, which had thrown him on

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the rocks of Calypſo's iſland. Venus was ſtill more provoked to ſee the youth triumphing after his victory over Love and all his charms. In a tranſport of grief ſhe quitted Cithera, Paphos, Idalia, and all the honours which are paid her in the iſle of Cyprus. She could no longer ſtay where Telemachus had deſpiſed her power. She aſcends to bright Olympus, where the Gods were aſſembled around the throne of Jupiter. From hence they behold the ſtars rolling beneath their feet, and view the ball of earth like a little lump of dirt. The immenſe ſeas ſeem to them but as drops of water, with which this clod is a little diluted. The greateſt kingdoms are in their eyes but a few grains of ſand on the ſurface of this clod. Innumerable nations and the mightieſt hoſts are but like ants, quarrelling with each other for a blade of graſs on this mole-hill. The Immortals laugh at the moſt ſerious affairs which diſquiet feeble mortals, and look upon them only as the ſports of children. What men ſtyle greatneſs, glory, power, deep policy ſeems to theſe ſupreme Deities but miſery and weakneſs.

It is in this abode, ſo high above the earth, that Jupiter has fixed his immoveable throne. His eyes pierce the deepeſt abyſs, and enlighten all the ſecret receſſes of the heart. His mild and ſerene looks diffuſe tranquillity and joy throughout the univerſe. On the contrary, when he moves his locks, he ſhakes the heavens and the earth. The Gods themſelves, dazzled with the rays of glory which ſurrounded him, tremble as they approach him.

All the celeſtial Deities were at this inſtant around him. Venus preſented herſelf in all her native charms. Her flowing robe was brighter than all the colours wherewith Iris decks herſelf amidſt the dusky clouds, when ſhe promiſes affrighted mortals an end of ſtorms, and proclaims the return of fair weather. It was bound with the famous girdle on which the Graces are repreſented The Goddeſs's

Goddeſs's treſſes were tied negligently behind with a ribbon of gold. All the Gods were ſurpriſed at her beauty, as if they had never ſeen her before, and their eyes were dazzled with it, as thoſe of mortals are, when Phœbus, after a long night, enlightens them with his rays. They looked on each other with amazement, and their eyes continually returned to Venus; but they perceived that thoſe of the Goddeſs were bathed in tears, and that grief was painted on her face.

Mean while she moves towards the throne of Jupiter with a ſwift eaſy pace, like the rapid flight of a bird cleaving the immenſe ſpaces of air. He beheld her with complacency, gave her a gracious ſmile, and roſe and embraced her. My dear daughter, ſaid he, what grieves you? I cannot ſee your tears without concern; be not afraid to diſcloſe your heart to me; you know my fondneſs and indulgence.

Venus replied with a ſweet voice, interrupted by deep ſighs, O father of Gods and men! can you who ſee all things, be ignorant of the cauſe of my grief? Minerva is not ſatisfied with eraſing even the very foundations of the ſtately city of Troy which I protected, and with being revenged on Paris, who preferred my beauty to her's; she conducts through every land and ſea the ſon of Ulyſſes, that cruel ſubverter of Troy. Telemachus is accompanied by Minerva, which is the cauſe of her not appearing here in her place with the other Deities. She hath led this raſh boy to the iſland of Cyprus to affront me; he has deſpiſed my power; he has not ſo much as deigned to burn incenſe on my altars; he has expreſſed an abhorrence of the feſtivals which are celebrated in my honour; he has ſhut his heart againſt all my pleaſures. In vain has Neptune, to puniſh him at my requeſt, irritated the winds and the waves againſt him. Telemachus, thrown by a dreadful ſhipwreck on the iſland of

Calypſo, has triumphed over Love himſelf whom I ſent into that iſland, to ſoften the heart of this young Greek. Neither the youth, nor the charms of Calypſo and her nymphs, nor Cupid's burning ſhafts, have been able to defeat the arts of Minerva. She has ſnatched him from that iſland; I am confounded; a boy is triumphant over me.

Jupiter, to comfort Venus, ſaid, it is true, my daughter, that Minerva protects the heart of this young Greek againſt all the arrows of your ſon, and that ſhe is preparing him a glory which no youth ever deſerved. I am ſorry that he has deſpiſed your altars, but I cannot ſubject him to your power. I conſent, through my love of you, that he ſhall ſtill wander by land and ſea, and that he ſhall live far from his native country, expoſed to all ſorts of evils and dangers; but deſtiny does not permit him to periſh, nor his virtue to yield to the pleaſures with which you ſooth mankind. Be comforted therefore, my daughter, and content yourſelf with your dominion over ſo many other heroes and Immortals.

As he ſpoke theſe words, he ſmiled on Venus with the utmoſt grace and majeſty. Rays, as bright as the moſt piercing lightning, ſhot from his eyes. As he fondly kiſſed the Goddeſs, he ſhed ambroſial odours which perfumed Olympus. Venus could not but be ſenſible to this ſalute of the greateſt of the Gods. Notwithſtanding her tears and her grief, joy diffuſed itſelf over her face, and ſhe let down her veil to hide the blush on her cheeks, and her confuſion. All the aſſembly of the Gods applauded the words of Jupiter; and Venus, without loſing a moment, went to find Neptune, to concert with him the means of revenging herſelf on Telemachus.

She related to Neptune, what Jupiter had ſaid to her. I knew before, anſwered Neptune, the unalterable decree of deſtiny; but if we cannot deſtroy Telemachus in the billows, let us at leaſt try all methods to make him miſerable, and to retard his return

turn to Ithaca. I cannot consent to wreck the Phœnician ship wherein he is embarked; I love the Phœnicians; they are my people; no country cultivates my empire like them; to them it is owing that the sea is become the bond of the union of all the nations of the earth; they honour me by continual sacrifices on my altars; they are just, wise and industrious in trade, and every where diffuse riches and plenty. No, Goddess, I cannot suffer one of their ships to be wrecked; but I will cause the pilot to lose his way, and to steer far from Ithaca, whither he designs to go. Venus, satisfied with his promise, smiled maliciously, and returned in her flying car to the blooming meadows of Idalia, where the Graces, the Sports and the Smiles express their joy to see her again, dancing around her on the flowers which perfume this enchanting abode.

Neptune immediately dispatched a deceitful Deity of the same nature as dreams, save only that dreams do not deceive but during the time of sleep, whereas this Deity inchants the senses of those who are awake. This evil God, surrounded by an innumerable crowd of winged illusions, that hovered around him, came and shed a subtle and inchanted liquor on the eyes of the pilot Athamas, as he was attentively viewing the brightness of the moon, the course of the stars, and the coast of Ithaca, whose steep rocks he already discovered near him. The same instant the pilot's eyes no longer saw any thing that was real. A false heaven and a false earth were presented to him. The stars seemed as if they had changed their course, and were rolled back again. All Olympus appeared to move by new laws, and the earth itself was changed. A false Ithaca perpetually presented itself to the pilot to amuse him, whilst he was steering from the true. The nearer he approached to this illusive image of the coast of the island, the farther this image retired; it perpetually fled before him, and he knew not what to think of its flight. Sometimes he fancied that he already heard the noise usual

in ports, and prepared, according to the orders he had received, to land privately in a little iſland which is near the great one, to conceal Telemachus's return from Penelope's ſuitors, who had formed a conſpiracy againſt him. Sometimes he was afraid of the rocks, with which this coaſt of the ſea is bordered, and fancied that he heard the terrible roaring of the billows breaking againſt them. Then all of a ſudden he obſerved that the land ſeemed ſtill a great way off. The mountains appeared to his eyes at this diſtance but like little clouds, which ſometimes darken the horizon at the ſetting of the ſun. Thus was Athamas aſtonished, and the impreſſion of the deluſive Deity which bewitched his eyes, ſunk his ſpirits to a degree which he had never experienced before. He was even tempted to believe that he was not awake, but under the deluſion of a dream. Mean while Neptune commanded the eaſt-wind to blow, to drive the ship on the coaſt of Heſperia. The wind obeyed with ſo much violence, that the bark quickly reached the shore which Neptune had appointed.

Already was Aurora ushering in the day, and the ſtars which dread and are jealous of the rays of the ſun, were going to hide their glimmering fires in the ocean, when the pilot cried out, I can at length no longer doubt it, we almoſt touch the iſland of Ithaca; rejoice, Telemachus; you in an hour will ſee Penelope again, and perhaps find Ulyſſes, re-ſeated on his throne.

At theſe words, Telemachus, who was motionleſs in the arms of ſleep, awakes, ſtarts up, goes to the helm, embraces the pilot, and with eyes yet hardly open ſurveys attentively the neighbouring coaſts, and ſighs when he finds not the shores of his native country. Alas! where are we, ſaid he? This is not my dear Ithaca; you are miſtaken, Athamas, and not well acquainted with a coaſt ſo remote from your own. No, no, replied Athamas, I cannot be miſtaken when I view the

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shores of this iſland. How many times have I entered your port? I know even its ſmalleſt rocks, the coaſt of Tyre is hardly deeper imprinted on my memory. Obſerve yon jutting mountain; ſee that rock which riſes like a tower; do you not hear the billows breaking againſt thoſe other rocks, which ſeem to menace the ſea with their fall? But do you not take notice of that temple of Minerva which cleaves the clouds? Lo! there is the caſtle and houſe of your father Ulyſſes. O Athamas! you are miſtaken, anſwered Telemachus; I ſee on the contrary an high but level coaſt; I perceive a city which is not Ithaca. Is it thus, ye Gods! that you ſport with mankind!

Whilſt he was ſpeaking theſe words, the eyes of Athamas were all of a ſudden reſtored; the charm was broken; he ſaw the coaſt ſuch as it really was, and acknowledged his error. I own, Telemachus, cried he, that ſome malicious Deity had inchanted my eyes: I thought that I beheld Ithaca, and a perfect image of it was preſented to me; but now it vaniſhes like a dream. I ſee another city, which is undoubtedly Salentum, that Idomeneus, a fugitive from Crete, has lately founded in Heſperia. I perceive its riſing and as yet unfiniſhed walls; I ſee a port that is not entirely fortified.

Whilſt Athamas was obſerving the various buildings lately erected in this riſing city, and Telemachus was deploring his fate; the wind which Neptune cauſed to blow, drove them full ſail into a road, where they were under ſhelter, and very near the port.

Mentor, who was neither ignorant of Neptune's revenge, nor of the cruel artifice of Venus, only ſmiled at the miſtake of Athamas. When they were in this road, he ſaid to Telemachus, Jupiter tries you, but does not will your deſtruction; on the contrary, he only tries you to open the path of glory to you. Remember the labours of Hercules, and let thoſe of your father be continually before your

eyes. Who knows not to ſuffer, has not a noble ſoul. You muſt by your patience and fortitude weary out the cruel fortune, that delights to perſecute you. I am leſs apprehenſive for you of the moſt dreadful frowns of Neptune, than I was of the flattering careſſes of the Goddeſs who detained you in her iſland. What do we wait for? Let us enter the port; theſe people are friends; we arrive among Greeks: Idomeneus, who has been ill uſed by fortune, will pity the unfortunate. Upon this they entered the port of Salentum, where the Phœnician ship was admitted without any difficulty, becauſe the Phœnicians are at peace, and trade with all nations of the world.

Telemachus beheld this riſing city with admiration. As a tender plant, which has been nourished by the ſweet dews of the night, and feels in the morning the embellishing rays of the ſun, thrives and opens its tender buds, and expands its verdant foliage, and diſcloſes its odorous bloſſoms with a thouſand new colours, and diſplays every moment one views it a freſh luſtre; ſo flourished Idomeneus's new city on the ſea-ſhore: each day, each hour, it roſe with magnificence, and preſented ſtrangers, who were afar off on the ſea, with new ornaments of architecture which reached even to the heavens. The whole coaſt rung with the clamours of the workmen, and the ſtrokes of the hammers. Stones were ſuſpended in the air by corded cranes; all the chiefs animated the people to labour, as ſoon as Aurora dawned; and king Idomeneus, giving orders every where himſelf, cauſed the works to advance with incredible ſpeed.

The phœnician ship was hardly arrived, but the Cretans gave Telemachus and Mentor all the marks of a ſincere friendship, and made haſte to inform Idomeneus of the arrival of the ſon of Ulyſſes. The ſon of Ulyſſes, cried he! of Ulyſſes, that dear friend, that wiſe hero, by whom we at laſt ſubverted the city of Troy! Conduct him hither, and let me con-

vince

vince him how much I loved his father. Telemachus was immediately preſented to him, and claims the rites of hoſpitality, by telling him his name. Idomeneus anſwered with a courteous ſmiling countenance, Though I had not been told who you are, I think that I ſhould have known you. Lo! there is Ulyſſes himſelf. Lo his ſparkling eyes, and ſteady looks. Lo his air, at firſt cold and reſerved, which concealed ſo much ſprightlineſs and ſuch numberleſs graces. I perceive even that delicate ſmile, that careleſs action, that ſweetneſs, ſimplicity and inſinuation of ſpeech, which perſuaded before one had time to ſuſpect it. Yes, you are the ſon of Ulyſſes, but you ſhall be mine alſo. O my ſon! my dear ſon! what adventure brings you to this ſhore? Is it to ſeek your father? Alas! I have no tidings of him. We have both been perſecuted by fortune; he has had the misfortune of not being able to find his country again, and I that of finding mine filled with the wrath of the Gods againſt me. While Idomeneus was ſpeaking theſe words, he looked ſteadfaſtly upon Mentor, as one whoſe face was not unknown to him, but whoſe name he could not recollect.

Telemachus anſwered with tears in his eyes: O king! pardon a ſorrow which I cannot conceal at a time when I ought only to expreſs my joy and gratitude for your goodneſs. By your lamenting the loſt Ulyſſes, you yourſelf teach me to feel the misfortune of not finding my father. I have long been ſeeking him in every ſea; but the angry Gods neither permit me to ſee him again, nor to learn if he be wrecked, nor to return to Ithaca, where Penelope is pining away with the deſire of being delivered from her ſuitors. I thought I ſhould have found you in the iſland of Crete; I was there informed of your hard fate, and little imagined that I ſhould ever have come near to Heſperia, where you have founded a new kingdom. But fortune, who ſports with mankind, and continues me a vagrant in every land remote from

Ithaca, has at length thrown me on your coaſts. And of all the wrongs she has done me, this is that which I bear the moſt willingly. Though she drives me far from my native country, she at leaſt gives me to know the moſt generous of princes.

At theſe words Idomeneus tenderly embraced Telemachus, and leading him to his palace, ſaid, Pray, who is this wiſe ſenior who accompanies you? I have, methinks, ſeen him before. It is Mentor, replied Telemachus, Mentor the friend of Ulyſſes, who entruſted him with the care of my infancy. What tongue can expreſs my obligations to him!

Upon this Idomeneus advances and takes Mentor by the hand. We have, ſaid he, ſeen one another before now. Do you remember the voyage you made to Crete, and the good counſels you gave me? But the warmth of youth at that time, and an appetite for vain pleaſures, hurried me away; it was neceſſary for me to be inſtructed by my misfortunes, to learn what I was unwilling to believe. O wiſe old man, would to the Gods, that I had followed your advice. But I obſerve with aſtonishment, that you are hardly at all altered in ſo many years; you have the ſame freshneſs of countenance, the ſame upright ſtature, the ſame vigour; your hair only is a little whitened.

O mighty king, anſwered Mentor, were I a flatterer, I ſhould tell you alſo that you ſtill retain the ſame flower of youth which bloomed on your face before the ſiege of Troy; but I had rather diſpleaſe you than wound the truth. Beſides, I ſee by your wiſe diſcourſe that you do not love flattery, and that one runs no risk in ſpeaking to you with ſincerity. You are very much altered; I ſhould hardly have known you again. I plainly perceive the cauſe; it is your having laid your afflictions to heart. But you have gained by your ſufferings, ſince you have acquired wiſdom. A man ſhould not be much concerned at the wrinkles which overſpread his face, when his heart is exerciſed and ſtrengthened in virtue.

And

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And then you muſt know that kings always decay ſooner than other men. In adverſity, the troubles of the mind and the toils of the body make them grow old before their time; in proſperity, the pleaſures of a luxurious life wear them away ſtill faſter than all the fatigues of war; for nothing is ſo unhealthful as immoderate pleaſures. Hence it is that princes, both in peace and war, have always pains and pleaſures which bring on old age before its natural ſeaſon. Whereas a life of ſobriety, temperance and ſimplicity, free from diſquietudes and paſſions, regular and laborious, preſerves in the limbs of a wiſe man the ſprightly vigour of youth, which without theſe precautions is always ready to take its flight on the wings of time.

Idomeneus, charmed with Mentor's diſcourſe, would have heard him a long while, had he not been put in mind of a ſacrifice which he was to offer to Jupiter. Telemachus and Mentor followed him, ſurrounded by a great crowd of people, who gazed at the two ſtrangers with great curioſity and eagerneſs. The Salentines ſaid one to another, Theſe two men are very different. The young one has ſomething wonderfully lively and amiable; all the charms of youth and beauty are diffuſed over his face and body; but this beauty has nothing ſoft nor effeminate: With this tender bloom of youth he appears vigorous, robuſt and hardened to labour. The other, though much older, has loſt nothing of his ſtrength. His mien ſeems at firſt ſight leſs majeſtic, and his countenance leſs graceful; but when one views him near, one finds in his ſimplicity the marks of wiſdom and virtue, with an aſtoniſhing elevation of ſoul. When the Gods deſcended to the earth to reveal themſelves to mortals, they undoubtedly aſſumed ſuch forms of ſtrangers and travellers.

Mean time they arrive at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was deſcended from that God, had adorned with great magnificence. It was ſurrounded with a double row of green marble pillars. The chapiters were ſilver. The temple was all incruſted

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incruſted with marble with bas-reliefs, repreſenting Jupiter's transformation into a bull, the rape of Europa, and her paſſage to Crete through the waves, which ſeemed to reverence Jupiter, though he was in a borrowed ſhape. Afterwards were ſeen the birth and youthful age of Minos; and then that wiſe king, more advanced in years, giving laws to all his iſland to make it flourish for ever. Here alſo Telemachus obſerved the principal events of the ſiege of Troy, in which Idomeneus had acquired the glory of a great captain. Among the repreſentations of the battles, he looked for his father; he found him ſeizing the horſes of Rheſus, whom Diomed had juſt ſlain; afterwards diſputing with Ajax for the arms of Achilles before an aſſembly of all the chiefs of the Grecian army; and laſtly iſſuing from the fatal horſe to ſhed the blood of numberleſs Trojans.

Telemachus immediately knew him by theſe famous actions of which he had often heard, and which Mentor had related to him. The tears flowed from his eyes, his colour changed, and his countenance was diſordered. Idomeneus perceived it, though Telemachus turned aſide to conceal his grief. Be not aſhamed, ſaid Idomeneus, to let us ſee how much you are affected with the glory and misfortunes of your father.

Mean time the people aſſembled in crowds under the vaſt porticoes, formed by the double row of pillars which environed the temple. There were two companies of boys and girls ſinging hymns in praiſe of the God who holds the thunder in his hands. Theſe children, who were ſelected for their extraordinary beauty, had long hair flowing over their ſhoulders; their heads were crowned with roſes and perfumed, and they were all clad in white. Idomeneus offered a ſacrifice of an hundred bulls to Jupiter, to render him propitious in a war which he had undertaken againſt his neighbours. The blood of the victims ſmoaked on all ſides, and ſtreamed like rivers into deep vaſes of gold and ſilver.

Old

Old Theophanes, beloved of the Gods, and the prieſt of the temple, kept his head during the ſacrifice wrapped up in the lappet of his purple robe. He afterwards conſulted the yet panting entrails of the victims, and then aſcending the ſacred tripod, Ye, Gods! cried he, who are theſe two ſtrangers whom heaven ſends hither? But for them, the war we have undertaken would be fatal to us, and Salentum would fall into ruins before its foundations were well finiſhed. I ſee a young hero whom wiſdom leads by the hand; it is not permitted to a mortal mouth to utter more.

As he ſpoke theſe words, his looks were wild, and his eyes ſparkled; he ſeemed to gaze on other objects than thoſe which were preſent before him; his face flamed; he was diſordered and beſide himſelf; his hair ſtood upright, his mouth foamed, his arms were raiſed and motionleſs, his loudened voice was more than human; he was out of breath, and could not contain within him the divine ſpirit which poſſeſſed him.

O happy Idomeneus, cried he again! What do I ſee! What evils avoided! What a ſweet peace at home, but abroad what battles! What victories! O Telemachus; thy toils ſurpaſs thoſe of thy father; the proud foe groans in the duſt beneath thy ſword; the brazen-gates, the inacceſſible ramparts fall at thy feet. O mighty Goddeſs, let his father ——— O young man! thou at length again ſhalt ſee——— At theſe words his ſpeech dies in his mouth, and he remains, as it were in ſpite of himſelf, amazingly ſilent.

All the people are frozen with fear; Idomeneus trembles, and dares not aſk him to make an end of his ſpeech. Telemachus himſelf is ſurpriſed, hardly underſtands what he hears, and can ſcarcely believe that he has heard thoſe glorious predictions. Mentor was the only one whom the divine ſpirit did not terrify. You hear, ſaid he to Idomeneus, the purpoſe of the Gods; Againſt whatever nation you fight, the

the victory will be yours, and you will owe to the young ſon of your friend the ſucceſs of your arms. Be not jealous of him, but make a right uſe of what the Gods give you by him.

Idomeneus not being yet recovered from his ſurprize, ſought for words in vain; his tongue continued motionleſs. Telemachus coming ſooner to himſelf, ſaid to Mentor, The promiſe of ſo much glory affects me not; but, pray, to what can theſe laſt words refer, Thou again ſhalt ſee? To my father, or to Ithaca only? Why alas! did he not proceed? He has left me more doubtful than I was. O Ulyſſes! O my father! is it you yourſelf whom I am to ſee again? Can it be true? But I flatter myſelf; cruel oracle! thou delighteſt to ſport with a miſerable wretch; one word more, and I had been compleatly happy.

Mentor ſaid to him, Revere what the Gods reveal, and do not attempt to pry into things which they are pleaſed to hide: raſh curioſity deſerves to be put to confuſion. It is through wiſdom and goodneſs that the Gods wrap up the fates of feeble mortals in an impenetrable night. It is uſeful to foreſee what depends on us, that we may perform it well; but it is not leſs uſeful to be ignorant of what does not depend on our care, and of what the Gods deſign to do with us.

Telemachus, touched with theſe words, contained himſelf, though not without great difficulty. Idomeneus, who was recovered from his ſurpriſe, began on his part to give thanks to almighty Jupiter for ſending him the young Telemachus and the wiſe Mentor, to make him victorious over his enemies. After a ſumptuous repaſt, which followed the ſacrifice, he thus addreſt the two ſtrangers:

I confeſs that I was not ſufficiently verſed in the art of government at my return to Crete, after the ſiege of Troy. You know, my dear friends, the misfortunes which robbed me of my crown in that great iſland, as you ſay that you have been there ſince I departed from it. And yet am I happy, abundantly

dantly happy, if my moſt cruel diſaſters have inſtructed and made me wiſer. I croſſed the ſeas like a fugitive, purſued by the vengeance of Gods and men. All my former glory ſerved but to make my fall the more ignominious and the more inſupportable. I came to ſhelter my houſehold Gods on this deſert coaſt, where I found nothing but lands uncultivated and over-run with thorns and brambles, foreſts as old as the earth itſelf, and rocks which were almoſt inacceſſible, and which ſerved for a harbour to the ſavage beaſts. And yet was I reduced to the neceſſity of being glad to poſſeſs, with the handful of ſoldiers and companions, who were ſo kind as to accompany me in my misfortunes, this ſavage land, and to make it my country; deſpairing of ever ſeeing that happy iſland again, where the Gods gave me to be born and to reign. Alas! ſaid I to myſelf, what a change; What a fearful example am I to princes! I ſhould be ſhewn to all the rulers of the world as a leſſon of inſtruction to them. They fancy that they have nothing to fear, becauſe of their elevation above the reſt of men: Alas! their very elevation is the cauſe of their having every thing to fear. I was formidable to my enemies, and beloved by my ſubjects; I commanded a powerful and warlike people; fame had ſounded my renown in the moſt diſtant nations; I reigned in a fertile and delightful iſland; an hundred cities paid me an annual tribute of their riches; my ſubjects acknowledged that I was deſcended from Jupiter, who was born in their country, and they loved me as the grandſon of the wiſe Minos, whoſe laws make them ſo powerful and happy. What was wanting to my felicity, except the knowing how to enjoy it with moderation? But my pride and the adulation I liſtened to, ſubverted my throne. Thus will all kings fall, who give themſelves up to their paſſions, and to the counſels of flatterers. I endeavoured all the day to wear a face of chearfulneſs and hope, to keep

keep up the ſpirits of my companions. Let us build, ſaid I to them, a new city, which may make us amends for all our loſſes. We are ſurrounded by nations, who have ſet us a good example for ſuch an enterpriſe. We ſee Tarentum riſing near us, a new kingdom founded by Phalantus and his Lacedœmonians. Philoctetes gives the name of Petilia to a great city which he is building on the ſame coaſt. Metapontum is alſo a colony of the like kind. Shall we do leſs than all theſe ſtrangers who are wanderers as well as we? Fortune is not more rigorous to us.

While I endeavoured by theſe words to ſweeten the toils of my companions, I concealed a deadly anguish in the bottom of my heart. It was ſome comfort to me when the day-light forſook and night wrapped me in her ſhades, to be at liberty to bewail my wretched condition. Two floods of bitter tears would then ſtream from my eyes, and gentle ſlumber was a ſtranger to me. The next day I renewed my toils with freſh ardour. Lo the cauſe, Mentor, that you find me grown ſo old.

When Idomeneus had ended the relation of his miſeries, he begged Telemachus and Mentor to aſſiſt him in the war wherein he was engaged. I will ſend you back, ſaid he, to Ithaca as ſoon as the war is ended. Mean while I will ſend ſhips to all the moſt diſtant ſhores, to learn news of Ulyſſes. On what part ſoever of the known world ſtorms or the anger of ſome Deity may have thrown him, I ſhall eaſily bring him from thence. The Gods grant that he be ſtill alive! As for you, I will ſend you home with the beſt ſhips which were ever built in the iſland of Crete; they are built of timber felled on the true mount Ida, where Jupiter was born. This ſacred wood is unperiſhable in the waves, and the winds and the rocks dread and revere it; nay, Neptune himſelf in his greateſt rage is afraid to ſtir up the billows againſt it. Be aſſured therefore of returning happily and with-

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out any difficulty to Ithaca, and that no adverſe Deity will again be able to make you wander over ſo many ſeas. The paſſage is short and eaſy. Send away the Phœnician ship which brought you hither, and think only of acquiring the glory of eſtabliſhing the new kingdom of Idomeneus, to make him amends for all his misfortunes. 'Tis at this price, O ſon of Ulyſſes, that you will be deemed worthy of your father. Tho' rigorous Deſtiny should already have ſent him down to Pluto's dreary realm, yet will all ravished Greece believe that it ſees him again in you.

Here Telemachus interrupted Idomeneus. Let us ſend back the Phœnician ship, ſaid he. Why do we delay to take arms and attack our enemies? They are become ours. If we were victorious when we fought in Sicily for Anceſtes, a Trojan and an enemy to Greece, shall we not be ſtill more ardent and more favoured by the Gods, when we fight for one of the Grecian heroes, who ſubverted the unrighteous city of Priam? The oracle we have juſt heard does not permit us to doubt it.

End of the Ninth Book.



THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus informs Mentor of the grounds of the war againſt the Mandurians. He relates that thoſe people had at firſt yield to him the coaſt of Heſperia, where he had founded his city; that they retired to the neighbouring mountains, where ſome of their nation having been ill-treated by a party of his, they had deputed two old men to him, with whom he had ſettled articles of peace; and that after an infraction of this treaty by ſome of his ſubjects who were ignorant of it, theſe people were preparing to make war againſt him. During this relation of Idomeneus, the Mandurians, who had immediately taken arms, appear at the gates of Salentum. Neſtor, Philoctetes and Phalantus, whom Idomeneus thought neuter, are againſt him in the army of the Mandurians. Mentor goes alone out of Salentum, to propoſe conditions of peace to the enemy.

MENTOR, looking with a mild and ſerene aſpect on Telemachus, who was already fill'd with a noble ardour for battle, anſwered him thus. I am very glad, ſon of Ulyſſes, to ſee in you ſo laudable a paſſion for glory; but remember that your father

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father did not obtain ſo much among the Greeks at the ſiege of Troy, but by showing himſelf to be the wiſeſt and the moſt moderate among them. Achilles, tho' invincible and invulnerable, tho' ſure of ſpreading terror and death where-ever he fought, was not able to take the city of Troy; he fell himſelf beneath the walls of that city, which triumphed over the vanquisher of Hector. But Ulyſſes, whoſe prudence governed his courage, carried fire and ſword amongſt the Trojans, and to him is owing the fall of thoſe high and haughty towers, which threatened for ten years together, a confederacy of all Greece. As much as Minerva is ſuperior to Mars, ſo much does a diſcrete and foreſeeing valour ſurpaſs a hot and ſavage courage. Let us therefore begin by informing ourſelves of the circumſtances of this war which is to be carried on. I ſhall not shun any dangers; but I think, Idomeneus, that you ſhould firſt let us ſee if your war be juſt; then againſt whom you make it; and laſtly, on what forces you build your hopes of an happy event.

Idomeneus replied, When we arrived upon this coaſt, we found here a ſavage people, who wandered up and down the woods, and lived by hunting and on the fruits which the trees ſpontaneouſly produce. Theſe people, who are called Mandurians, were affrighted at the ſight of our ships and arms, and retired to the mountains; but as our ſoldiers were curious to ſee the country, and deſirous to chace the ſtags, they met with theſe fugitive ſavages: Whereupon their chiefs beſpoke them thus. We abandoned the pleaſant ſea-shores, to yield them up to you, and have nothing left but almoſt inacceſſible mountains; it is certainly reaſonable that you ſhould ſuffer us here to enjoy peace and liberty. We find you wandering, diſperſed and weaker than we, and have it in our power to kill you, and to conceal even the very knowledge of your fate from your companions; but we would not dip our hands in the blood of thoſe who are men as well as we. Retire, and

and remember that you owe your lives to our humanity; remember that it is from a people whom you ſtyle rude and ſavage, that you receive this leſſon of moderation and generoſity.

Thoſe of our men who were thus ſent back by thoſe barbarians, returned to the camp, and related what had befallen them. The ſoldiers were enraged at it; being aſhamed that Cretans ſhould owe their lives to a band of fugitives, who ſeemed to them more like bears than men. They went to hunt in greater numbers than before, and with all ſorts of arms, and quickly met with the ſavages, and attacked them. The combat was bloody; the arrows flying from each party as hail falls in a field during a ſtorm. The ſavages were forced to retire to their ſteep mountains, where our men did not dare to purſue them.

A little while after, theſe people ſent to me two of their wiſeſt old men, who came to ſue for peace, and brought me preſents of the skins of ſome wild beaſts which they had killed, and of the fruits of their country. After they had preſented them to me, they ſpoke thus:

O king, we hold, as thou ſeeſt, the ſword in one hand, and the olive branch in the other; (and indeed they held them both in their hands) there is peace or war; take thy choice; we ſhould chooſe peace. It was for her ſake that we were not aſhamed to yield to thee the pleaſant ſea-coaſt, where the ſun fertilizes the earth, and produces ſuch a variety of delicious fruits; peace is ſweeter than fruits. It was for her that we retired to thoſe lofty mountains, eternally covered with ice and ſnow, where we never ſee the flowers of the ſpring, nor the rich product of autumn. We abhor that brutality, which under the ſpecious names of ambition and glory madly ravages whole provinces, and ſheds the blood of men who are all brothers. If thou art affected by this falſe glory, we are far from envying thee; we pity thee, and beſeech the Gods to preſerve us from the like

like madneſs. If the ſciences which the Greeks are ſo careful to learn, and the politeneſs they boaſt of, inſpire them only with this deteſtable injuſtice, we think ourſelves very happy in not having thoſe accomplishments; we shall always glory in being ignorant and barbarous, but juſt, humane, faithful, diſintereſted, accuſtomed to live on a little, and to deſpiſe the falſe delicacy which makes men want a great deal. What we eſteem, is health, frugality, liberty, vigour of mind and body; it is the love of virtue, a reverence of the Gods, benevolence to our neighbours, zeal for our friends, fidelity to all mankind, moderation in proſperity, fortitude in adverſity, courage always to ſpeak the truth boldly, an abhorrence of flattery. Such are the people whom we offer thee for neighbours and allies. If the angry Gods blind thee ſo far as to make thee refuſe peace, thou wilt find, but too late, that the men who through moderation love peace, are the moſt formidable in war.

While theſe old men were talking to me thus, I was unwearied with looking upon them. Their beards were long and uncouth, their hair shorter and hoary, their eye-brows bushy, their eyes lively, their looks and countenance reſolute, their ſpeech grave and full of authority, and their manners plain and ingenuous. The furs, which ſerved them for cloaths, being tied in a knot on their shoulders, one ſaw more nervous arms, and larger muſcles than thoſe of our wreſtlers. My anſwer to theſe two envoys was, that I deſired peace. We with the utmoſt candour ſettled ſeveral articles between us; we called all the Gods to witneſs them, and I ſent theſe two men back with preſents. But the Gods, who drove me from the kingdom of my anceſtors, were not yet weary with perſecuting me. Our hunters, who could not ſo ſoon be informed of the peace we had concluded, meeting the ſame day a large body of theſe barbarians, who accompanied their envoys in their return from our camp, attacked them

them with fury, killed ſome of them, and purſued the reſt to the woods. Thus is the war kindled again. Theſe Barbarians believe that they can no longer rely on our promiſes or oaths.

To ſtrengthen themſelves againſt us, they have called to their aſſiſtance the Locrians, Apulians, Lucanians, Bruttians, and the people of Crotona, Neritum and Brunduſium. The Lucanians come with chariots armed with sharp ſcythes. Among the Apulians every one is covered with ſome skin of a wild beaſt which he has killed; they carry clubs full of great knots, and beſet with ſpikes of iron; they are almoſt all of a gigantic ſtature, and their bodies are rendered ſo robuſt by the hard exerciſes to which they accuſtom themſelves, that their very ſight is frightful. The Locrians, who came from Greece, ſtill ſavour of their origin, and are more humane than the others; but they have joined to the exact diſcipline of the Grecian troops the ſtrength of the Barbarians, and an habit of living hard, which makes them invincible. They have light wicker shields covered with skins, and long ſwords. The Bruttians are as ſwift in the race as the hart and the deer; one would think that even the tendereſt graſs were not depreſt under their feet; they hardly leave any footſteps in the ſand. They rush ſuddenly on the foe, and then diſappear with equal rapidity. The people of Crotona are expert archers: A common man among the Greeks could not bend ſuch a bow as one uſually ſees amongſt the Crotonians; and should they ever apply themſelves to our games, they will certainly obtain the prizes. Their arrows are dipped in the juice of certain venomous herbs, ſaid to be brought from the banks of Avernus, whoſe poiſon is mortal. As for thoſe of Neritum, Meſſapia and Brunduſium, they are endued only with ſtrength of body and valour without art. The out-cries which they ſend even to the heavens, at the ſight of the enemy, are terrible; they are pretty expert ſlingers, and darken the air with

with showers of hurled ſtones, but they fight without any order. This, Mentor, is what you deſired to be informed of; you now know the riſe of this war, and who are our enemies.

After this explanation, Telemachus, impatient to engage, thought nothing remained but to have recourſe to arms. Mentor checked him again, and thus beſpoke Idomeneus. Whence comes it that even the Locrians, a people of Greek extraction, joined themſelves to Barbarians againſt Greeks? Whence comes it that ſo many colonies flourish on this coaſt of the ſea, without having the ſame wars as you to maintain? O Idomeneus, you ſay that the Gods are not yet weary of perſecuting you, and I ſay that they have not yet thoroughly inſtructed you. The many evils you have ſuffered have not yet taught you what ought to be done to prevent a war. What you yourſelf relate of the integrity of theſe Barbarians, ſuffices to ſhew that you might have lived in peace with them; but haughtineſs and pride draw on the moſt dangerous wars. You might have given them hoſtages, and taken ſome of them; it had been an eaſy thing to have ſent ſome of your chiefs with their embaſſadors to conduct them back in ſafety. And ſince this renewal of the war, you ſhould have pacified them again, by repreſenting that your people had attacked them for want of knowing of the treaty which had juſt been ſworn to; you ſhould have offered them any ſecurity they might have demanded, and ſhould have decreed ſevere punishments againſt ſuch of your ſubjects as ſhould break the alliance. But what has happened ſince this beginning of the war?

I thought, replied Idomeneus, that it would be mean in us to ſue to theſe Barbarians, who had preſently aſſembled all their fighting men, and had implored the aſſiſtance of all the neighbouring nations, to whom they rendered us ſuſpected and odious. It

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ſeemed to me that our ſafeſt courſe was immediately to ſeize on certain defiles in the mountains, which were ill-guarded. We ſeized them without any difficulty, and thereby put ourſelves in a condition to harraſs the Barbarians. Here I have cauſed towers to be erected, from which our troops can with their arrows oppreſs all our enemies who may attempt to come from the mountains into our country; and we can enter into theirs, and ravage, whenever we pleaſe, their principal ſettlements. By this means we are able with unequal forces to reſiſt the innumerable multitude of enemies which ſurround us. In fine, a peace between them and us is become very difficult; for we cannot give up theſe towers to them, without expoſing ourſelves to their incurſions, and they look upon them as citadels, which we deſign to make uſe of to reduce them to ſlavery.

Mentor anſwered Idomeneus thus. You are a wiſe king, and deſire to be told the truth without any ſoftenings. You are not like thoſe weak men, who are afraid to view it, and who, for want of reſolution and magnanimity to correct their errors, uſe their authority only to maintain thoſe they have committed. Know therefore that this barbarous people gave you an admirable leſſon, when they came to you to ſue for peace. Was it through weakneſs that they ſued for it? Did they want courage or forces to oppoſe you? You ſee that they did not, ſince they are ſo inured to the hardships of war, and ſupported by ſo many formidable neighbours. Why did you not imitate their moderation? Miſtaken notions of ſhame and honour have plunged you into theſe evils. You were afraid of making your enemies too haughty, but you were not afraid of making them too powerful, by uniting ſo many nations againſt you by a haughty unjuſt conduct. Of what uſe are the towers you ſo much boaſt of, but to lay all your neighbours under a neceſſity of periſhing, or of cauſing you to periſh, to ſave themſelves from approaching ſlavery. You

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erected these towers only for your own security, and it is by these very towers that you are brought into such imminent danger. The safest bulwark of a state is justice, moderation, integrity, and the assurance your neighbours have of your being incapable of usurping their territories. The strongest walls may fall by divers unforeseen accidents, and fortune is capricious and fickle in war; but the love and confidence of your neighbours, when they have experienced your moderation, render your state invincible, and almost always prevent its being attacked: And though an unjust neighbour should attack it, all others being interested in its preservation, immediately take arms in its defence. This assistance of so many nations, who find their true interest in supporting yours, would have made you much more powerful than these towers, which render your evils incurable. Had you at first taken care to prevent the jealousy of all your neighbours, your rising city would have flourished in an happy peace, and you would have been the arbiter of all the nations of Hesperia. But let us confine ourselves at present to enquire how you may retrieve the past by the future. You began with telling me that there are several Greek colonies on this coast. Now they must be disposed to assist you; they have not forgot either the great reputation of Minos the son of Jupiter, or your own labours at the siege of Troy, where you so often signalized yourself among the Grecian princes in the common quarrel of all Greece. Why do you not try to induce these colonies to espouse your cause?

They are all resolved, replied Idomeneus, to remain neuter: Not but that they had some inclination to assist me; but the too great lustre which this city had from its birth, has alarmed them. These Greeks, as well as the other nations, were afraid that we had designs on their liberty. They fancied, that after subduing the Barbarians of the mountains, we should push our ambition further. In a word, they are all against

us: even they who do not openly engage in the war, wish to ſee us humbled; jealouſy leaves us not a ſingle ally.

Strange misfortune, replied Mentor! By endeavouring to appear too powerful, you ruin your power; and while you are abroad the object of the fear and hatred of your neighbours, you exhauſt yourſelf at home by the efforts which are neceſſary to ſupport ſuch a war. O unhappy, thrice unhappy Idomeneus, whom even his misfortunes have inſtructed but by halves! Do you need a ſecond fall, to learn to foreſee the evils which threaten the greateſt kings? Come, leave this affair to me? do you only give me a particular account of theſe Greek cities that refuſe to enter into an alliance with you.

The chief, replied Idomeneus, is the city of Tarentum, founded three years ſince by Phalantus. He collected together a great number of young men, born of women who forgot their husbands during the Trojan war. When the husbands returned, their wives endeavoured to pacify them, and diſowned their crimes. Theſe numerous youths, who were born out of wedlock, and knew neither father nor mother, lived in a boundleſs licentiouſneſs; and the ſeverity of the laws reſtraining their diſorders, they united under Phalantus, a bold, intrepid and ambitious chief, who had won their hearts by his artifices. He came to this ſhore with theſe young Laconians, where they have made Tarentum a ſecond Lacedæmon. On the other ſide, Philoctetes, who acquired ſuch great renown at the ſiege of Troy by carrying the arrows of Hercules thither, has built in this neighbourhood the walls of Petilia, leſs powerful indeed, but more wiſely governed than Tarentum. And laſtly we have hard by us the city of Metapontum, founded by the ſage Neſtor and his Pylians.

How, replied Mentor, is Neſtor in Heſperia, and have you not been able to engage him in your intereſt? Neſtor! who has ſo often ſeen you combat againſt the

the Trojans, and whoſe friend you was! I loſt his friendſhip, anſwered Idomeneus, by the artifice of theſe people, who have nothing of barbarous but the name; they have been artful enough to perſuade him that I deſigned to make myſelf the tyrant of Heſperia. We will undeceive him, ſaid Mentor. Telemachus viſited him at Pylos, before he came to ſettle his colony, and before we undertook our long voyages in queſt of Ulyſſes. He cannot yet have forgot this hero, nor the marks of affection which he gave his ſon Telemachus. But the main thing is to cure him of his jealouſy. It was by the umbrage given to all your neighbours, that this war was kindled, and it is by removing theſe vain ſurmiſes that it may be extinguiſhed. Once more, I ſay, leave the management of this affair to me.

At theſe words Idomeneus embracing Mentor, diſſolved into tears, and was not able to ſpeak. At length he with difficulty uttered theſe words: O wiſe ſenior, ſent by the Gods to repair all my errors, I confeſs that I ſhould have been provoked at any other who ſhould have ſpoken ſo freely to me as you have done; I confeſs that you alone could induce me to ſue for peace. I was reſolved to perish, or to conquer all my enemies; but it is fit to be guided by your counſels rather than by my paſſion. O happy Telemachus! you can never go aſtray like me, ſince you have ſuch a guide. You, Mentor, may do what you pleaſe; the wiſdom of the Gods reſides in you; even Minerva herſelf could not give more ſalutary counſels. Go, promiſe, conclude, yield up all that I have, Idomeneus will conſent to all that you ſhall think proper to do.

While they were thus diſcourſing together, there was ſuddenly heard a confuſed noiſe of chariots, neighing of horſes, terrible outcries of men and trumpets, which filled the air with their martial clangors. The general cry is, Lo! the enemy has made a large circuit to avoid the guarded defiles! Lo! they come to beſiege Salentum. The old men and

the women are in the utmoſt conſternation. Alas! ſaid they, did we forſake our dear country, the fruitful Crete, and follow an unhappy prince through ſo many ſeas, to found a city which will be laid in ashes like Troy? They ſaw from the tops of their new-erected walls, in the ſpacious plain below, the helmets, cuiraſſes and shields of the enemy glitter in the ſun; their eyes were dazzled with them. They alſo beheld briſtling pikes that covered the earth, as it is cover ed by a plentiful harveſt, which Ceres prepares in the fields of Enna in Sicily, during the eat of the ſummer, to reward the husbandman for all his toils. They already perceived the chariots armed with sharps ſcythes, and could eaſily diſtinguish every nation which was come to this war.

Mentor aſcended an high tower to have a better view of them. Idomeneus and Telemachus followed cloſe behind him. He was hardly arrived but he perceived on one ſide Philoctetes, and on the other Neſtor with his ſon Piſiſtratus. Neſtor was eaſily known by his venerable old age. How, cried Mentor! You imagined, Idomeneus, that Philoctetes and Neſtor would be ſatisfied with not aſſiſting you: Lo! they have taken arms againſt you. And if I am not miſtaken, thoſe other troops which march ſo ſlowly and in ſuch good order, are Lacedæmonians commanded by Phalantus. All are againſt you: there is not a ſingle neighbour on this coaſt, whom you have not made your enemy without deſigning it.

This ſaid, Mentor deſcends in haſte from the tower; he goes to a gate in that part of the city towards which the enemy was advancing; he orders it to be opened, and Idomeneus ſurpriſed at the majeſty with which he does theſe things, does not dare even to ask him his deſign. Mentor makes a ſign with his hand that nobody should follow him, and goes to meet the enemy, who were ſurpriſed to ſee a ſingle perſon preſenting himſelf before them. He at a diſtance shewed them an olive branch as a ſign of peace; and when he was near enough to be heard, he deſired

desired them to convene all their chiefs. The chiefs immediately assembled, and he bespoke them thus:

Generous assembly of so many nations which flourish in rich Hesperia, I know that you are not come hither but for the common cause of liberty. I commend your zeal: but give me leave to represent to you an easy way to preserve the liberty and honour of all your people, without an effusion of human blood.

O Nestor! O sage Nestor! whom I see in this assembly, you are not ignorant how fatal war is even to those who undertake it justly, and under the protection of the Gods. War is the greatest of evils with which the Gods afflict mankind. You will never forget what the Greeks suffered for ten years together before unhappy Troy. What divisions among their chiefs! What fickleness of fortune! What havock of the Greeks by the hands of Hector! What distress occasioned by this war in all the most powerful cities, during the absence of their kings! At their return some were shipwrecked at the promontory of Caphareus, and others met a dreadful death even in the bosom of their wives. Ye Gods! it was therefore in your anger that you armed Greece for this celebrated expedition. O ye nations of Hesperia, may the Gods never give you so fatal a victory! Troy indeed lies in ashes; but it had been better for the Greeks, were it still in all its glory, and the effeminate Paris in the enjoyment of his infamous amour with Helena. O Philoctetes! so long miserable and deserted in the isle of Lemnos, are you not afraid of meeting the like calamities in a like war? I know the Laconians have likewise experienced the troubles occasioned by the long absence of the princes, captains and soldiers, who went against the Trojans. O ye Greeks, who are come into Hesperia, your coming hither was only a continuation of the calamities, which sprung from the Trojan war.

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Having ſpoken thus, Mentor went towards the Pylians; and Neſtor, who knew him again, advanced alſo to ſalute him. O Mentor, ſaid he, it is with pleaſure that I ſee you again. It is many years ſince I ſaw you firſt at Phocis; you were but fifteen, and yet I then foreſaw that you would be as wiſe as you have ſince approved yourſelf to be. But what adventure has brought you to theſe parts? Pray, what is your expedient to put an end to this war? Idomeneus has conſtrained us to attack him. We deſire nothing but peace; each of us had urgent reaſons to wish for it; but we can no longer be ſafe with him. He has violated all his promiſes with regard to his neareſt neighbours. Peace with him would not be a peace; it would only give him an opportunity to break our league, which is our only reſource. He has diſcovered to all other nations his ambitious deſign of enſlaving them, and has left us no means of defending our liberty, but by endeavouring to overturn his new kingdom. His treachery has reduced us to the neceſſity of deſtroying him, or of receiving the yoke of bondage from him. If you can find any expedient whereby we may ſafely confide in him, and be aſſured of a good peace, all the nations you ſee here will gladly lay down their arms, and we shall own with joy that you ſurpaſs us in wiſdom.

Mentor replied, You know, ſage Neſtor, that Ulyſſes entruſted his own Telemachus to my care. The youth, impatient to learn the fortune of his father, viſited you at Pylos, and you received him with all the kindneſs he could expect from a faithful friend of his father; you even gave him your own ſon to conduct him on his way. He afterwards undertook long voyages by ſea, and has been in Sicily, Egypt, the iſland of Cyprus, and that of Crete. The winds, or rather the Gods have thrown him on this coaſt, as he was endeavouring to return to Ithaca. We arrive in a happy minute to prevent the horror of a cruel war. It is no longer Idomeneus, it is the

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ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes, it is I who am anſwerable to you for every thing which ſhall be promiſed.

While Mentor was diſcourſing thus with Neſtor in the midſt of the confederate troops, Idomeneus and Telemachus, with all the Cretans in arms, were looking at him from the walls of Salentum; carefully obſerving how all that Mentor ſaid was received, and wiſhing that they could hear the wiſe converſation of theſe two ſeniors. Neſtor had always been reputed the moſt experienced and the moſt eloquent of all the kings of Greece. During the ſiege of Troy, it was he that reſtrained the boiling wrath of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the fierceneſs of Ajax, and the impetuous courage of Diomed. Soft perſuaſions flow'd from his lips like a ſtream of honey; his voice alone was heard by all theſe heroes; all were ſilent as ſoon as he opened his mouth, and there was none but he who could appeaſe the fierce diſſentions of the camp. He began to feel the infirmities of chilly age; but his words were ſtill full of ſtrength and ſweetneſs. He related things paſt to inſtruct the youth by his experiences, and though he was a little ſlow of ſpeech, his relations were graceful.

This ſenior, who was the admiration of all Greece, ſeemed to have loſt all his eloquence and majeſty, as ſoon as Mentor was ſeen in his company. He looked withered and broken with age; whereas time ſeemed to have reſpected the ſtrength and vigour of Mentor's conſtitution. Mentor's words, though grave and plain, had a vivacity and authority which began to be wanting in the other. All that he ſaid was conciſe, exact and nervous. He never ſaid the ſame thing twice, nor ever related any thing but what was neceſſary to the deciſion of the affair in debate. If he was obliged to ſpeak ſeveral times of the ſame thing, to inculcate it, or to perſuade, he did it by new turns and lively compariſons. He had alſo I know not what of complaiſance and ſprightlineſs, when he would accommodate himſelf to the wants of others, and inſinuate any truth into them. Theſe two ve-

nerable men were an affecting ſight to this aſſembly of ſo many nations. Whilſt all the allies, who were the enemies of Salentum, preſſed one upon another to have a nearer view of them, and to hear their wiſe diſcourſes; Idomeneus and all his people endeavoured by their greedy eager looks to diſcover the meaning of their geſtures and of the air of their faces.

End of the Tenth Book.

THE

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS,

SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the ELEVENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, deſirous of knowing what paſſes between Mentor and the allies, cauſes the gates of Salentum to be opened to him, and goes to Mentor. His preſence helps to induce the allies to accept of the conditions of peace which Mentor propoſed to them. Idomeneus, whom Mentor ſends for from the city to the army, conſents to all that had been agreed upon. Hoſtages are mutually given; a common ſacrifice is offered between the city and the camp to confirm this alliance and the kings enter as friends into Salentum.

AND now Telemachus being grown impatient, ſteals from the multitude that ſurrounds him, runs to the gate at which Mentor went out, and with authority commands it to be opened. Idomeneus, who thought him by his ſide, is preſently ſurpriſed to ſee him running acroſs the plain, and already near to Neſtor. Neſtor knows him again, and advances, though with ſlow and heavy ſteps, to meet him. Telemachus embraces and holds him locked in his arms without ſpeaking. At length he cries, O my father, (I do not ſcruple to call you ſo) the misfortune of not finding my real father, and the benefits you have confer'd upon me, give me a right to make

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uſe of ſo endearing a name. O my father, my dear father, do I ſee you again! O may I thus behold Ulyſſes! If any thing could make me amends for the loſs of him, it would be the finding another Ulyſſes in you.

At theſe words Neſtor could not retain his tears, and he felt a ſecret joy at ſeeing thoſe which flowed with wonderful grace adown the cheeks of Telemachus. The beauty, ſweetneſs and noble confidence of this young ſtranger, who without any precaution paſſed through ſo many troops of enemies, ſurpriſed the allies. Is he not, ſaid they, the ſon of the old man who is come to ſpeak to Neſtor! They without doubt have both the ſame wiſdom, though their ages are very different. In one, she as yet but blooms; in the other, she bears an abundance of the ripeſt fruits.

Mentor who was pleaſed to ſee the affection with which Neſtor received Telemachus, made his advantage of this happy diſpoſition. Lo the ſon of Ulyſſes, ſaid he, ſo dear to all Greece, and ſo dear to you yourſelf, O ſage Neſtor! Lo! I deliver him up to you as an hoſtage, and as the moſt precious pledge which can be given you of the ſincerity of Idomeneus's promiſes. You will eaſily ſuppoſe that I ſhould not be willing that the ſon's deſtruction ſhould follow that of the father, nor that the unhappy Penelope ſhould reproach Mentor with ſacrificing her ſon to the ambition of the new king of Salentum. With this pledge, who is come voluntarily to offer himſelf, and whom the Gods who are lovers of peace, ſend to you, I begin, O aſſembly of ſo many nations, to make you propoſitions for eſtabliſhing a ſolid and everlaſting peace.

At the word peace, a confuſed noiſe was heard from rank to rank. All theſe different nations murmured with rage, thinking that it was all loſt time while the combat was delayed, and that all theſe ſpeeches were made only to blunt their fury, and to let their prey eſcape. The Mandurians in particular were enraged that Idomeneus ſhould hope to deceive them

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again; they often attempted to interrupt Mentor, through an apprehenſion that his wiſe diſcourſes might draw off their allies, and began to be ſuſpicious of all the Greeks in the aſſembly. Mentor perceiving this, immediately increaſed their jealouſy, in order to ſow diſcord in the minds of all theſe nations.

I confeſs, ſaid he, that the Mandurians have cauſe to complain, and to demand ſome reparation of the wrongs they have ſuffered: but it is not juſt on the other hand that the Greeks, who ſettle colonies on this coaſt, ſhould be ſuſpected and hated by the old inhabitants of the country. On the contrary, the Greeks ought to be united together, in order to make themſelves well treated by the other nations; their only buſineſs is to be moderate, and never to attempt to uſurp the territories of their neighbours. I know that Idomeneus has had the misfortune to give you umbrage, but it is eaſy to cure you of all your ſuſpicions. Telemachus and I offer ourſelves as hoſtages, who will be anſwerable to you for Idomeneus's ſincerity; we will remain in your hands 'till all the things which ſhall be promiſed you, be faithfully performed. What provokes you, ye Mandurians, cried he, is, that the Cretan troops have ſeized on the defiles of your mountains by ſurpriſe, and are thereby able to enter, as often as they pleaſe, into the territories to which you retired, in order to leave to them the flat country on the ſea-ſhore. Theſe defiles, which the Cretans have fortified with high towers that are full of ſoldiers, are therefore the true grounds of the war. Pray, tell me, is there any other?

Hereupon the chief of the Mandurians advanced, and ſpoke thus: What have we not done to avoid this war? The Gods are our witneſſes that we did not renounce peace, 'till peace was irrecoverably banished from us by the reſtleſs ambition of the Cretans, and by their making it impoſſible for us to rely on their oaths. Infatuated nation! to reduce us againſt our will to the ſad neceſſity of acting a deſperate part againſt them, and of ſeeking our

ſafety

ſafety in their deſtruction! While they keep theſe defiles, we ſhall always think that they deſign to uſurp our territories, and to reduce us to ſlavery. Were it true that they thought only to live in peace with their neighbours, they would be contented with what we readily gave up to them, and not perſiſt in preſerving the keys of a country, on whoſe liberty they had no ambitious deſigns. But you know them not, O wiſe ſenior; it is our great misfortune to know them. Forbear, O beloved of the Gods, to retard a juſt and neceſſary war, without which Heſperia could never hope for a laſting peace. Ungrateful, falſe and cruel nation, whom the angry Gods ſent amongſt us to trouble our repoſe, and to chaſtiſe us for our crimes! But having punished us, ye Gods! you will revenge us: You will not be leſs righteous with regard to our enemies than to us.

At theſe words the whole aſſembly was greatly agitated, and Mars and Bellona ſeemed to go from rank to rank, re-kindling in their hearts the rage of war, which Mentor endeavoured to extinguish. He thus reſumed his diſcourſe.

Had I nothing but promiſes to offer to you, you might refuſe to rely upon them; but I offer you an undoubted and preſent ſecurity. If you are not ſatisfied with having Telemachus and me for hoſtages, you ſhall have twelve of the moſt eminent and valiant Cretans. But it is reaſonable that you alſo ſhould give hoſtages on your part; for Idomeneus, who ſincerely deſires peace, deſires it without fear or cowardice; he deſires it, as you yourſelves ſay that you deſire it, through wiſdom and moderation; but not through the love of an effeminate life, or a want of reſolution at the proſpect of the dangers with which war threatens mankind. He is ready to die or to conquer, but he prefers peace to the moſt ſhining victory; he would be aſhamed to be afraid of being vanquiſhed, but he is afraid to be unjuſt, and is not aſhamed to rectify what he has done amiſs.

With

With ſword in hand he offers peace, and does not deſire imperiouſly to preſcribe the condition of it; for he values not a forced peace. He wiſhes for a peace with which all parties may be ſatisfied, which may put an end to all jealouſies, allay all animoſities, and remove all diffidence. In a word, Idomeneus entertains ſuch ſentiments as I am ſure you deſire he ſhould. Nothing remains but to convince you of this, which will be no difficult matter, if you will hear me with a calm and unprejudiced mind.

Hear then, ye valiant people, and you, ye ſage and well-united chiefs, hear what I offer you on the part of Idomeneus. As it is not juſt that he ſhould have it in his power to enter into the dominions of his neighbours, nor that they ſhould have it in their power to enter into his; he conſents that the defiles which he has fortified with high towers, ſhall be guarded by neutral troops. You, Neſtor, and your Philoctetes, are Greeks by birth; but on this occaſion you have declared againſt Idomeneus: You cannot therefore be ſuſpected of being too favourable to his intereſt. What animates you, is the common cauſe of the peace and liberty of Heſperia; be then the truſtees and guardians of theſe paſſes which are the cauſe of the war. It is not leſs your intereſt to hinder the ancient inhabitants of Heſperia from deſtroying Salentum, a new colony of Greeks, like thoſe which you have founded, than to hinder Idomeneus from uſurping the territories of his neighbours. Hold the balance between them, and inſtead of carrying fire and ſword among a people whom you ought to love, reſerve to yourſelves the glory of being their judges and mediators. You will tell me that you ſhould think theſe conditions admirable, if you could be aſſured that Idomeneus would faithfully perform them: I am going to ſatisfy you as to that.

The hoſtages I have mentioned will be a mutual ſecurity, 'till all the paſſes are pledged in your hands. When the ſafety of all Heſperia, when that of Salentum itſelf and of Idomeneus, is in your power, will you

you not be ſatisfied? Whom afterwards can you miſtruſt, except you miſtruſt yourſelves? You are afraid to confide in Idomeneus, and Idomeneus is ſo far from deſigning to deceive you, that he deſires to confide in you. Yes, to you will he intruſt the repoſe, the lives and liberties of himſelf and all his ſubjects. If it be true that you only wished for a good peace, lo! she offers herſelf to you, and leaves you no pretence to draw back. Once again, imagine not that fear reduces Idomeneus to make you theſe offers; it is wiſdom and juſtice which engage him to take this ſtep, without being in any pain whether you impute to weakneſs what he does out of a regard to virtue. At firſt he committed ſome errors, and he glories in acknowledging them by theſe propoſals, wherein he prevents you. It is weakneſs, it is vanity, it is groſs ignorance of our own intereſt, to hope to conceal our faults, by endeavouring to maintain them with pride and haughtineſs. Who owns his errors to his enemy, and offers to make ſatisfaction for them, thereby shows that he is become incapable of committing them, and that his adverſary has every thing to apprehend from ſo wiſe and reſolute a conduct, unleſs he concludes a peace. Take care leſt you in your turn give him cauſe to lay the blame upon you. If you reject peace and juſtice which court you now, peace and juſtice will be revenged. Idomeneus, who had reaſon to fear that he should find the Gods incenſed againſt him, will now have them on his ſide againſt you. Telemachus and I will fight in his juſt cauſe. I call all the Gods of heaven and hell to be witneſſes of the equitable propoſals I make you.

This ſaid, Mentor lifted up his arm to show theſe numerous nations the olive branch, which he held in his hand as a ſign of peace. The chiefs, who viewed him near, were ſurpriſed and dazzled at the divine fire which ſparkled in his eyes. He appeared with a certain majeſty and authority ſuperior to every thing that is ſeen in the greateſt of mortals. The enchantment of his ſweet and powerful words ravished their

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their hearts; they were like thoſe ſpells, which in the profound ſilence of the night, ſuddenly arreſt the moon and the ſtars in the midſt of Olympus, calm the enraged ſea, ſilence the winds and the waves, and ſuſpend the courſe of the moſt rapid rivers.

Mentor was in the midſt of theſe furious nations, like Bacchus, when he was ſurrounded by tygers, which forgetting their fierceneſs, and drawn by the force of his enchanting voice, came to lick his feet, and to fawn upon him. At firſt there was a profound ſilence through all the army. The commanders looked on one another, unable to withſtand this man, or to conceive who he was. All the troops were motionleſs, and faſtened their eyes upon him, not daring to ſpeak leſt he ſhould have ſomething more to ſay, and they ſhould prevent his being heard Though they could think of nothing to add to what he had ſaid, they wiſhed that he had ſpoken longer. All that he had uttered was as it were engraved on every heart. As he ſpoke, he gained their love, he gained their belief; every one was eager and waiting as it were to catch the leaſt ſyllabe that iſſued from his mouth.

At length, after a pretty long ſilence, there was heard a hollow noiſe that ſpread itſelf by degrees; it was no longer the confuſed clamour of people raging with indignation, but on the contrary a gentle friendly murmur. There was already ſeen in every face I know not what of ſerenity and mildneſs. The Mandurians, who were ſo much irritated, felt that their arms were dropping out of their hands. The fierce Phalantus and his Lacedæmonians were ſurpriſed to find their hearts ſo ſoftened. The reſt began to long for the happy peace which had been diſplayed before them. Philoctetes, having a quicker ſenſe than other by the experience of his own misfortunes, could not ſuppreſs his tears. Neſtor, who was ſo much tranſported with Mentor's diſcourſe as not to be able to ſpeak, tenderly embraced him; and all the people at once, as though it had been an appointed

ed ſignal, immediately cried out, O wiſe old man, you diſarm us! peace! peace!

Neſtor preſently attempted to ſpeak; but all the impatient ſoldiers fearing that he was going to ſtart ſome difficulty or other, cried out once again, Peace! peace! Nor could they be ſilenced 'till all the chiefs of the army joined their cry of peace, peace.

Neſtor ſeeing that he had not the liberty to make a ſpeech in form, contented himſelf with ſaying, You ſee, Mentor, the force of the words of a man of probity. When wiſdom and virtue ſpeak, they calm all the paſſions. Our juſt reſentments are changed into friendship and deſires of a laſting peace; we accept of the peace you offer us. At the ſame time all the commanders held out their hands as a ſign of conſent.

Mentor run to the gate of Salentum to order it to be opened, and to let Idomeneus know that he might come out of the city without uſing any precautions. Neſtor in the mean time embraced Telemachus, ſaying, Amiable ſon of the wiſeſt of all the Greeks, may you be as wiſe and more happy than he. Have you diſcovered nothing of his fortunes? The remembrance of your father, whom you reſemble, has been a means of ſtifling our indignation. Phalantus, though obdurate and ſavage, though he never ſaw Ulyſſes, was moved by his misfortunes and by thoſe of his ſon. They were preſſing Telemachus to relate his adventures, when Mentor returned with Idomeneus and a train of all the Cretan youth.

At the ſight of Idomeneus, the allies felt that their reſentment was kindling again; but the words of Mentor extinguished the fire when it was juſt ready to break out. Why do we delay, ſaid he, to conclude this holy alliance, of which the Gods will be both witneſſes and defenders? May they avenge it, if ever any impious wretch ſhould dare to violate it, and may all the terrible evils of war, inſtead of cruſhing the faithful and innocent people, fall on the perjured and execrable head of the ambitious man who ſhall trample

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trample under foot the ſacred rights of this alliance! May he be deteſted by Gods and men! May he never enjoy the fruits of his perfidy! May the infernal Furies, in the moſt hideous forms, provoke his rage and deſpair! May he drop down dead without hopes of ſepulture! May his body become a prey to dogs and vultures, and may he in hell, in the deep gulph of Tartarus, be for ever more cruelly tortured than Tantalus, Ixion and the Danaids! Or rather, may this peace be as unſhaken as the rocks of Atlas which ſupport the heavens! May all theſe nations revere it, and enjoy its fruits from generation to generation! May the names of thoſe who ſwear to it be mentioned with love and veneration by our lateſt poſterity! May this peace, founded on juſtice and integrity, be the model of every peace which ſhall hereafter be made in all the countries of the world; and may all nations that deſire to make themſelves happy by uniting together, imitate the nations of Heſperia!

This ſaid, Idomeneus and the other kings ſwore to the peace, on the conditions that had been agreed upon. Twelve hoſtages were given on each ſide. Telemachus inſiſts on being one of the number of thoſe given by Idomeneus; but Mentor is not permitted to be one, becauſe the allies deſire that he may remain with Idomeneus, in order to be anſwerable for his conduct and for that of his counſellors, 'till the entire execution of the things which were promiſed. An hundred heifers as white as ſnow were ſacrificed between the city and the army, and as many bulls of the ſame colour, whoſe horns were gilt and adorned with garlands. The neighbouring mountains rung with the frightful bellowings of the victims, which fell beneath the ſacred knife. The ſmoaking blood ſtreamed every where. Exquiſite wine was poured forth in abundance for the libations. The Haruſpices conſulted the yet-panting entrails, and the prieſts burnt incenſe on the altar, which formed a thick cloud, and perfumed the whole country with its odours.

Mean

Mean while the ſoldiers on both ſides, ceaſing to view each other with hoſtile eyes, began to diſcourſe together of their adventures; they already refreshed themſelves after their toils, and had a foretaſte of the ſweets of peace. Several who had been with Idomeneus at the ſiege of Troy, knowing thoſe of Neſtor again who had fought in the ſame war, tenderly embraced each other, and mutually related what had befallen them, ſince they had deſtroyed the haughty city, which was the ornament of all Aſia. They were already laid down on the graſs, were crowned with flowers, and drank the wine together which was brought in large veſſels from the city, to celebrate ſo happy a day.

Of a ſudden Mentor ſaid, O princes, O aſſembled captains, you ſhall henceforth be but one people under different names and different chiefs: So the righteous Gods, who love mankind whom they made, are pleaſed to be the bond of their perfect union. All the human kind is but one family, diſperſed over the face of the whole earth; all men are brothers, and ought to love each other as ſuch. Curſe on thoſe impious wretches who ſeek a cruel glory in the blood of their brothers, which is their own blood! War indeed is ſometimes neceſſary; but it is the ſhame of the human race that it is unavoidable on ſome occaſions. Say not, princes, that it is deſirable in order to acquire glory: true glory is not to be found beyond the limits of humanity. Who prefers his own glory to the feelings of humanity, is a monſter of pride, and not a man: he will not even obtain more than a falſe glory: for true glory is found only in moderation and goodneſs. Men may flatter him to gratify his foolish vanity; but they will always ſay of him in private, when they will ſpeak ſincerely, He merited glory ſo much the leſs, as his paſſion for it was unreaſonable. Mankind ought not to eſteem him, ſince he ſo little eſteemed mankind, and was prodigal of their blood through a brutal vanity. Happy

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the prince who loves his people and is loved by them; who confides in his neighbours, and is confided in by them; who inſtead of making war againſt them, prevents their having wars with each other, and cauſes all foreign nations to envy the happineſs of his ſubjects in having him for their king! Be mindful therefore to aſſemble together from time to time, O you who govern the moſt powerful cities of Heſperia; let there be a general meeting every three years of all the kings here preſent to renew this alliance by a freſh oath, to confirm your plighted friendſhip, and to conſult about your common intereſts. While you continue united, you will enjoy, in this fine country, peace, glory and abundance: abroad you will always be invincible. Nothing but diſcord, which came from hell to plague mankind, can diſturb the felicity which the Gods are preparing for you.

Neſtor replied, You ſee by the readineſs with which we make peace, how far we are from deſiring to make war through vain glory, or an unreaſonable luſt of aggrandizing ourſelves at the expence of our neighbours. But what can we do when we border on a violent prince, who knows no law but his intereſt, and who loſes no opportunity of invading the territories of other ſtates? Think not that I ſpeak of Idomeneus; no, I no longer entertain ſuch a thought of him; it is Adraſtus king of the Daunians, from whom we have every thing to fear. He deſpiſes the Gods, and imagines that all men who are born into the world, are born only to promote his glory by their ſervitude. He will have no ſubjects, of whom he may be the king and the father; he will have ſlaves and adorers. He cauſes divine honours to be paid him. Hitherto blind fortune has favoured his moſt injuſt enterprizes. We made haſte to attack Salentum, to get rid of the weakeſt of our enemies, who had only begun to eſtabliſh himſelf on this coaſt, in order to turn our arms afterwards againſt this more powerful foe. He has

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has already taken ſeveral cities from our allies. The Crotonians have loſt two battles againſt him. He makes uſe of all ſorts of means to gratify his ambition: Force and fraud, all is equal to him, provided he crushes his enemies. He has amaſſed great treaſures; his troops are diſciplined and inured to war; his captains are experienced; he is well ſerved; he continually has his eyes himſelf on all who act under him; he punishes the leaſt faults ſeverely, and liberally recompenſes the ſervices which are done him. His own valour ſupports and animates that of all his troops. He would be a moſt accomplished prince, if juſtice and integrity were the rules of his conduct; but he fears neither the Gods nor the reproaches of his conſcience; he even reckons reputation as nothing; he looks upon it as a vain phantom, which reſtrains only weak minds; he deems nothing a real and ſolid good, but the poſſeſſion of great riches, the being dreaded, and the trampling all mankind under foot. His army will ſoon appear upon our territories; and if the union of ſo many nations does not put us in a condition to oppoſe him, all hopes of liberty will be taken from us. It is Idomeneus's intereſt as well as ours, to reſiſt his neighbour who can ſuffer nothing in his neighbourhood to be free. Were we vanquished, Salentum would be threatened with the ſame fate. Let us all therefore make haſte to prevent him. While Neſtor was ſpeaking thus, they advanced towards the city; for Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal commanders to go and paſs the night there.

End of the Eleventh Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWELFTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Neſtor, in the name of the allies, asks aſſiſtance of Idomeneus againſt the Daunians their enemies. Mentor, who is deſirous to regulate the polity of the city of Salentum, and to inure the people to agriculture, orders matters ſo that they are ſatisfied with having Telemachus at the head of an hundred noble Cretans. After his departure Mentor takes an exact ſurvey of the city and the port, informs himſelf of every thing, and cauſes Idomeneus to make new regulations with regard to trade and government, to divide the people into ſeven claſſes, whoſe rank and birth he diſtinguiſhes by a diverſity of habits, and to ſuppreſs luxury and uſeleſs arts, in order to employ the artificers in agriculture, which he renders honourable.

THE whole army of the allies had now erected their tents, and the plain was covered with rich pavilions of all ſorts of colours, in which the weary Heſperians were waiting for ſleep. When the kings with their retinue were come into the city, they ſeemed ſurpriſed that ſo many magnificent edifices had been raiſed in ſo ſhort a time, and that the incumbrance of ſo conſiderable a war had not hindered

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dered this infant city from riſing and being embellished all at once.

They admired the wiſdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, who had founded ſo fine a kingdom; and every one concluded that peace being made with him, the allies would be very powerful, if he would enter into their league againſt the Daunians. This was propoſed to Idomeneus; he could not reject ſo reaſonable a propoſition, and promiſed a ſupply of troops. But as Mentor was not ignorant of any thing which is neceſſary to make a ſtate flourish, he knew that the forces of Idomeneus could not be ſo conſiderable as they ſeemed to be; he took him aſide, and addreſt him thus:

You ſee that our cares have not been uſeleſs to you. Salentum is preſerved from the evils which threatened her: it will be your own fault if you do not raiſe her glory to the heavens, and equal the wiſdom of your grandfather Minos in the government of your people. I continue to ſpeak to you freely, ſuppoſing that you deſire it, and that you abhor all flattery. While the kings were extolling your magnificence, I was thinking within myſelf of the raſhneſs of your conduct. At the word raſhneſs, Idomeneus's countenance changed, his eyes were diſordered, he reddened, and could hardly help interrupting Mentor, to expreſs his reſentment. Mentor ſaid to him with a modeſt and reſpectful, but free and undaunted voice, I plainly ſee that the word raſhneſs offends you: it would have been wrong in any body but me to have uſed it; for kings ought to be treated with reſpect, and their delicacy tenderly handled even when we reprove them. Truth of itſelf ſhocks them enough without the addition of harſh terms; but I imagined that you could bear me to ſpeak to you without any ſoftenings, in order to ſhow you your error. My deſign was to accuſtom you to hear things called by their name, and to perceive that when others give you advice about your conduct, they never dare to ſpeak all that they think. It is neceſſary, if you would not be deceived,

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always to understand more than they say concerning things, which are not to your advantage. For my part, I will soften my words according to your necessities; but it is useful to you, that a man of no interest or consequence should speak a rough language to you in private. Nobody else will ever presume to do it: you will see the truth but by halves, and under fair disguises.

At these words Idomeneus, who had already recovered his temper, seemed ashamed of his delicacy. You see, said he to Mentor, the effects of an habit of being flattered. To you I owe the safety of my new kingdom, and there is no truth which I shall not think myself happy in hearing from your mouth: but pity a prince who has been poisoned by flattery, and has not been able, even in his misfortunes, to find men generous enough to tell him the truth: No, I have never met with one who loved me enough to displease me, by telling me the whole truth.

As he spoke these words, the tears came into his eyes, and he tenderly embraced Mentor: Upon which that wise old man said, It is with pain that I force myself to say some harsh things to you; but can I betray you by hiding the truth from you? Put yourself in my place. If you have hitherto been deceived, it was because you were willing to be so; it was because you were afraid of counsellors who were too sincere. Have you sought for men who were the most disinterested and the most likely to contradict you? Have you been careful to choose such as were the least assiduous to please you, the least selfish in their conduct, and the best qualified to censure your unreasonable passions and opinions? When you have met with flatterers, have you banished them from your presence? Were you mistrustful of them? did you repose no confidence in them? No, no, you have not done what they do who love truth, and deserve to know it. Let us see if you will now have the courage to be humbled by the truth which condemns you.

I was saying then, that what draws so much applause upon you, deserves to be censured. While you

had so many enemies abroad, who threatened your not yet well established kingdom, you attended to nothing in your new city but the erecting of magnificent buildings. It was that, as you yourself have owned to me, which cost you so many restless nights. You have exhausted your riches; you have not turned your thoughts to the increase of your people, nor to the cultivation of the fertile lands of this coast. Are not these two things, a multitude of good subjects, and well-cultivated lands to maintain them, to be looked upon as the two essential bases of your power? A long peace was necessary at first, to favour the multiplication of your people. You should have applied your thoughts only to agriculture and to the enacting of the wisest laws. Vain ambition has pushed you to the very brink of the precipice. By endeavouring to appear great, you have well nigh ruined your true greatness. Make haste to retrieve these errors; put a stop to all your magnificent buildings? renounce this pomp, which would ruin your new city; let your people breathe in peace, and bend all your thoughts to make them abound, in order to facilitate marriages. Know that you are not a king but in proportion to the subjects which you have to govern; and that your power is to be measured not by the extent of the territories you possess, but by the number of men who inhabit them, and are zealous of obeying you. Possess a fertile though small tract of land; stock it with multitude of laborious and well-disciplined inhabitants, and behave so as to win their affection; and you are more powerful, more happy and more glorious, than all the conquerors who ravage so many kingdoms.

What shall I do then with regard to these kings, replied Idomeneus; Shall I confess my weakness to them? It is true that I have neglected agriculture, and even trade, which is so easy to me on this coast; I have thought only of erecting a magnificent city. Must I therefore my dear Mentor, disgrace myself in an assembly of so many princes, and discover my imprudence? If I must, I will; I will do it without hesitation,

tation, whatever pain it may coſt me; for you have taught me that a true king, who is born for his people, and owes himſelf entirely to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his kingdom to his own reputation.

This ſentiment is worthy of the father of his people, replied Mentor; it is by this goodneſs, and not by the vain magnificence of your city, that I perceive in you the ſoul of a true king. But your honour muſt be ſaved even for the intereſt of your kingdom. Leave this matter to me; I will go and inform theſe kings that you are engaged to eſtabliſh Ulyſſes, if he be ſtill living, or at leaſt his ſon, in the regal ſway of Ithaca, and that you are reſolved to expel from it by force all Penelope's ſuitors. They will eaſily conceive that this war will require a great number of troops, and will therefore conſent to your furniſhing them only with a ſmall ſupply at firſt againſt the Daunians.

At theſe words Idomeneus looked like a man eaſed of an heavy burden. You, my dear friend, ſaid he to Mentor, ſave my honour and the reputation of this riſing city, by concealing my weakneſs from all my neighbours; but what probability would there be in ſaying, that I will ſend troops to Ithaca to eſtabliſh Ulyſſes there, or at leaſt his ſon Telemachus, ſince Telemachus himſelf is engaged to go to the war againſt the Daunians? Be not uneaſy, replied Mentor; I will ſay nothing but the truth. The ſhips which you will ſend to eſtabliſh your trade, ſhall go to the coaſt of Epirus, and do two things at once; they ſhall invite back to your coaſt the foreign merchants whom too high duties keep from Salentum, and endeavour to learn news of Ulyſſes. If he be ſtill living, he cannot be far from the ſeas which divide Greece from Italy, and it is confidently reported that he has been ſeen among the Phœacians. And though there were no hopes of ſeeing him again, your veſſels will do a ſignal piece of ſervice to his ſon, by ſpreading in Ithaca and all the neighbouring countries the terror of the name of the young Telemachus, who is thought to be dead as well as his father. Penelope's wooers will be ſurpriſed to hear that he is

ready to return with the ſuccours of a powerful ally; the Ithacans will not dare to shake off the yoke; Penelope will be comforted, and perſevere in refuſing to make choice of a new husband. Thus will you ſerve Telemachus, while he ſupplies your place among the confederates of this coaſt of Italy againſt the Daunians.

Hereupon Idomeneus cried out, Happy the prince who is ſupported by wiſe counſels! A prudent and faithful friend is of more worth to a king than victorious armies! But doubly happy the king who is ſenſible of his happineſs, and knows how to make his advantage of it by a right uſe of wiſe counſels! For it often happens that he removes from his confidence men of wiſdom and integrity who awe him by their virtue, in order to liſten to flatterers whoſe treachery he does not apprehend. I myſelf have fallen into this error, and I will tell you all the evils which were brought upon me by a falſe friend who flattered my paſſions, in hopes that I in my turn would flatter his.

Mentor eaſily convinced the confederate kings, that Idomeneus ought to charge himſelf with Telemachus's affairs, whilſt he went with them. They were ſatisfied with having the young ſon of Ulyſſes in their army, with an hundred Cretan youths, who were ordered by Idomeneus to accompany him, and were the flower of the young nobility whom the king had brought from Crete. Mentor had adviſed him to ſend them to this war. It is neceſſary, ſaid he, to take care in times of peace to multiply the people; but leſt the whole nation ſhould grow effeminate and ignorant of military affairs, the young nobility muſt be ſent to foreign wars: They will ſuffice to keep up in the whole nation an emulation of glory, a love of arms, a contempt of fatigues and of death itſelf, and a knowledge of the art of war.

The confederate kings departed from Salentum well ſatisfied with Idomeneus, charmed with the wiſdom of Mentor, and overjoyed at taking Telemachus with them. But Telemachus could not moderate his grief when he was to part from his friend.

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friend. Whilſt the allies were taking their leave, and ſwearing to Idomeneus that they would maintain an eternal league with him; Mentor held Telemachus faſt in his arms, and felt himſelf bedewed with his tears. I feel no joy, ſaid Telemachus, in going to acquire glory; I am ſenſible of nothing but the grief of our parting. Methinks I ſee that fatal time again, when the Egyptians ſnatched me out of your arms, and ſent me far from you, without leaving me any hopes of ſeeing you again.

Mentor made a kind reply to theſe words, in order to comfort him. This, ſaid he, is a very different ſeparation; it is voluntary, it will be ſhort; you are going in purſuit of victory. You muſt love me, my ſon, with a leſs tender and more manly affection. Accuſtom yourſelf to my abſence; you will not always have me with you. It muſt be wiſdom and virtue, rather than Mentor's preſence, which ſuggeſt to you what you ought to do.

As she ſpoke theſe words, the Goddeſs, concealed under the form of Mentor, covered Telemachus with her Ægis, and infuſed into him a ſpirit of wiſdom and foreſight, intrepid valour and gentle moderation, which are ſo ſeldom found together. Go, ſaid Mentor, into the midſt of the greateſt dangers, as often as your going into them will be uſeful. A prince diſhonours himſelf more by ſhunning dangers in battles, than by never going to the war. The courage of him who commands others, muſt not be doubtful. If the preſervation of a chief or king be neceſſary to a people, it is ſtill more neceſſary to them that his reputation, as to valour, be unqueſtionable. Remember that he who commands, ought to be a pattern to all others; his example ought to animate the whole army. Fear not, therefore, O Telemachus, any kind of danger, but perish in battle rather than raiſe a doubt of your courage. Flatterers, who will be the moſt eager to hinder you from expoſing yourſelf to danger when it is neceſſary, will be the firſt to accuſe you of cowardice in private, if they find you eaſily with-held

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on theſe occaſions: but then do not go in queſt of needleſs dangers. Valour cannot be a virtue, unleſs it be governed by prudence; it is otherwiſe a ſenſeleſs contempt of life, and a brutal ardor; rash valour is never ſafe. Who is not maſter of himſelf in dangers, is rather fiery than brave; he muſt be beſide himſelf in order to be raiſed above fear, becauſe he cannot get the better of it by the natural temper of his heart. In this condition, if he does not run away, he is at leaſt confounded; he loſes that freedom of mind which is neceſſary to give proper orders, to improve opportunities, to rout the enemy, and to ſerve his country. If he has all the heat of a ſoldier, he has not the diſcretion of a commander: nay, he has not the real courage of a common ſoldier; for the ſoldier is to preſerve in battle that preſence of mind and temper which are neceſſary to obey. Who rashly expoſes himſelf, diſturbs the order and diſcipline of the troops, ſets an example of temerity, and often expoſes the whole army to great diſaſters. They who prefer vain ambition to the ſafety of the common cauſe, deſerve to be punished, and not to be rewarded.

Take heed therefore, my dear ſon, of purſuing glory with too much eagerneſs. The true way to find it is calmly to wait for a favourable opportunity: virtue attracts ſo much the more reverence, as she appears the more plain, the more modeſt, the more averſe to all oſtentation. As the neceſſity of expoſing ourſelves to danger increaſes, we need fresh ſupplies of forecaſt and courage, which continually become greater. For what remains, remember that you muſt not draw upon yourſelf the envy of any man. On your part, be not jealous of the ſucceſs of others; praiſe them for all that merits praiſe, but praiſe them judiciouſly; and relate the good with pleaſure, conceal the ill, and do not even think of it without pain. Be not peremptory before the old commanders, who have the experience which you want; hear

hear them with deference, ask their advice, desire the most able of them to instruct you, and be not ashamed to attribute all your best actions to their instructions. Never listen to discourses which may be designed to excite your diffidence or jealousy of the other commanders. Converse with them with confidence and frankness. If you think they have been wanting in respect to you, unbosom yourself to them, and lay all your reasons before them. If they are capable of perceiving the generosity of such a conduct, you will charm and draw from them every thing which you have any grounds to expect: if, on the contrary, they are not reasonable enough to come into your opinion, your own experience will teach you what injuries may be expected from them; you will take your measures so as not to be again exposed to the danger of having any more disputes with them as long as the war lasts, and will have nothing to reproach yourself withal. But above all, take care not to impart to certain flatterers, who are sowers of dissention, the grounds of the uneasiness which you may think you have against the chiefs of the army you are in. I will stay here, continued Mentor, to assist Idomeneus in the necessity he is under of toiling for the welfare of his people, and to cause him to put the finishing stroke to his reparation of the errors, which ill counsels and flatterers have induced him to commit in this establishment of his new kingdom.

Hereupon Telemachus could not forbear discovering to Mentor some surprise and even some contempt of Idomeneus's conduct; but Mentor rebuked him for it in a severe tone. Are you surprised, said he, that the worthiest men are but men, and betray some remains of the weaknesses of humanity among the innumerable snares and difficulties which are inseparable from royalty? Idomeneus indeed has been bred up in notions of pomp and haughtiness; but what philosopher could have defended himself against flattery, had he been in his place? It is true that he suffered himself to be too much biassed by those in whom he confided; but the wisest princes are often

deceived, whatever precautions they take to prevent it. A king cannot do without miniſters to lighten his burden and to confide in, ſince he cannot do all things himſelf. Beſides, a king is much leſs acquainted than private men with thoſe who are about him; they are always masked in his preſence, and practice all kind of artifices to deceive him. Alas! my dear Telemachus, you will experience this but too much! We find in mankind neither the virtue nor talents which we look for in them. In vain do we ſtudy and ſound them, for we are daily miſtaken in them. Nay, we can never make the beſt of men, ſuch as we want to make them for the public good. They have their prejudices, their inconſiſtencies, their jealouſies; they are rarely to be perſuaded or corrected.

The more people a prince has to govern, the more miniſters he will want, in order to do by them what he cannot do himſelf; and the more men he is obliged to truſt with authority, the more liable he is to be deceived in the choice of them. The man who to-day unmercifully cenſures kings, would to-morrow govern worſe than they, and commit the ſame faults, with others infinitely greater, were he entruſted with the ſame power. A private condition, when it is attended with a little wit and a fluency of ſpeech, hides all natural defects, brightens dazzling talents, and makes a man ſeem worthy of all the poſts to which he is not advanced; but authority brings all qualifications to a ſevere teſt, and diſcovers great imperfections. Greatneſs is like certain glaſſes which magnify all objects; all defects ſeem to grow bigger in thoſe elevated ſtations, where the minuteſt things have important conſequences, and the ſlighteſt over-ſights violent effects. The whole world is hourly employed in obſerving a ſingle man, and in judging him with the utmoſt rigor. They who judge him, have no experience of his condition; they are not ſenſible of the difficulties of it, and require him to be ſo perfect, that they will not permit him to be a man. And yet a king, however good and wiſe he may be, is ſtill a man; his genius has bounds,

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and his virtue alſo; he has humours, paſſions, habits, of which he is not the abſolute maſter. He is beſet with artful and intereſted perſons; he finds not the aſſiſtance he ſeeks for, and falls daily into miſtakes, ſometimes through his own paſſions, and ſometimes through thoſe of his miniſters. Hardly has he repaired one fault, but he relapſes into another. Such is the condition of the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous princes.

The longeſt and beſt reigns are too ſhort and imperfect to rectify in the end the miſtakes which have been inadvertently committed in their beginnings. All theſe miſeries are inherent in a crown. human weakneſs ſinks under ſo heavy a burden; we ſhould pity and excuſe kings. How are they to be pitied in having ſo many men to govern, whoſe wants are infinite, and who give ſo much trouble to thoſe who endeavour to govern them well. To ſpeak freely, men are very much to be pitied in that they are to be governed by a king who is but a man like them; for it would require Gods to reform men. But kings are not leſs to be pitied, ſince being but men, that is weak and imperfect, they are to govern this innumerable multitude of corrupt and deceitful men.

Telemachus replied with ſome warmth, Idomeneus by his own fault loſt the kingdom of his anceſtors in Crete, and but for your counſels he would have loſt a ſecond at Salentum. I own, anſwered Mentor, that he has been guilty of great faults; but look in Greece, and in all the other beſt governed countries, for a prince who has not committed inexcuſable ones. The greateſt men have in their temper, and in the turn of their mind, certain defects which give them a wrong bias, and the moſt praiſe-worthy are they who have the courage to acknowledge and correct their errors. Do you think that Ulyſſes, the great Ulyſſes, your father, who is the pattern of all the kings of Greece, has not likewiſe his weakneſſes and failings? Had not Minerva conducted him ſtep by ſtep, how often would he have ſunk under his dangers and difficulties, when

fortune made him her ſport? How often has Minerva reſtrained him or ſet him right, that she might continually lead him to glory by the path of virtue? Do not even expect, when you ſee him reigning in all his glory in Ithaca, to find him without imperfections; you will undoubtedly ſee ſome in him. Greece, Aſia, and the iſlands of every ſea, have admired him notwithſtanding theſe failings; a thouſand admirable qualities cauſe them to be forgotten. You will be very happy in having an opportunity to admire him alſo, and continually to ſtudy him as a pattern.

Accuſtom yourſelf, Telemachus, not to expect from the greateſt men more than humanity is able to perform. Inexperienced youth gives a looſe to preſumptuous cenſures, which give it a diſguſt of all the examples which it ought to follow, and brings it into an incurable ſtate of indocility. You ought not only to love, reſpect, and imitate your father, though he be not perfect, but you ought alſo to have an high eſteem for Idomeneus. Notwithſtanding all that I have blamed in him, he is naturally ſincere, upright, equitable, liberal, beneficent; his valour is perfect; he deteſts fraud when he perceives it, and follows the real diſpoſition of his heart. All his external qualifications are great and adequate to his ſtation. His ingenuity in owning his miſtakes, his good nature, his patience in ſuffering me to ſay the harſheſt things to him, his reſolution to do himſelf the violence of a public reparation of his errors, and thereby to place himſelf above the cenſures of men, diſcover a truly great ſoul. Good luck, or the advice of others, may preſerve a man of a very mean capacity from ſome particular faults; but an extraordinary virtue only can engage a king, ſo long ſeduced by flattery, to rectify his errors: it is much more glorious thus to riſe again than never to have fallen. Idomeneus has committed the faults which almoſt all princes commit, but no prince does what he has done to correct himſelf. For my part I could not forbear admiring him, at the ſame time that he permitted me to contradict him. Do you admire him alſo, my

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dear Telemachus; it is leſs for his reputation than your benefit, that I give you this advice.

By this diſcourſe Mentor made Telemachus ſenſible, what danger there is of being unjuſt, when we ſuffer ourſelves to paſs ſevere cenſures on others, eſpecially on thoſe who are charged with the cares and intricacies of government. He afterwards ſaid to him, It is time for you to depart; farewell. I will wait for you here, my dear Telemachus! Remember that they who fear the Gods, have nothing to fear from men. You will be in the greateſt dangers, but know that Minerva will never forſake you.

At theſe words Telemachus thought that he felt the preſence of the Goddeſs, and he would certainly have known that it was Minerva who was ſpeaking in order to fill him with confidence, if the Goddeſs had not recalled the idea of Mentor by ſaying; Forget not, my ſon, all the pains which I have taken in your infancy, to make you as wiſe and valiant as your father. Do nothing which is unworthy of his great example, and the virtuous maxims which I have endeavoured to inſtil into you.

The ſun was riſing, and gilt the tops of the mountains, when the kings went out of Salentum and rejoined their troops, which had encamped about the city, and now began to march under their commanders. On all ſides were ſeen the heads of briſtling pikes; the flaſhing of the ſhields dazzled the eye, and a cloud of duſt aſcended to the heavens. Idomeneus and Mentor conducted the confederate princes from the city to the plain. At length they parted, having interchanged the marks of a true friendſhip; and the allies no longer doubted that the peace would be laſting, now they knew the good diſpoſition of Idomeneus's heart, which had been repreſented to them very different from what it was, becauſe a judgment had been formed of him not from his natural temper, but from the flattering and unjuſt counſels to which he had given himſelf up.

After the army was gone, Idomeneus led Mentor into every quarter of the city. Let us ſee, ſaid Mentor,

tor, how many men you have both in the city and in the country; let us number them, and examine how many husbandmen you have amongſt them. Let us ſee how much corn, wine, oil, and other uſeful things your lands produce in the leſs fruitful years. By this means we ſhall know whether the country furniſhes wherewithal to ſubſiſt all its inhabitants, and whether it yields a ſurplus beſides to carry on a profitable trade with foreign nations. Let us enquire likewiſe into the number of your ſhips and ſeamen; it is by them that an eſtimate muſt be made of your power. He viſited the port, went on board every particular ſhip, and informed himſelf to what country every veſſel traded; what merchandiſe it carried out, what it took in return, and what was the expence of its voyage; what were the loans of merchants to each other; what companies they formed amongſt themſelves, to know if they were equitable and faithfully managed; and laſtly what were the hazards of ſhipwreck and other miſchances of trade, in order to prevent the ruin of merchants, who through a greedineſs of gain often undertake things which are above their abilities.

He appointed ſevere punishments for all bankruptcies, becauſe thoſe which are not fraudulent are almoſt always cauſed by raſh undertakings. At the ſame time he laid down rules to make it eaſy to prevent them. He appointed magiſtrates to whom the merchants gave an account of their effects, profits, expences and enterpriſes. They were never permitted to riſk the goods of others, nor could they riſk more than a moiety even of their own. Again, what they could not undertake ſingly, they undertook in companies; and the laws of theſe companies were inviolable, by the ſevere punishment appointed for thoſe who ſhould not obſerve them. Moreover, trade was entirely free, and ſo far from being cramped by taxes, that rewards were promiſed to all merchants who could draw the commerce of any new nation to Salentum.

People therefore quickly flocking hither from all parts, the trade of this city reſembled the flowing and

and ebbing of the ſea, and riches poured into it, as the waves roll one upon another. Every thing here was imported and exported free of all duties. All that came in was uſeful; all that went out, left behind it other riches in its room. Strict juſtice preſided in the port in the midſt of ſo many nations. Frankneſs, integrity, candour, from the top of theſe lofty towers ſeemed to invite hither the merchants of the remoteſt countries. Every one of theſe merchants, whether he came from the eaſtern ſhore, where the ſun daily ſprings from the boſom of the deep, or from the vaſt ocean, where, tired with his courſe, he extinguiſhes his flames, lived in the ſame peace and ſafety at Salentum as in his own country.

As for the inſide of the city, Mentor viſited all the magazines, all the tradeſmens ſhops, and all public places. He prohibited all foreign commodities which might introduce pomp and luxury. He regulated the apparel, food, furniture, dimenſions and ornaments of the houſes for all the different conditions. He baniſhed all ornaments of gold and ſilver, and ſaid to Idomeneus; I know but one way to make your ſubjects frugal in their expences, which is to ſet them an example of it yourſelf. It is neceſſary for you to have a certain majeſty in your appearance; but your authority will be ſufficiently denoted by your guards, and the attendance of your principal officers. Be ſatisfied therefore with a purple robe of ſuperfine wool; let the officers of ſtate next to you be clad in the ſame wool, and all the difference conſiſt in the colour, and a ſmall embroidery of gold on the border of your own robe. Different colours will ſerve to diſtinguiſh the different conditions, without your having any need of gold, ſilver or precious ſtones. Regulate the conditions by their birth. Place in the firſt rank thoſe of the moſt ancient and noble deſcent. Such as have the merit and authority of places will be well ſatisfied to come next to theſe ancient and illuſtrious families, who have ſo long been in the poſſeſſion of the firſt honours. Men who are not ſo nobly born, will readily give place to them, provided you accuſtom

cuſtom them not to forget their former conditions in a too high and a too ſudden elevation, and praiſe the moderation of thoſe who are humble and modeſt in proſperity. The diſtinction which excites the leaſt envy, is that which proceeds from a long ſeries of anceſtors.

As for virtue, it will be ſufficiently excited, and men will be eager enough to ſerve the ſtate, provided you beſtow crowns and ſtatues on illuſtrious actions, and make them the ſource of nobility to the children of thoſe who perform them.

Perſons of the firſt rank after you may be clad in white, with a gold fringe at the bottom of their garments. They may wear a gold ring on their finger, and a gold medal with your effigy on their neck. Thoſe of the ſecond rank may be clad in blue, and have a ſilver fringe and the ring, but no medal. The third in green, without the ring and fringe, but with the medal. The fourth in yellow. The fifth in a pale red or roſe-colour. The ſixth in a changeable white and red. The ſeventh, which will conſiſt of the loweſt of the people, in a mixture of white and yellow.

Let theſe be the habits of the ſeven different degrees of freemen; the ſlaves may be cloathed in a dark grey. Thus without any expence will every one be diſtinguished according to his rank, and all arts which only ſerve to cherish pride and vanity, will be banished from Salentum. All the artiſts who may be employed in theſe pernicious arts, will be uſeful in the neceſſary arts which are few in number, or in trade, or agriculture. No change muſt ever be ſuffered either in the ſort of the cloth or fashion of the cloaths; for it is unworthy of men, deſtined to a ſerious and noble life, to amuſe themſelves with contriving affected attire, or to ſuffer their wives, in whom theſe amuſements would be leſs ſcandalous, ever to be guilty of this extravagance.

Mentor, like a skilful gardener, who lops off the uſeleſs branches of fruit-trees, did thus endeavour to ſuppreſs pomp and vanity which corrupted their manners; he brought every thing back to a noble and fru-

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gal ſimplicity. He likewiſe regulated the food of the citizens and ſlaves. What a ſhame, ſaid he, that men of the higheſt rank ſhould make their greatneſs conſiſt in ragours, whereby they enervate their minds, and continually ruin the health of their bodies! They ought to make their happineſs conſiſt in their temperance, in their power to do good to others, and in the reputation which their good actions will procure them. Temperance renders the plaineſt food very agreeable; it is that which beſtows the moſt vigorous health, and the pureſt and moſt laſting pleaſures. Your repaſts therefore muſt be confined to the beſt meats, but dreſt without any ſauces: the art of irritating mens appetites beyond their real wants, is an art of poiſoning them.

Idomeneus was very ſenſible that he had been wrong in ſuffering the inhabitants of his new city to ſoften and corrupt their manners, by violating all the laws of Minos concerning ſobriety: But the wiſe Mentor let him know that the laws themſelves though they were revived, would be uſeleſs, if the example of the king did not give them a ſanction which they could not derive from any thing elſe. Whereupon Idomeneus regulated his table; admitting nothing to it but excellent bread, a little wine of the growth of the country, which is ſtrong and pleaſant, and ſuch plain food as he uſed to eat with the other Greeks at the ſiege of Troy. Nobody preſumed to complain of a law which the king impoſed upon himſelf; and ſo every one retrenched the ſuperfluities and delicacies in which they began to plunge themſelves at their repaſts.

Mentor afterwards ſuppreſſed ſoft and effeminate muſic which corrupted all the youth. Nor did he with leſs ſeverity condemn the Bacchanalian muſic, which is little leſs inebriating than wine, and is productive of riots, debauchery, and lewdneſs. He confined all muſic to the feſtivals in the temples, there to celebrate the praiſes of the Gods, and of heroes who had left examples of the moſt extraordinary virtues. Nor did he but for the temples allow of the grand ornaments

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ments of architecture, such as columns, pediments, porticoes. He drew plain and beautiful plans for building an house, that was pleasant and commodious for a numerous family, on a small spot of ground; always taking care that the situation of it was healthful, that the apartments were independent on each other, that its œconomy and neatness might be easily preserved, and that it might be repaired at a small expence. He ordered that every house which was at all considerable, should have an hall and a little peristyle, with small rooms for all persons that were free; but he prohibited under severe penalties superfluous and magnificent apartments. These different models of houses, according to the largeness of each family, served to embellish one part of the city at a small expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other, already finished according to the caprice and vanity of private persons, was disposed, notwithstanding its magnificence, in a less agreeable and less commodious manner. This new city was built in a very short time; because the neighbouring coast of Greece furnished good architects, and a very great number of masons were sent for from Epirus, and several other countries, on condition that after they had finished their works, they should settle about Salentum, should take lands to clear there, and help to people the country.

Painting and sculpture appeared to Mentor to be arts which it was not right to lay aside; but he ordered that very few should be permitted to apply themselves to these arts at Salentum. He founded a school, wherein presided masters of an exquisite taste who examined the young students. There must, said he, be nothing low or lifeless in arts which are not absolutely necessary, and of consequence none ought to be admitted to study them but youths who have a promising genius, and who bid fair to arrive at perfection. Others who are born for less noble arts, may be usefully employed in the ordinary services of the republic. Sculptors and painters should never be made use of but to preserve the memory of great men and great actions; and it is in public edifices and places of burial,

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rial, that the repreſentations ought to be preſerved of what perſons of extraordinary virtue have performed for the ſervice of their country. However Mentor's moderation and frugality did not hinder him from authoriſing all thoſe large ſtructures which are deſtined for horſe and chariot-races, wreſtling, combats of the cæſtus, and all other exerciſes which improve the body, and render it more active and vigorous.

He ſuppreſt a prodigious number of tradeſmen who ſold wrought ſtuffs of remote countries, embroideries of an exceſſive price, gold and ſilver vaſes emboſſed with figures of Gods, men and animals; and liquors and perfumes. He ordered alſo that the furniture of every houſe ſhould be plain, and made ſo as to laſt a long while. So that the Salentines, who uſed to complain loudly of their poverty, began to be ſenſible what a ſuperfluity of riches they had. But they were falſe riches which made them poor, and they became really rich, in proportion to their reſolution to ſtrip themſelves of them. It is enriching ourſelves, ſaid they, to deſpiſe ſuch riches as drain the ſtate, and to leſſen our wants by reducing them to the real neceſſities of our nature.

Mentor made haſte to viſit the arſenals and all the magazines, to ſee if the arms, and all the other things which are neceſſary to war, were in a good condition. For one muſt, ſaid he, be always ready to make war, in order never to be reduced to the misfortune of making it. He found that ſeveral things were wanting every where. Whereupon he aſſembled artificers to work in iron, ſteel and braſs. Burning forges were ſeen to riſe, and whirlwinds of ſmoke and flames, like the fiery eruptions of mount Etna. The hammer rung on the anvil that groaned beneath its reiterated ſtrokes, which the neighbouring mountains and ſea-ſhores reſounded. One would have thought one's ſelf in that iſland, where Vulcan, animating the Cyclops, forges thunder-bolts for the father of the Gods; and one ſaw all the preparations of war made by a wiſe foreſight during a profound peace.

Mentor

Mentor afterwards went out of the city with Idomeneus, and found a great extent of fertile lands which remained uncultivated. Others were only half cultivated through the negligence or poverty of the husbandmen, who wanting hands and cattle, wanted resolution and the means of bringing agriculture to its perfection. Mentor seeing this desolate country, said to the king, The soil here is ready to enrich the inhabitants, but the inhabitants are not sufficient for the soil. Let us therefore take all the superfluous artificers in the city, whose trades would only corrupt good manners, and employ them to cultivate these plains and hills. It is a misfortune that these men, who have been trained up to professions which require a sedentary life, are not inured to labour; but here is a way to remedy this. The occupied lands must be divided amongst them, and the neighbouring people, who will do the hardest work under them, called to their assistance. And those people will do this, provided suitable rewards are promised them out of the produce of the lands they clear. They may afterwards possess a part of them, and so be incorporated with your own subjects, who are not numerous enough. If they are laborious and obedient to the laws, they will prove as good subjects as any you have, and increase your power. Your city artificers, being transplanted into the country, will train up their children to the toils and hardships of a country life. Besides, all the masons of foreign countries, who are at work in building your city, are engaged to clear part of your lands, and to become husbandmen; incorporate them with your own people as soon as they have finished their works in the city. These workmen will be overjoyed to pass their lives under a government which is now become so mild. As they are robust and laborious, their example will be a spur to the industry of the tradesmen, who will be transplanted from the city to the country, and with whom they will be intermixt. In process of time the whole country will be peopled with families that are vigorous, and addicted to agriculture.

For

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For what remains, be not in pain with regard to the multiplication of theſe people; they will ſoon become innumerable, provided you facilitate marriages. Now the way to facilitate them is very plain. Almoſt all men have an inclination to marry, and nothing but poverty hinders them from it. If you do not load them with taxes, they will eaſily live with their wives and children; for the earth is not ungrateful; ſhe always maintains with her fruits thoſe who carefully cultivate her, and refuſes them to none but ſuch as are afraid to beſtow their labour upon her. The more children husbandmen have, the richer they are, if the prince does not impoverish them; for their children from their tendereſt youth begin to aſſiſt them. The youngeſt tend the sheep in the paſtures; others who are more advanced in years, look after the herds, and the oldeſt go to plough with their fathers. Mean-time the mother with the reſt of the family prepares a plain repaſt for her husband and her dear children againſt they return, fatigued with the toils of the day; ſhe milks her cows and her sheep, which pour whole rivers into her pails; ſhe makes a good fire, about which the harmleſs peaceful family divert themſelves with ſinging every evening till the time of ſoft repoſe; ſhe prepares cheeſes, cheſnuts, and preſerved fruits as freſh as if they were juſt gathered.

The shepherd returns with his pipe, and ſings to the aſſembled family the new ſongs which he has learnt in the neighbouring hamlets. The husbandman comes in with his plough, and his weary oxen advance, hanging down their heads, with a ſlow and tardy pace, notwithſtanding the goad which urges them on. All the evils of labour end with the day. The poppies, which ſleep by the command of the Gods sheds over the earth, ſooth all gloomy cares by their charms, and hold all nature in a ſweet enchantment; every one ſleeps without anticipating the cares of the morrow. Happy thoſe unambitious, miſtruſtleſs, artleſs people, provided the Gods give them a good king who does not diſturb their innocent joys! But how horribly inhuman, to ravish from them,

them, through motives of pride and ambition, the ſweet fruits of the earth, for which they are indebted only to the bounty of nature, and the ſweat of their brows! Nature alone out of her own fruitful boſom would draw all that is neceſſary for an infinite number of temperate and laborious men? but the pride and luxury of particular perſons reduce multitudes of others to a frightful ſtate of indigence.

What ſhall I do, ſaid Idomeneus, if theſe people whom I ſhall diſperſe over a fertile country, neglect to cultivate it? Do, replied Mentor, quite the contrary of what is commonly done. Rapacious and unthinking princes make it their ſtudy to load thoſe of their ſubjects with taxes, who are moſt diligent and induſtrious to improve their eſtates, becauſe they hope to be paid by them with the greateſt eaſe; and they at the ſame time lay lighter burdens on thoſe whom their own idleneſs renders more indigent. Invert this evil method, which oppreſſes the good, rewards vice, and introduces a ſupineneſs as fatal to the king himſelf as to the whole ſtate. Lay taxes, mulcts, and even other ſevere penalties, if neceſſary, on thoſe who neglect their eſtates, juſt as you would punish ſoldiers who ſhould forſake their poſt in war. On the contrary, grant favours and exemptions to growing families, and increaſe them in proportion to their diligence in cultivating their lands. Their families will quickly multiply, and they will all ſpirit up each other to labour, which will even become honourable. The profeſſion of an husbandman, being no longer born down by its numerous preſſures, will be no longer deſpiſed. The plough will be again eſteemed and held by victorious hands which have ſaved their country. It will not be leſs glorious for a man to cultivate the patrimony of his anceſtors during an happy peace, than to have bravely defended it in the troubles of war. The whole country will bloom again. Ceres will wear her crown of golden ears; Bacchus, preſſing the grapes beneath his feet, will cauſe rivers of wine, ſweeter than Nectar, to ſtream down the ſides of the mountains; the hollow valleys will echo

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echo with the concerts of ſwains, who beſides tranſparent brooks, will unite their pipes and their voices, while their skippings flocks, fearleſs of wolves, crop the flowery herbage.

Will you not be exceedingly happy, Idomeneus, in being the ſource of ſo many bleſſings, and in cauſing ſo many people to live under the ſhelter of your name in ſuch a delightful tranquillity? is not this glory more affecting than that of ravaging the earth, and ſpreading every where, almoſt as much at home, even in the midſt of victories, as among vanquiſhed foreigners, ſlaughter, confuſion, dejection, horror, conſternation, cruel famine and deſpair?

Happy the king, who is ſo beloved of the Gods, and has a ſoul great enough to attempt thus to become the delight of his people, and to preſent to all ages ſo charming a proſpect in his reign! The whole earth, inſtead of fighting againſt his power, would throw itſelf at his feet, and beſeech him to reign over it.

Idomeneus anſwered, But when the people ſhall thus live in peace and plenty, pleaſures will corrupt them, and they will turn againſt me the very arms with which I had furniſhed them. Be not afraid, ſaid Mentor, of this inconvenience; it is only a pretence which is conſtantly alledged, to flatter prodigal princes who are deſirous to load their people with taxes, and it may be eaſily remedied. The laws which we have juſt eſtabliſhed relating to agriculture, will render the life of your ſubjects laborious; and they will have neceſſaries only in the midſt of their abundance, becauſe we ſuppreſs all ſuch arts as furniſh ſuperfluities: Nay, this very abundance will be leſſened by facilitating marriages and by the great increaſe of families. Every family being numerous, and having but little land, will be obliged to cultivate it with inceſſant labour. It is luxury and idleneſs which make people inſolent and rebellious. They will have bread indeed, and enough of it; but they will have nothing but the bread and the fruits which their own lands produce, and they earn with the ſweat of their brows.

To keep your people in this moderation, you muſt forth-

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forthwith ſettle the extent of ground which each family ſhall poſſeſs. You know that we have divided all your ſubjects into ſeven claſſes, according to their different conditions. Now no family in any claſs muſt be allowed to poſſeſs more land than is abſolutely neceſſary to maintain the perſons of whom it is compoſed. This rule being inviolable, the nobles will not be able to make purchaſes from the poor: all will have lands; but each will have but very little, and be thereby excited to cultivate it well. If in length of time lands ſhould be wanting at home, you may ſettle colonies abroad, which would extend the limits of this ſtate.

I think alſo that you ought to take care not to let wine become too common in your kingdom. If too many vines have been planted, they muſt be plucked up. Wine is the ſource of the greateſt evils among the people; it is the cauſe of diſeaſes, quarrels, ſeditions, idleneſs, an averſion to labour, and family diſorders. Let wine therefore be preſerved as a kind of cordial, or very choice liquor that is uſed only in ſacrifices and on very extraordinary feſtivals; but expect not to make ſo important a rule to be obſerved, unleſs you yourſelf ſet an example of it. Moreover, you muſt cauſe the laws of Minos, relating to the education of children, to be inviolably obſerved. Public ſchools muſt be eſtabliſhed, in which they muſt be taught to fear the Gods, to love their country, to reverence the laws, and to prefer honour to pleaſures and to life itſelf.

Magiſtrates muſt be appointed to have an eye upon families and the manners of private perſons. Have an eye upon them yourſelf, for you are not the king, that is the ſhepherd of your people, but to watch over your flock both night and day. Thereby you will prevent an infinite number of diſorders and crimes. Thoſe which you cannot prevent, puniſh immediately with ſeverity. It is clemency to make examples at firſt which may ſtop the tide of iniquity. By a little blood ſhed in due time, a great deal is afterwards ſaved, and it makes a prince feared without being often ſevere. But how deteſtable a maxim is it for him to think to find his ſafety only in the oppreſſion of his people? Not to inſtruct them,

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them, not to guide them to virtue, not to make himſelf beloved by them, to terrify them into deſpair, to lay them under the dreadful neceſſity either not to breathe with freedom, or to ſhake off the yoke of his tyrannical ſway; is this, I ſay, the way to reign eaſy? Is this the path which leads to glory?

Remember that the countries in which the power of the ſovereign is moſt abſolute, are thoſe where the ſovereigns are leaſt powerful. They ſeize, they ruin every thing, they alone poſſeſs the whole ſtate; but then the whole ſtate languiſhes. The fields are untilled and almoſt deſert, the cities dwindle away daily, the ſprings of trade are dried up, and the king, who cannot be a king himſelf, and who is great but by means of his people, waſtes away gradually by the inſenſible waſting away of his ſubjects, from whom he derives his riches and power. His kingdom is drained of money and men, and this laſt loſs is the greateſt and the moſt irreparable. His abſolute power makes as many ſlaves as he has ſubjects: they flatter him, they ſeem to adore him, they tremble at the leaſt glance of his eyes: but when the leaſt revolution happens, this monſtrous power, which was carried to too violent an exceſs, cannot continue. It has no reſource in the hearts of the people: it has wearied out and provoked the whole body politick; it conſtrains all the members of that body to pant after a change. At the firſt blow that is given it, the idol is thrown down, dashed in pieces, and trampled under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, reſentment, ſuſpicion, in ſhort, all the paſſions unite againſt ſo odious a power. The king who in his vain proſperity did not find a ſingle man bold enough to tell him the truth, will not find in his misfortunes a ſingle man who deigns to excuſe him, or to defend him againſt his enemies.

After this diſcourſe, Idomeneus at Mentor's perſuaſion made haſte to diſtribute the waſte lands, to ſtock them with the uſeleſs artificers, and to execute every thing that had been reſolved upon; reſerving only for the maſons the lands which he had allotted to them, and which they could not cultivate 'till they had finiſhed their works in the city.

End of the Twelfth Book.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the THIRTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus relates to Mentor his confidence in Proteſilaus, and the artifices of this favourite, who had conſpired with Timocrates to deſtroy Philocles, and to betray Idomeneus himſelf. He owns that being prejudiced by theſe two Men againſt Philocles, he had ordered Timocrates to go and kill him in an expedition wherein he commanded his fleet; that Timocrates having failed in his attempt, Philocles had ſpared his life, and retired to the iſle of Samos, after having reſigned the command of the fleet to Polymenes, whom Idomeneus had appointed to ſucceed him by an order under his own hand; and that notwithſtanding Proteſilaus's treachery, he could not prevail on himſelf to part with him.

AND now the fame of Idomeneus's mild and gentle reign allures from all parts crowds of people who come to incorporate themſelves with his, and to ſeek their happineſs under ſo amiable a government. Already the fields, which had been ſo long over-run with thorns and brambles, promiſe rich harveſts and fruits till then unknown; the earth opens her boſom to the plough-ſhare, and

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prepares her riches to recompenſe the husbandman; hope dawns every where. Flocks of sheep are ſeen bounding on the graſs in the valleys and on the hills, and herds likewiſe of bulls and heifers that make the lofty mountains echo with their lowings: Theſe cattle fattened the fields. Mentor found the means of procuring them; for he adviſed Idomeneus to make with the Peucetes, a neighbouring nation, an exchange of all the ſuperfluous things which were no longer ſuffered in Salentum, for theſe flocks and herds which the Salentines wanted.

At the ſame time the city and adjacent villages were full of lovely youths, who had long languiſhed in want, and had not dared to marry for fear of increaſing their miſeries. When they ſaw that Idomeneus entertained ſentiments of humanity, and was willing to be their father, they were no more apprehenſive of hunger, or any other plagues which heaven inflicts on the earth. Nothing was now heard but ſhouts of joy, and the ſongs of ſwains and husbandmen celebrating their nuptials: Inſomuch that one would have thought one had ſeen the God Pan with multitudes of Satyrs and Fauns interſperſed among the Nymphs, and dancing to their tuneful flutes in the ſhade. All was ſerene and ſmiling: but their joys were moderate, and their pleaſures only a refreſhment after long fatigues, which quickened and made them the purer.

The old men, ſurpriſed to ſee what they durſt not hope for in the whole courſe of their long lives, wept through an exceſs of joy and love; and lifting up their trembling hands to heaven, O great Jupiter, ſaid they, bleſs the king who reſembles you, and is the choiceſt preſent you ever beſtowed upon us. He is born for the good of mankind; return him all the bleſſings we receive from him. Our children's children, deſcended from theſe marriages which he encourages, will owe every thing, even their very birth to him, and he will truly be the father of all his ſubjects. The lads and laſſes who married, expreſſed their

their raptures by ſinging the praiſes of the author of their ravishing joys. Their mouths, and their hearts ſtill more, were inceſſantly filled with his name; they thought themſelves happy in ſeeing, and were apprehenſive of loſing him; for every family would bitterly have bewailed his loſs.

Upon this, Idomeneus owned to Mentor that he had never felt ſo ſenſible a pleaſure as that of being beloved, and of making ſo many people happy. I could not have believed it, ſaid he; I thought that all the grandeur of princes conſiſted in making themſelves feared; that the reſt of mankind were born for them; and all I had heard of kings who were the darlings and delight of their people, ſeemed a meer fable to me: I am now convinced that it was truth. But I muſt inform you how my heart was poiſoned in my very infancy with regard to regal authority, which was the cauſe of all the misfortunes of my life. Hereupon Idomeneus began the following narration:

Proteſilaus, who is a little older than I, was of all the young men he whom I loved the moſt: his ſprightly daring temper hit my taſte. He entered into my pleaſures, he flattered my paſſions, and made me ſuſpicious of another young man, whoſe name was Philocles, whom I likewiſe loved. The latter feared the Gods, had a great ſoul, and commanded his paſſions; he placed greatneſs not in raiſing but in conquering himſelf, and in doing nothing mean. He often told me freely of my faults; and even when he durſt not ſpeak, his ſilence and the grief of his countenance gave me ſufficiently to underſtand what he meant to reproach me with.

At firſt his ſincerity pleaſed me. I often proteſted to him, that I would hear and confide in him as long as I lived, in order to be preſerved from flatterers. He told me all that I muſt do to tread in the ſteps of Minos, and to render my kingdom happy. He had not ſo profound a wiſdom as you, Mentor; But I now perceive that his maxims were good. By

degrees the artifices of Proteſilaus, who was jealous and very ambitious, gave me a diſguſt of Philocles. The latter not being forward or officious, ſuffered the other to get the aſcendant, and was contented with always telling me the truth, when I was willing to hear it; for it was my good, and not his own advancement that he ſought.

Proteſilaus inſenſibly perſuaded me that he was a perſon of a moroſe and haughty temper, who cenſured all my actions, and asked nothing of me, becauſe his pride would not let him ſtoop to be obliged, and made him aſpire to the reputation of a man who is above all preferments. He added, that this young man, who told me ſo freely of my failings, ſpoke of them as freely to others; that he let people ſee that he had very little eſteem for me; and that by thus leſſening my reputation, and by making a ſhew of an auſtere virtue, he ſought to open himſelf a way to the throne.

At firſt I could not believe that Philocles had any ſuch deſign; for there is in true virtue a certain candour and ingenuity which can neither be counterfeited nor miſtaken, provided we conſider it with attention. The perſeverance however of Philocles in condemning my weakneſſes began to tire me; and Proteſilaus's complaiſance and unwearied diligence in finding me new pleaſures, made me ſtill more impatiently bear with the auſterity of the other.

Mean time Proteſilaus, unable to brook my not crediting all his inſinuations againſt his rival, reſolved to ſpeak to me no more about him, but to convince me of their truth by ſomething ſtronger than words. He accomplished his deſign of deceiving me in the following manner. He adviſed me to ſend Philocles to command a fleet which was to attack that of Carpathus. In order to induce me to it, You know, ſaid he, that my commendations of him cannot be ſuſpected; I own that he has courage, and a genius for war; he will ſerve you better than any man, and I prefer your intereſt to all my reſentment againſt him.

I was

I was extremely glad to find Proteſilaus's heart, to whom I had intruſted the adminiſtration of my moſt important affairs, ſo upright and juſt. I embraced him in a tranſport of joy, and thought myſelf exceedingly happy in having repoſed all my confidence in one who ſeemed ſo much above paſſion and ſelf-intereſt. But alas! how greatly are princes to be pitied! This man knew me better than I knew myſelf: He knew that kings are uſually ſuſpicious and indolent; ſuſpicious through their continual experience of the artifices of the corrupt perſons about them; and indolent, becauſe pleaſure tyranniſe over them, and they are habituated to have others to think for them, without taking the trouble of it themſelves. He was ſenſible therefore that it would not be difficult for him to make me ſuſpicious and jealous of a man who would not fail to perform great actions, eſpecially as his abſence would give him all opportunities of ſpreading ſnares for him.

Philocles at his departure foreſaw what would befall him. Remember, ſaid he, that I ſhall no longer have it in my power to defend myſelf; that my adverſary only will have your ear; and that while I am ſerving you at the hazard of my life, I ſhall run the risk of having no recompenſe but your diſpleaſure. You are miſtaken, ſaid I; Proteſilaus does not ſpeak of you as you do of him; He praiſes you, he eſteems you, he thinks you worthy of the moſt important employments. Should he offer to ſay any thing againſt you, he would loſe my confidence. Fear nothing, go your ways, and mind only to ſerve me well. He departed, and left me in a ſtrange ſituation.

I muſt confeſs, Mentor, that I plainly ſaw how neceſſary it was for me to have ſeveral perſons to conſult, and that nothing was more prejudicial either to my reputation or the proſperity of my affairs, than to give myſelf up to one only. I had experienced that the wiſe counſels of Philocles had ſaved me from ſeveral dangerous errors, into which Proteſilaus's haughtineſs would have made me fall. I clearly per-

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ceived that there was in Philocles a fund of probity and juſt principles, which was not ſo viſible in Proteſilaus; but I had ſuffered the latter to aſſume a certain peremptory air, which I now could hardly reſiſt. I was tired with being continually between two men whom I could not reconcile; and in this irkſome ſituation was ſo weak as to chooſe rather to run the risk of prejudicing my affairs, than not to enjoy my liberty. I durſt not even tell myſelf the shameful motive of this reſolution; and yet this shameful motive, which I dared not diſcover, operated ſecretly in the bottom of my heart, and was the true ſpring of all my actions.

Philocles ſurpriſed the enemy, obtained a compleat victory, and was haſtening to return, in order to prevent the ill offices of which he was apprehenſive. But Proteſilaus, who had not yet had time to deceive me, wrote him word that I ordered him to make a deſcent on the iſle of Carpathus, to reap the fruits of his victory. And indeed he had perſuaded me that I might eaſily make a conqueſt of that iſland; but then he managed matters ſo, that Philocles wanted ſeveral things which were neceſſary to ſuch an enterpriſe, and tied him down to certain orders which occaſioned various diſappointments in the execution of it.

Mean while he made uſe of a very corrupt domeſtic of mine, who took notice of the minuteſt things, to give him an account of them; though they appeared ſeldom to ſee each other, and never to agree in any thing. This domeſtic, whoſe name was Timocrates, came one day to tell me as an important ſecret, that he had diſcovered a very dangerous affair. Philocles, ſaid he, deſigns to make uſe of your naval forces to render himſelf king of the iſland of Carpathus. The commanders of the troops are his creatures; all the ſoldiers are won over by his profuſe liberalities, and yet more by the pernicious licentiouſneſs in which he permits them to live. He is puffed up with his victory. Here is a letter he wrote to one of his friends about his project of making himſelf

himſelf king, which it is impoſſible to doubt of after ſo evident a proof.

I read the letter, and it ſeemed to me to be Philocles's hand, which Proteſilaus and Timocrates had counterfeited with great exactneſs. This letter threw me into a ſtrange ſurpriſe. I read it again and again; and could not perſuade myſelf that it was written by Philocles, when I recalled to my troubled mind all the ſtrong proofs he had given me of his diſintereſtedneſs and integrity. And yet what could I do? how could I not credit a letter, in which I thought I certainly knew the hand-writing of Philocles?

When Timocrates ſaw that I could no longer withſtand his artifice, he puſhed it yet further. May I preſume, ſaid he, with ſome heſitation, to deſire you to take notice of one particular in this letter? Philocles tells his friend that he may talk in confidence with Proteſilaus concerning ſomething which he expreſſes only in a Cypher: Proteſilaus is certainly engaged in the deſign of Philocles, and they are reconciled at your expence. You know that it was Proteſilaus who urged you to ſend Philocles againſt the Carpathians. He has lately ceaſed to ſpeak againſt him as he often did heretofore. On the contrary, he extolls him, he excuſes him on all occaſions: They for ſome time viſited each other with great civility. Without doubt Proteſilaus has concerted meaſures with Philocles to ſhare the conqueſt of Carpathus with him. You yourſelf know how he preſſed the undertaking of this enterpriſe contrary to all rules, and that he expoſes your naval forces to deſtruction, to gratify his ambition. Do you believe that he would be thus ſubſervient to that of Philocles, if there were ſtill a miſunderſtanding between them? No, no, there is no doubt but that they are cloſely united together to raiſe themſelves to an high pitch of power, and perhaps to ſubvert the very throne on which you yourſelf reign. In ſpeaking to you in this manner, I know that I expoſe myſelf to their reſentment, if, notwithſtanding my ſincere advice,

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you ſtill leave your authority in their hands. But no matter, provided I tell you the truth.

Theſe laſt words of Timocrates made a deep impreſſion upon me. I no longer doubted of the treaſon of Philocles, and miſtruſted Proteſilaus as his friend. Timocrates in the mean while was inceſſantly ſaying, If you wait till Philocles has conquered the iſle of Carpathus, it will be too late to put a ſtop to his deſigns. Haſten therefore to make ſure of him while you can. I was ſhocked at the deep diſſimulation of men, and knew no longer in whom to confide; for having diſcovered Philocles's treachery, there was not a man on the earth whoſe virtue could cure me of my ſuſpicions. I reſolved to put the perfidious wretch to death as ſoon as poſſible; but I dreaded Proteſilaus, and knew not what to do with regard to him: I was afraid to find him guilty, and afraid likewiſe to truſt him.

At length I could not help telling him, in my confuſion, that I was grown jealous of Philocles. He ſeemed ſurpriſed at it; he repreſented to me his upright and moderate conduct; he magnified his ſervices; in a word, he did all that was neceſſary to convince me that he had too good an underſtanding with him. On the other ſide, Timocrates loſt no opportunity to make me take notice of their friendſhip, and to induce me to deſtroy Philocles, while it was in my power to do it. See, my deareſt Mentor, how unhappy kings are, and how liable to be made the tools even of thoſe who ſeem to tremble at their feet.

I thought I ſhould act a maſter-piece of policy, and diſconcert the meaſures of Proteſilaus, by privately ſending Timocrates to the fleet to put Philocles to death. Proteſilaus played the hypocrite to the laſt, and deceived me the more effectually, the more naturally he acted the part of one who is deceived himſelf. Timocrates departed, and found Philocles under great difficulties in his deſcent. He was in want of every thing; for Proteſilaus, not knowing

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knowing whether his forged letter would effect the ruin of his enemy, was willing to have another expedient ready at the ſame time, the miſcarriage of an enterpriſe of which he had given me very raiſed expectations, and could not fail to irritate me againſt Philocles. The latter ſuſtained this difficult war by his courage, capacity, and the love which the ſoldiers had for him. Though the whole army knew that this deſcent was rash, and would be fatal to the Cretans, yet every one laboured as much to make it ſucceed, as if his life and happineſs depended on his ſucceſs: Every one was contented hourly to hazard his life under a leader ſo wiſe and ſo intent on making himſelf beloved.

Timocrates had every thing to apprehend in attempting to diſpatch a general in the midſt of an army who ſo paſſionately loved him; but mad ambition is blind. Timocrates thought nothing difficult to gratify Proteſilaus, with whom he imagined he ſhould share an abſolute dominion over me after the death of Philocles; and Proteſilaus could not bear a man of probity, whoſe very ſight was a ſecret reproach of his crimes, and who by opening my eyes might ruin all his projects.

Timocrates ſeduced two captains who were continually with Philocles; he promiſed them great rewards in my name, and then told Philocles that he came by my order to acquaint him with ſome ſecret affairs, which he was to communicate to him in the preſence of theſe two captains only. Whereupon Philocles having ſhut himſelf up with them, Timocrates ſtabbed him with a poniard, but it ſlipt aſide, and did not penetrate far. Philocles, with great compoſure of mind, wreſted it from him, and made uſe of it againſt him and the other two; and calling out at the ſame time, ſome ſoldiers ran to the door, broke it open, and diſengaged Philocles from the hands of the three aſſaſſins; who being confuſed, had made but a faint attack upon him. They were ſeized, and would have been torn in pieces by the enraged army, had

not Philocles with-held them. He then took Timocrates aſide, and asked him who had put him upon committing ſo black a deed. Timocrates, terrified with the apprehenſion of death, immediately shewed him the order I had given him under my own hand to kill Philocles: and, as traitors are always cowards, endeavoured to ſave his life by diſcovering Proteſilaus's treachery.

Philocles, though he was shocked at finding ſo much malice in mankind, acted a very moderate part. He declared to the whole army that Timocrates was innocent; he provided for his ſafety, and ſent him back to Crete. He then reſigned the charge of the army to Polymenes, whom I had appointed by an order written with my own hand, to command when Philocles should be ſlain. And laſtly, having exhorted the ſoldiers to continue faithful in their allegiance to me, he went by night on board a ſmall bark, which carried him to the iſle of Samos, where he now lives in peace, poverty and ſolitude; making ſtatues to get his bread, and not caring to hear of falſe and unjuſt men, but eſpecially of kings, whom of all men he deems the blindeſt and moſt unhappy.

Here Mentor interrupted Idomeneus. Well, ſaid he, were you long in diſcovering the truth? No, replied Idomeneus: I perceived by degrees the artifices of Proteſilaus and Timocrates: They quarrelled with each other, (for the wicked find it very difficult to continue united) and their diſſention plainly shewed me the deep abyſs into which they had plunged me. Well, anſwered Mentor, did you not reſolve to get rid of them both? Alas! replied Idomeneus, are you ignorant of the weakneſſes and difficulties which princes labour under? When they have once delivered themſelves up to corrupt and preſumptuous men, who have art enough to make themſelves neceſſary, they can no longer hope for the leaſt freedom. Thoſe whom they deſpiſe the moſt, are the very perſons whom they treat the beſt, and on whom they heap their favours. I abhorred Proteſilaus, and yet I continued him in his power. Strange illuſion: I was

overjoyed

overjoyed that I knew him, and yet had not resolution enough to resume the authority I had given him. Besides, I found him good natured, complaisant, industrious in flattering my passions, zealous for my interest; in short, I found reasons to excuse my weakness to myself, because I was a stranger to true virtue, for want of chooſing men of probity to conduct my affairs. I thought that there were none on the earth, and that integrity was only a beautiful phantom. What signifies it, said I, to make a great stir to get out of the hands of one corrupt man, only to fall into those of another, who will not be more disinterested nor more sincere than he. Mean time the fleet under the command of Polymenes returned. I thought no more of the conquest of the isle of Carpathus, and Protesilaus could not dissemble so deeply, but that I discovered how vexed he was to hear that Philocles was safe in Samos.

Mentor interrupted Idomeneus in order to ask him, if he continued, after so black a piece of treachery, to entrust all his affairs to Protesilaus. I was, replied Idomeneus, too averse to business, and too supine to be able to get out of his hands; for I then must have disconcerted the scheme I had laid down for my own ease, and have been at the trouble of instructing somebody else, which I had not resolution enough to undertake: I rather chose to shut my eyes, that I might not see Protesilaus's artifices; and only eased my mind by letting some of my particular confidents know, that I was not a stranger to his villanies. Thus did I fancy that I was but half deceived, since I knew that I was deceived. Sometimes, however, I made Protesilaus himself sensible that I bore his yoke with impatience; and often took a pleasure in contradicting him, in publickly censuring some of his actions, and in determining contrary to his opinion; but as he knew my sloth and supineness, he gave himself no concern about any discontent of mine. He obstinately returned to the attack; sometimes in an importunate, and some-

times in a cringing and insinuating way. And when he perceived that I was exasperated against him, he then particularly doubled his diligence to furnish new amusements which were likely to mollify or embark me in some affair, wherein he might have an opportunity to render himself necessary, and to make the most of his zeal for my honour.

Though I was upon my guard against him, yet this way of soothing my passions always got the better of me. He knew my secrets; he eased me under my difficulties; he made every body tremble at my power. In short, I could not resolve to part with him; and, by maintaining him in his post, I put it out of the power of all honest men to show me my true interest. From this time there was no freedom of speech in my counsels; truth fled far from me; and error, which paves the way to the downfall of princes, was a judgment upon me for having sacrificed Philocles to Protesilaus's cruel ambition. Even they who had most zeal for my person and the good of the state, thought themselves under no obligation to undeceive me, after so dreadful an example. I myself, dear Mentor, was afraid lest truth should break through the cloud, and reach even to me, in spite of all my flatterers; for not having the resolution to follow it, its light was troublesome to me: And then I was conscious that it would have occasioned me the bitterest compunction, and not have rescued me from so unhappy a situation. My effeminacy, and the ascendant which Protesilaus had insensibly gained over me, plunged me into a kind of despair of ever recovering my liberty. I was unwilling to view my shameful condition myself, or to suffer others to do it. You know, my dear Mentor, the vain pride and false glory in which kings are bred up; they will never be in the wrong. To hide one fault they commit a hundred. Rather than own that they are mistaken, and give themselves the trouble of rectifying their errors, they suffer themselves to be deluded all their lives long. Such is the condition of weak and indolent

indolent princes, and such was mine precisely, when I was obliged to go to the siege of Troy.

At my departure I left the management of my affairs to Protesilaus, and he governed in my absence with pride and inhumanity. The whole kingdom of Crete groaned under his tyranny; but nobody durst send me word of the oppression of my people; knowing that I was afraid of seeing the truth, and that I gave up to Protesilaus's cruelty all who ventured to speak against him. But the more fearful people were of discovering the evil, the more violent it grew. He afterwards constrained me to dismiss the valiant Merion, who had attended me with great glory to the siege of Troy. He was grown jealous of him, as he was of all whom I loved, and who gave any proofs of virtue.

You must know, my dear Mentor, that this is the source of all my misfortunes. It was not so much my son's death that occasioned the revolt of the Cretans, as the vengeance of the Gods, who were incensed at my crimes, and the hatred of the people, which Protesilaus had drawn upon me. When I shed my son's blood, the Cretans, tired of my rigorous government, had lost all patience; and the horror of this last action only induced them to make a public discovery of what long since had been concealed in their hearts.

Timocrates attended me to the siege of Troy, and gave an account privately in his letters to Protesilaus of all the discoveries he could make. I plainly perceived my thraldom, but endeavoured not to think of it, despairing of a remedy. When the Cretans revolted at my arrival, Protesilaus and Timocrates were the first who fled. They would without doubt have deserted me, had I not been constrained to fly almost as soon as they. Be assured, my dear Mentor, that men who are insolent in prosperity, are always the most abject cowards in adversity. Their heads turn as soon as absolute power forsakes them; they become

become as cringing as they were proud, and paſs in a moment from one extreme to the other.

Mentor ſaid to Idomeneus, But whence comes it, as you ſo thoroughly know theſe two wicked men, that you ſtill keep them about you, as I ſee you do? I am not ſurpriſed at their following you, as they could do nothing better for their own intereſt, and I think that you have done a generous action in affording them an aſylum in your new ſettlement; but why do you deliver yourſelf up to them again after ſo many fatal trials?

You know not, anſwered Idomeneus, how uſeleſs all experience is to effeminate, ſupine, and unthinking princes. They are diſſatisfied with all things, and have not courage to redreſs any thing. So many years of familiarity were chains of iron which linked me to theſe two men, who beſet me every hour. Since I have been here, they have put me upon the exceſſive expences which you have ſeen; they have exhauſted this riſing ſtate; they have drawn this war upon me which but for you I ſhould have ſunk under. I ſhould ſoon have experienced at Salentum the ſame misfortunes which I ſuffered in Crete; but you at length have opened my eyes, and inſpired me with the courage I wanted, to deliver myſelf from bondage. I know not what you have done to me; but ſince you have been here I find myſelf quite another man.

Mentor then asked Idomeneus, how Proteſilaus behaved in the preſent change of affairs. Nothing is more artful, replied Idomeneus, than his conduct ſince your arrival. At firſt he uſed all indirect methods to make me ſuſpicious. He himſelf, indeed, ſaid nothing againſt you, but ſeveral perſons came and told me that theſe two ſtrangers were much to be feared. One, ſaid they, is the ſon of the deceitful Ulyſſes; the other wears a diſguiſe, and has a deep head: they are uſed to wander from kingdom to kingdom; and who knows that they have not formed ſome deſign upon this? Theſe adventurers themſelves relate that they have cauſed great confuſions in the countries through

through which they have paſſed. Ours is an infant unſettled ſtate, and the leaſt commotions might overturn it.

Proteſilaus ſaid nothing, but he endeavoured to make me ſee the danger and extravagance of all the reformations which you made me undertake. My own intereſt was the argument he made uſe of: If you let your ſubjects abound, ſaid he, they will work no longer, but grow proud, intractable, and be always ready to revolt. Nothing but weakneſs and poverty makes them pliable, and hinders them from reſiſting authority. He has often endeavoured to reſume his former aſcendant over me, covering it with a pretended zeal for my ſervice. By eaſing the people, ſaid he, you debaſe the royal power, and thereby do the people themſelves an irreparable injury; for it is neceſſary for your own quiet that they ſhould be kept humble.

To all this I anſwered, that I ſhould eaſily keep the people firm in their allegiance to me by making myſelf beloved by them; by remitting nothing of my authority, though I lightened their burden; by reſolutely punishing all offenders; by giving children a good education, and by being ſtrict in keeping all my ſubjects up to a plain, ſober and laborious life. How! ſaid I, is it not poſſible to make people obedient without ſtarving them to death? What inhumanity! what brutal policy! How many nations do we ſee mildly governed and yet loyal to their princes! that which cauſes rebellions, is the reſtleſs ambition of the grandees of a ſtate, when they are entruſted with too much power, and their paſſions ſuffered to ſtretch beyond bounds; it is the neglecting to punish the licentiouſneſs of other orders in the ſtate; it is the multitude of the great and the vulgar who live in luxury, in pomp and idleneſs; it is the too great number of military men, who have neglected all the employments which are uſeful in time of peace; in ſhort, it is the deſpair of the injured people; it is the cruelty and pride of princes, and their luxury, which makes them

them incapable of watching over the members of the ſtate, in order to prevent diſturbances: Theſe are the cauſes of rebellions, and not the permitting the labourer to eat the bread in peace, which he has earned by the ſweat of his brows.

When Proteſilaus ſaw that I was immoveable in theſe maxims, he took a courſe quite contrary to his former, and began to act agreeable to principles which he could not deſtroy; pretending to relish them, to be convinced of their truth, and to be obliged to me for having enlightened his underſtanding in theſe matters. He anticipates all my deſires to eaſe the poor, and is the firſt to repreſent their wants to me, and to cry out againſt extravagance. You yourſelf know that he praiſes you, that he pretends to repoſe a confidence in you, and does every thing to pleaſe you. As for Timocrates, he begins to loſe the good graces of Proteſilaus, having had thoughts of rendering himſelf independent. Proteſilaus is jealous of him, and it was partly by their differences that I diſcovered their perfidy.

Have you then, ſaid Mentor to Idomeneus with a ſmile, been ſo weak as to ſuffer yourſelf to be tyranniſed over for ſo many years by two traytors, whoſe treaſons you knew! Ah! you know not, replied Idomeneus, the aſcendant which artful men have over a weak and indolent prince, who gives up the management of his affairs to them. Beſides, I have told you already, that Proteſilaus now enters into all your ſchemes for the public good.

Mentor with a grave air proceeded thus: I but too plainly ſee how much the wicked prevail over the good in the courts of kings: You are a ſad example of it. But you ſay that I have opened your eyes as to Proteſilaus, and yet they are ſtill ſo far cloſed, as to leave the adminiſtration of your affairs to him, though he is not worthy to live. Know that the wicked are not incapable of doing good: They do that, or evil, indifferently, when it ſubſerves their ambition. They do themſelves no violence in committing

mitting evil, becauſe no ſentiment of goodneſs, nor no principle of virtue with-holds them; neither is it any pain to them to do good, becauſe their depravity inclines them to do it in order to ſeem good, and thereby impoſe upon the reſt of mankind. Properly ſpeaking, they are incapable of virtue, though they appear to practiſe it; but to the reſt of their vices they are capable of adding hypocriſy, the moſt deteſtable of all. As long as you are abſolutely determined to do good, Proteſilaus will be ready to do it alſo, in order to preſerve his authority; but if he finds you ever ſo little inclined to ſlacken, he will uſe all arts to make you relapſe into your errors, that he may be at liberty to reſume his fraudful and cruel diſpoſition. Can you live with honour and in peace, while ſuch an one is hourly about you, and you know that the wiſe the faithful Philocles lives in poverty and diſgrace in the iſland of Samos?

You ingenuouſly acknowledge, Idomeneus, that bold and wily men who are preſent, have an abſolute aſcendant over weak princes; but you ought to add, that princes labour under another and no leſs an unhappineſs, the eaſily forgetting the virtue and ſervices of the abſent. The multitudes who ſurround princes, are the cauſe that no one makes a deep impreſſion upon them: They are ſtruck only with what is preſent and flatters them: every thing elſe is ſoon effaced. Virtue eſpecially but ſlightly affects them, becauſe virtue, inſtead of flattering them, contradicts and condemns them for their follies. And is it any wonder that they are not beloved, ſince they love nothing but their grandeur and their pleaſures?

End of the Thirteenth Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FOURTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Mentor prevails on Idomeneus to ſend Proteſilaus and Timocrates to the iſle of Samos, and to recall Philocles, in order to replace him with honour near his perſon. Hegeſippus, who is charged with this commiſſion, executes it with joy. He arrives with theſe two men at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles contentedly leading an indigent and ſolitary life. Philocles does not conſent without much reluctance to return to his countrymen; but when he knows that it is the pleaſure of the Gods, he embarks with Hegeſippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who is no longer the ſame man, receives him in a friendly manner.

HAVING ſpoken theſe words, Mentor convinced Idomeneus that it was neceſſary to put away Proteſilaus and Timocrates, as ſoon as poſſible, and to recall Philocles. The only difficulty which with-held the king from it, was his apprehenſion of the ſeverity of Philocles. I own, ſaid he, that I cannot help being a little apprehenſive of his return, though I love and eſteem him. I have from my earlieſt youth been accuſtomed to praiſes, to an officiouſneſs

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ficiouſneſs and complaiſance which I cannot hope to find in Philocles. Whenever I did any thing which he diſliked, his gloomy looks ſufficiently shewed that he condemned me; and when he was in private with me, his manners, though reſpectful and decent, were rough and auſtere.

Do you not obſerve, anſwered Mentor, that princes who are corrupted by flattery, think every thing rough and auſtere which is free and ingenuous? Nay, they go ſo far as to imagine that a man is not zealous for their ſervice, and is an enemy to their authority, who has not a ſlavish ſoul, and is not apt to flatter them in an unrighteous uſe of their power. All freedom and generoſity of ſpeech appears to them inſolent, cenſorious, and ſeditious. They are ſo delicate, that every thing which is not flattery, galls and provokes them. But let us go farther: Suppoſing that Philocles is rough and auſtere, is not his auſterity more valuable than the pernicious adulation of your counſellors? Where will you find a man without failings? And is not the failing of telling you the truth too freely, that which you ought to apprehend the leaſt? Or rather, is it not a failing which is neceſſary to correct yours, and to overcome that antipathy to the truth which flattery has given you? You ſtand in need of a man who loves nothing but truth; who loves you more than you love yourſelf; who will tell you the truth whether you will or not, and force your intrenchments; and Philocles is this neceſſary man. Remember that a prince is exceedingly happy, if one ſuch generous perſon, who is the moſt precious treaſure of his kingdom, be born in his reign; and that the greateſt punishment which he has to apprehend from the Gods, is the loſing ſuch an one, if he renders himſelf unworthy of him for want of knowing how to make a proper uſe of him. As for the failings of men of virtue, you should contrive means to know them, but should not let them deprive you of their ſervice. Rectify them, but never give yourſelf blindly up to their indiſcreet zeal. Give them

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a favourable hearing, honour their virtue, let the public ſee that you know how to diſtinguish it; and above all, take care to be no longer what you have hitherto been. Princes who have been ſpoiled as you were, contenting themſelves with deſpiſing corrupt men, make no ſcruple to employ them, and to heap benefits upon them. On the other hand, they boaſt that they can diſtinguish men of virtue, but they give them only empty praiſes; not daring to truſt them with employments, nor to admit them into their familiarity, nor to beſtow favours upon them.

Hereupon Idomeneus ſaid, that he was ashamed of having ſo long delayed to deliver oppreſt innocence, and to punish thoſe who had impoſed upon him. And Mentor had now no difficulty at all to determine the king to diſcard his favourite; for as ſoon as favourites are rendered ſuſpected and troubleſome to their maſter, the weary and embarraſſed prince ſeeks only to get rid of them. His friendship vanishes, ſervices are forgotten, and the fall of favourites gives him no pain at all, provided he ſees them no more.

The king immediately gave ſecret orders to Hegeſippus, who was one of the principal of his houſhold, to arreſt Proteſilaus and Timocrates, and to convey them in ſafety to the iſland of Samos; to leave them there, and to bring back Philocles from this place of his exile. Hegeſippus, ſurpriſed at this commiſſion, could not help weeping for joy. Now, ſaid he to the king, you are going to wish the hearts of your ſubjects. Theſe two men have been the cauſe of all your misfortunes and of all thoſe of your people. For theſe twenty years have all men of virtue groaned under them, and their tyranny was ſo cruel, that they hardly durſt to do that: They bear down all who attempt to come at you by any canal but theirs.

Hegeſippus then diſcovered to the king a great number of perfidious and inhuman actions committed by theſe two men, which had never come to Idomeneus's ear, becauſe nobody durſt to accuſe them. He gave him an account likewiſe of his diſcovery of a

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ſecret conſpiracy to deſtroy Mentor. The king ſhivered with horror at what he heard.

Hegeſippus haſtened to ſeize Proteſilaus in his houſe. It was not ſo large, but more commodious and pleaſanter than the king's. The architecture was in a better taſte, and Proteſilaus had embellished it with the riches he had extracted out of the blood of the unfortunate. He happened at that time to be in a marble ſaloon near his baths, negligently lying on a purple couch embroidered with gold; he ſeemed weary and ſpent with his toils, and his eyes and brows diſcovered I know not what of trouble, of melancholy and wildneſs. The great officers of ſtate were ranged around him on carpets, adjuſting their faces to his, and obſervant even of the minuteſt glance of his eyes. His mouth was hardly open, when every body cried out with admiration of what he was going to ſay. One of the principal perſons of the company repeated to him with ridiculous exaggerations, what Proteſilaus himſelf had done for the king. Another aſſured him that Jupiter having deceived his mother had begotten him, and that he was the ſon of the father of the Gods. A poet came and ſung verſes to him, wherein he affirmed that Proteſilaus, being taught by the muſes, had equalled Apollo himſelf in all the various works of wit. Another poet, yet more baſe and impudent, ſtyled him in his verſes the inventor of the polite arts, and the father of the people whom he rendered happy, and deſcribed him with the horn of plenty in his hand.

Proteſilaus heard all theſe praiſes with a cold, heedleſs, and ſcornful air, like a man who is very conſcious that he merits yet greater, and that he is too condeſcending in ſuffering himſelf to be praiſed. There was a flatterer who took the liberty to whiſper in his ear a ſarcaſm againſt the policy which Mentor was endeavouring to eſtablish. Proteſilaus ſmiled, and the whole aſſembly burſt out into a laugh, though it was impoſſible for the greater part of them to know what had been ſaid; but Proteſilaus reſuming his ſevere

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and haughty air, every one was awed and ſilent again. Several of the nobles waited for the happy moment when Proteſilaus might condeſcend to come and hear them, and ſeemed anxious and confounded becauſe they had ſome favours to ask of him. Their ſuppliant poſture ſpoke for them. They appeared as ſubmiſſive as a mother at the foot of the altar, imploring the Gods to reſtore her only ſon to health. All ſeemed pleaſed, and to love and admire Proteſilaus, though they harboured in their hearts an implacable enmity againſt him.

At this very inſtant Hegeſippus enters, ſeizes Proteſilaus's ſword, and tells him that he was going by the king's command to carry him to the iſland of Samos. At theſe words all Proteſilaus's arrogance fell like a looſened rock from the top of a ſteep mountain. Lo! he now throws himſelf quaking with fear at Hegeſippus's feet, he weeps, he faulters, he ſtammers, he trembles, he embraces the knees of a man whom an hour before he did not deign to honour with a look. All his flatterers ſeeing him ruined paſt redemption, changed their adulations into mercileſs inſults.

Hegeſippus would not allow him time either to take a laſt farewel of his family, or to fetch ſome private papers. Every thing was ſeized, and carried to the king. Timocrates being arreſted at the ſame time, was extremely ſurpriſed; for he imagined, as he had quarrelled with Proteſilaus, that he could not be involved in his ruin. They depart in a bark which was got ready for them, and arrive at Samos, where Hegeſippus leaves theſe two wretches; and to fill up the meaſure of their misfortunes, he leaves them together. Here they furiouſly reproach each other with the crimes they had committed, and which were the cauſe of their fall; deſpairing of ever ſeeing Salentum again, and condemned to live far from their wives and their children; I do not ſay far from their friends, for they had none. The very men who had ſpent ſo many years in pomp and pleaſure, being now left

left in an unknown country, where they had no means of getting their bread but by their labour, were, like two wild beaſts, continually ready to tear each other in pieces.

Hegeſippus in the mean time inquired in what part of the iſland Philocles lived, and was told that it was on a mountain at a good diſtance from the city, where a cave ſerved him to dwell in. Every body ſpoke with admiration of this ſtranger. Since he has been in this Iſland, ſaid they, he has offended nobody. Every one admires his patience, his labour, and tranquillity of mind. Though he has nothing, he always ſeems ſatisfied; and though he lives here quite out of the way of buſineſs, deſtitute of money and without authority, yet he obliges all who deſerve it, and has a thouſand ingenious ways of doing good offices to all his neighbours.

Hegeſippus goes towards the cave, and finds it open and empty; for Philocles's poverty and ſimplicity of manners were ſo great that he had no occaſion to ſhut the door when he went out. A coarſe bulrush-mat ſerved him for a bed. He ſeldom kindled a fire, becauſe he eat nothing dreſſed; living all the ſummer on freſh-gathered fruits, and on dates and dried figs in the winter; and ſlaking his thirſt at a fountain which poured in cryſtal ſheets from a rock. He had nothing in his cave but carving tools, and a few books which he read at ſet hours, not to embellish his wit or gratify his curioſity, but to inform his mind when he unbent it from labour, and to learn to be good. As for ſculpture, he applied himſelf to it only for the ſake of exerciſe, to avoid idleneſs, and to get his bread without being obliged to any body.

Hegeſippus, as he entered the cave, admired the ſtatues which Philocles had begun; particularly a Jupiter, whoſe ſerene countenance was ſo full of majeſty, that he was eaſily known to be the father of Gods and men. In another part was a Mars with a rugged, fierce and threatning aſpect. But what was

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moſt ſtriking, was a Minerva encouraging the arts; her countenance was ſoft and noble; her ſtature tall and eaſy, and her attitude ſo lively, that one would have thought she was going to walk. Hegeſippus having viewed the ſtatues with pleaſure, went out of the grotto, and at a diſtance, under a large tree, beheld Philocles reading on the graſs; he goes towards him; Philocles ſees him, and knows not what to think. Is not that Hegeſippus, ſaid he to himſelf, with whom I ſo long lived in Crete? But what probability is there that he should come to ſo remote an iſland? Or is it not rather his ghoſt returned ſince his death from the Stygian shore?

While he was thus doubting, Hegeſippus came ſo near him, that he could not but know and embrace him. Is it then you, ſaid he, my dear old friend? What chance, what tempeſt has thrown you on this shore? Why have you left the iſland of Crete? Is it ſuch a misfortune as mine, that tears you from our native country?

Hegeſippus anſwered, It is not a misfortune, but on the contrary the goodneſs of the Gods which brings me hither. He then related to him Proteſilaus's long tyranny, his intrigues with Timocrates, the evils into which he had plunged Idomeneus, the fall of that prince, his flight to the coaſts of Heſperia, the building of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wiſe maxims which Mentor had inſtilled into the king's mind, and the diſgrace of the two traitors: he added, that he had brought them to Samos to ſuffer the banishment which they had cauſed Philocles to ſuffer; and concluded with ſaying, that he had orders to conduct him to Salentum, where the king, who was ſenſible of his innocence, would intruſt him with his affairs, and load him with riches.

Lo that cave, replied Philocles, properer to harbour wild beaſts than to be inhabited by men. I have there for many years taſte more comfort and peace of mind, than I ever did in the gilded palaces of the

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iſland of Crete. Men no longer deceive me; for I neither ſee them, nor hear their flattering and poiſonous diſcourſe. I have no further need of them; for my hands hardened to labour, eaſily furnish me with the ſimple food which is neceſſary for me. A ſlight cloth, as you ſee, ſuffices to cover me. Having now no wants, and enjoying the utmoſt tranquillity and all the ſweets of liberty, which my books teach me how to make a good uſe of, what should I go in queſt of among jealous, fraudful, and inconſtant men? No, no, my dear Hegeſippus, do not envy me my happineſs. Proteſilaus, by endeavouring to betray the king and to deſtroy me, has betrayed himſelf, and done me no harm at all: On the contrary, he has done me the greateſt good; he has delivered me from the hurry and ſlavery of public affairs, and to him I am indebted for my dear ſolitude, and all the innocent pleaſures I here enjoy. Return, Hegeſippus, return to the king; help him to ſupport the miſeries of his greatneſs, and what you deſire me to do for him, do yourſelf, ſince his eyes, ſo long shut againſt the truth, have at laſt been opened by the wiſe perſon you call Mentor, let him be retained in his ſervice. As for me, it is not proper after my shipwreck that I should quit the haven into which the ſtorm has ſo happily thrown me, and commit myſelf again to the mercy of the winds. O how greatly are kings to be pitied! how worthy thoſe who ſerve them, of compaſſion! If they are wicked, how miſerable do they render mankind, and what tortures are prepared for them in the black gulf of Tartarus! If they are good, what difficulties have they to overcome! What ſnares to avoid! What evils to ſuffer! Once again, my dear Hegeſippus, leave me, I ſay, in my happy poverty.

While Philocles was talking thus with great vehemence, Hegeſippus beheld him with wonder. He had formerly ſeen him in Crete, during his adminiſtration of the moſt important affairs, meagre, languiſhing, exhauſted; for his ardent and auſtere temper made him wear himſelf away in fatigues; he

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could not without indignation ſee vice unpunished; he required a certain exactneſs which is never found in buſineſs; his employments therefore ruined his tender health; but at Samos Hegeſippus beheld him plump and vigorous. The bloom of youth in ſpite of his years was renewed on his countenance. A ſober, quiet and laborious life had given him as it were a new conſtitution.

You are ſurpriſed, ſaid Philocles with a ſmile, to ſee me ſo altered. I owe this freshneſs and perfect health to my ſolitude. My enemies have given me what I could never hope to find in the moſt elevated ſtation. Would you have me quit ſubſtantial bleſſings to purſue imaginary ones, and to plunge myſelf again in my former miſeries? Be not more cruel than Proteſilaus; at leaſt do not envy me the happineſs I derive from him.

Hegeſippus then repreſented to him, but in vain, every thing which he thought proper to move him. Are you then, ſaid he, inſenſible of the pleaſure of ſeeing your friends and relations again, who long for your return, and whom the bare expectation of embracing you overwhelms with joy? But can you who fear the Gods, and love to do your duty, eſteem as nothing the ſerving your king, the aſſiſting him in all his good deſigns, and the rendering ſo many people happy? Is it allowable for a man to abandon himſelf to a ſavage philoſophy, to prefer himſelf to all the reſt of mankind, and to love his own eaſe more than the happineſs of his fellow-citizens? Beſides, it will be thought that it is out of reſentment that you refuſe to ſee the king; if he deſigned to do you an injury, it was becauſe he did not know you: It was not the true, the good, the juſt Philocles whom he deſigned to deſtroy; it was a very different perſon whom he deſigned to punish. But now he knows you, and does not miſtake you for another, he feels all his former friendship revive in his heart; he expects you; he already ſtretches out his arms to embrace you, and impatiently numbers the days, the hours, till he ſees you

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you. Is your heart ſo hardened as to be inexorable to your king and to all your deareſt friends?

Philocles, who was moved when he firſt perceived Hegeſippus, reſumed his auſtere air on hearing this diſcourſe. Like a rock againſt which the winds rage, and all the groaning billows break in vain, he remained immoveable; nor intreaties nor arguments could find any paſſage to his heart. But the moment Hegeſippus began to deſpair of prevailing upon him, Philocles, having conſulted the Gods, diſcovered by the flight of birds, the entrails of victims, and divers other omens, that he was to go with Hegeſippus.

Hereupon he oppoſed it no longer, but prepared for his departure; though not without regretting the deſert where he ſo many years had lived. Alas! ſaid he, muſt I leave you, my delightful grotto, where peaceful ſlumbers nightly came to refreſh me after the toils of the day! Here the fatal ſiſters, in the midſt of my poverty, ſpun my days of a gold and ſilken thread. He fell on the earth, and weeping adored the naiad who had ſo long ſlaked his thirſt with her limpid wave, and the nymphs that dwelt on all the neighbouring mountains. Echo heard his wailings, and with a plaintive voice repeated them to all the rural deities.

Philocles then went to the city with Hegeſippus, in order to embark. He imagined that the unhappy Proteſilaus, overwhelmed with ſhame and indignation, would avoid ſeeing him; but he was miſtaken: For corrupt men have no ſhame, and are always ready to ſtoop to any kind of meanneſs. Philocles modeſtly kept out of the way, that he might not be ſeen by this wretch; being apprehenſive that the ſight of a proſperous rival, who was going to be raiſed on his ruin, would increaſe his miſery. But Proteſilaus eagerly ſought after Philocles, and endeavoured to move his pity, and to engage him to ſolicit the king that he might return to Salentum. Philocles was too ſincere to promiſe, that he would

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try to get him recalled; for he knew better than any one how pernicious his return would have been. He talked to him however with great mildneſs; he pitied him, endeavoured to comfort him, and exhorted him to appeaſe the Gods by the purity of his manners, and an exemplary patience under his ſufferings. And as he had heard that the king had ſtript Proteſilaus of all his ill-gotten wealth, he promiſed him two things which he afterwards faithfully performed: One was, to take care of his wife and children, who remained at Salentum, in a frightful ſtate of poverty, expoſed to public indignation; the other was, to ſend Proteſilaus in this remote iſland, ſome ſupplies of money to alleviate his miſery.

Mean while the ſails ſwelling with a favourable gale, Hegeſippus grows impatient, and haſtens the departure of Philocles. Proteſilaus ſees them embark; his eyes are motionleſs and fixed on the ſhore; they then purſue the bark as it cleaves the waves, and is continually driven farther off by the winds: And even when he could ſee it no longer, its image remains in his mind. At length diſtracted, furious, deſpairing, he tears off his hair, rolls himſelf on the ſand, upbraids the Gods with their rigour, and calls relentleſs death to his aid, but calls in vain; for death, regardleſs of his prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his numerous woes, nor has he the courage to deliver himſelf.

Mean time the bark, favoured by Neptune and the winds, quickly arrives at Salentum. The king being told that it was entering the port, immediately ran with Mentor to meet Philocles. He tenderly embraced him, and expreſſed a great concern for having ſo unjuſtly perſecuted him. This confeſſion, inſtead of ſeeming a weakneſs in a prince, was looked upon by all the Salentines as the effort of a great ſoul, which riſes above its errors by owning and reſolving to repair them. Every body wept with joy to ſee this virtuous lover of the people, and to hear the king talk with ſo much wiſdom and goodneſs.

Philocles

Philocles received the king's careſſes, with a reſpectful modeſt air; he was impatient to ſteal away from the acclamations of the people, and followed Idomeneus to the palace. Mentor and he quickly repoſed as much confidence in each other, as if they had paſſed their lives together, though they never ſaw one another before; for the Gods, who have not given eyes to the wicked to know the good, have given eyes to the good to know one another. They who relish virtue, cannot be together without contracting a friendship, by means of the virtue they love. Philocles ſoon asked the king's leave to retire to a ſolitary place near Salentum, where he continued to live in poverty as he had done at Samos. The king and Mentor went almoſt every day to viſit him in his retirement, where they concerted the means of ſtrengthening the laws, and of giving a ſolid form to the government for the good of the public.

The two principal things which they conſidered, were the education of children, and the manner of living in time of peace. As to children, ſaid Mentor, they are leſs the property of their parents than of the public; they are the children of the people, and are their hope and ſtrength; it is too late to correct them, when they are corrupted; it avails little to exclude them from employments, when they have rendered themſelves unworthy of them; it is better to prevent the evil than to be obliged to punish it. The king, added he, who is the father of all his people, is ſtill more particularly the father of all the youth; they are the bloſſom of the whole nation, and the fruits muſt be prepared in the bloſſom. Let not the king therefore diſdain to be watchful, and to cauſe others to be watchful, of the education of children. Let him be ſteady in cauſing the laws of Minos to be obſerved, which ordain that children be educated in a contempt of pain and death; that honour be placed in ſlighting pleaſures and riches; that injuſtice, lying, ingratitude, and luxury be accounted infamous vices; that they be taught from

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their tendereſt infancy to ſing the praiſes of heroes who were beloved of the Gods, who have done generous actions for their country, and have diſtinguiſhed their courage in battle; that the charms of muſic ſtrike their ſouls in order to ſoften and purify their manners; that they be taught to be kind to their friends, faithful to their allies, juſt to all mankind, even to their moſt cruel enemies; and that they be leſs apprehenſive of death and tortures, than of the leaſt upbraiding of their conſcience. If children are early imbued with theſe important maxims, and the melody of muſic inſinuate them into their hearts, there will be few who will not burn with a love of glory and virtue.

Mentor added, That it was of great importance to inſtitute public ſchools, in order to habituate the youth to the hardeſt bodily exerciſes, and to prevent effeminacy and idleneſs, which ruin the beſt conſtitutions. He was likewiſe for having a great variety of games and ſhows, that might be a ſpur to the people, but eſpecially ſuch as would exerciſe and render their bodies active, pliant and vigorous; and to theſe he annexed rewards in order to excite a generous emulation. But what he was moſt zealous for, as being moſt conducive to purity of manners, was, that young men ſhould marry betimes, and that their parents, without any views of intereſt, ſhould leave them to chooſe wives of agreeable tempers and perſons, to whom they might be conſtant in their love.

But while they were thus concerting means to keep the youth chaſte and innocent, and to make them laborious, tractable, and fond of glory, Philocles, who delighted in war, thus addreſt himſelf to Mentor: In vain will you employ our youth in all theſe exerciſes, if you let them languiſh in a perpetual peace, wherein they will have no experience of war, nor no need to give proofs of their valour. You will thereby enfeeble the nation; its courage will inſenſibly be unnerved, its manners corrupted by pleaſures,

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ſures, and other warlike nations will find no difficulty in making a conqueſt of it. And thus, by endeavouring to avoid the evils of war, they will fall into the miſeries of ſlavery.

Mentor anſwered, The evils of war are more terrible than you imagine. War exhauſts a people, and continually expoſes them to the danger of being ruined, even when they obtain the greateſt victories. With whatever advantages a man enters into a war, he is never ſure of ending it without being liable to the moſt tragical reverſes of fortune. With whatever ſuperiority of forces he engages in battle, the leaſt miſtake, a panick, a nothing ſnatches the victory out of his hands, and transfers it to his enemies. And though he held victory as it were in chains in his camp, yet he deſtroys himſelf in deſtroying his foes. For he depopulates his own country; he leaves the lands almoſt uncultivated; he interrupts trade; and what is much worſe, he weakens the beſt laws and winks at a depravity of manners. The youth no longer addict themſelves to letters. The neceſſity of the time obliges him to tolerate a pernicious licentiouſneſs in the army. Juſtice, government, every thing ſuffers in the confuſion. A king who ſheds the blood of ſuch multitudes, and cauſes ſo many calamities in order to acquire a little glory, or to extend the bounds of his kingdom, is unworthy of the glory he purſues, and deſerves to loſe what he poſſeſſes for having endeavoured to uſurp what he has no right to.

But the courage of a nation may be exerciſed in time of peace. You already know what bodily exerciſes we inſtitute; the prizes to excite emulation, and the maxims of glory and virtue, with which the ſongs of the great actions of heroes will fill the ſouls of children almoſt from their very cradles: Add to theſe helps, that of a ſober and laborious life. But this is not all: As ſoon as any nation in alliance with yours, is engaged in a war, the flower of your youth muſt be ſent thither, eſpecially thoſe who have diſcovered a genius for war, and are the beſt qualified

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to profit by experience. You will thereby maintain an high reputation among your neighbours, who will court your alliance, and be afraid of losing it. And thus without having a war at home and at your own expence, you will always have a warlike and intrepid body of youth. Notwithstanding you have peace in your own kingdom, you must not fail to treat those with great honour who have a talent for war; for the true way to avoid war and to maintain a lasting peace, is to cultivate arms, to honour men who excell in the profession of them, always to have some who have been trained up in foreign countries, and who know the strength and discipline of neighbouring nations, and their manner of making war; and to be equally incapable of making it through ambition, and of dreading it through effeminacy. By being thus always prepared for it on occasion, one is hardly ever reduced to the necessity of making it at all.

As for your allies, when they are ready to engage in a war with each other, it is your part to become their mediator. You thereby acquire a more solid and unquestionable glory than that of conquerors; you win the love and esteem of strangers; they all stand in need of you, and you reign over them by the confidence they repose in you, as you reign over your subject by your authority. You are the repository of their secrets, the arbiter of their treaties, the master of their hearts. Your fame flies to the most distant countries, and your name is like a sweet perfume which diffuses itself from country to country even to the remotest nations. If a neighbouring people attack you in these circumstances contrary to the rules of justice, it finds you warlike, prepared, and, what is a much greater security, beloved and succoured: All your neighbours are alarmed for you, and persuaded that the public safety depends on your preservation. This is a much stronger rampart than all the walls of cities, or the most regular fortifications: this is substantial glory. But how few princes are there who are wise enough to pursue it, or rather,

ther, who do not fly from it! They purſue a deluſive phantom, and leave true honour behind them for want of knowing it.

When Mentor had ſpoken thus, Philocles looked upon him with aſtonishment; and then turning his eyes on the king, was charmed to ſee how greedily Idomeneus ſtored up in his heart all the words which poured like a torrent of wiſdom from the mouth of this ſtranger.

Thus did Minerva, in the form of Mentor, eſtablish all the beſt laws and moſt uſeful maxims of government at Salentum; not ſo much to make the kingdom of Idomeneus flourish, as to show Telemachus, when he ſhould return, a ſtriking example of the effects of a wiſe adminiſtration with regard to the happineſs of the people, and the laſting glory of the prince.

End of the Fourteenth Book.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FIFTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus in the camp of the allies wins the affection of Philoctetes, who was at first prejudiced against him on account of his father Ulysses. Philoctetes relates to him his adventures, with which he interweaves the particulars of the death of Hercules, occasioned by the poisoned tunic which the centaur Nessus had given to Dejanira. He informs him how he obtained of this hero his fatal arrows, without which the city of Troy could not have been taken; how he was punished for betraying his secret, by all the miseries he suffered in the isle of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employed Neoptolemus to engage him to go to the siege of Troy, where he was cured of his wound by the sons of Esculapius.

IN the mean time Telemachus was signalising his courage amidst the dangers of war. When he departed from Salentum, he was very assiduous to win the affection of the old captains, whose reputation and experience were the most consummate. Nestor, who had seen him before at Pylos, and who always loved Ulysses, treated him as if he had been his own son; giving him instructions which he enforced by various

various examples, and relating to him all the adventures of his youth, and all the moſt remarkable things which he had ſeen performed by the heroes of the laſt age. The memory of this wiſe ſenior, who had lived thrice the age of man, was as it were an hiſtory of ancient times engraved on braſs and marble.

Philoctetes had not at firſt the ſame affection for Telemachus as Neſtor had. The hatred which he had ſo long harboured in his heart againſt Ulyſſes, prejudiced him againſt his ſon; and he could not without uneaſineſs ſee all that he thought the Gods were doing in favour of this youth, in order to render him equal to the heroes who had ſubverted the city of Troy. But at length the prudent deportment of Telemachus entirely overcame the reſentment of Philoctetes, who could not help loving his engaging and modeſt virtue. He often took him aſide, and ſaid, my ſon, (for I no longer ſcruple to call you ſo) your father and I were, I own, a long while enemies to each other. I own alſo that my heart was not appeaſed after we had ſubverted the haughty city of Troy; and that I found it difficult when I ſaw you, to love virtue in the ſon of Ulyſſes: With this I often reproached myſelf. But virtue, when it is gentle, unaffected, ingenious and modeſt, at length overcomes every thing. Philoctetes was afterwards inſenſibly engaged to tell him what had kindled in his heart ſo much enmity againſt Ulyſſes.

I muſt, ſaid he, begin my hiſtory higher. I every where attended the great Hercules, who freed the earth from ſo many monſters, and in whoſe ſight the other heroes were but as feeble reeds near a large oak, or little birds in the preſence of the eagle. His misfortunes and mine proceeded from love, the ſource of all the moſt terrible diſaſters. Hercules, who had conquered ſo many monſters, could not conquer this ſhameful paſſion: Cupid, the cruel boy made him his ſport. Nor could he recollect without blushing with ſhame, that he had formerly been ſo

forgetful of his glory, as to ſpin with Omphale queen of Lydia, like the moſt abject and effeminate of mankind; ſo far was he hurried away by his blind paſſion. An hundred times has he confeſſed to me, that this part of his life had tarnished his virtue, and almoſt effaced the glory of all his labours. How great, ye Gods! is the weakneſs and inconſtancy of men! they think themſelves all ſufficient, though they can withſtand nothing. Alas the great Hercules was entangled again in the ſnares of love, which he had ſo often deteſted. He conceived a paſſion for Dejanira: She was his wife, and happy had he been had he been conſtant to her; but Iole's youth, on whoſe face the graces were pictured, quickly ravished his heart. Dejanira, burning with jealouſy, bethought her of the fatal tunic, which the centaur Neſſus had bequeathed her at his death, as a certain means to awaken the love of Hercules, as often as he should ſeem to neglect her and to be fond of another. This tunic, imbrued with the venomous blood of the centaur, contained the poiſon of the arrows with which that monſter was ſlain. You know that the arrows with which Hercules killed this perfidious centaur, had been dipt in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra, and that this blood poiſoned thoſe arrows to ſuch a degree, that all their wounds were incurable.

Hercules having put on this tunic, preſently felt the devouring fire, which inſinuated itſelf even into the marrow of his bones. He roared in a horrible manner, making mount Œta and all the deep valleys ring with his cries: nay, the ſea, itſelf ſeemed to be moved; the moſt furious bulls in their conflicts could not have made a more terrible bellowing. The ill-fated Lychas, who had brought him this tunic from Dejanira, preſuming to approach him, Hercules ſeized him in the tranſports of his anguish, and as a ſlinger whirls a ſtone in his ſling, in order to caſt it the farther, whirled him ſwiftly round, and then with his potent hands hurled him from the top of the mountain into the billows of the ſea, where he was immediately transformed

transformed into a rock, which ſtill retains an human shape, and being continually beaten by the angry waves, alarms the wary pilot at a diſtance.

After this misfortune of Lychas, believing I should no longer be ſafe with Hercules, I thought of hiding myſelf in the deepeſt caverns of the earth. With one hand I beheld him eaſily up-root the lofty firs and ancient oaks, which for ſeveral ages had braved the winds and the tempeſts; with the other, he vainly endeavoured to tear the fatal tunic from his back; it was glued to his skin, and as it were incorporated with his limbs: as he tore that, he tore off his skin and his flesh, and drenched the earth with torrents of blood. At length his virtue getting the better of his anguish, he cried out, You ſee! my dearest Philoctetes! the evils which the Gods inflict upon me; they are righteous; I have offended them; I have violated conjugal love; having vanquished ſo many enemies, I meanly ſuffered myſelf to be vanquished by a beautiful ſtranger; I perish, and I am willing to perish to appeaſe the Gods. But alas! my dear friend, whither do you fly? My exceſſive tortures have indeed made me commit an act of cruelty on the wretched Lychas, for which my conſcience upbraids me; he knew not that he preſented me poiſon, nor deſerved to ſuffer. But do you think that I can forget my friendship for you, and that I would rob you of your life? No, no, I shall never ceaſe to love Philoctetes. Philoctetes shall receive my fleeting ſoul in his boſom; he shall collect my ashes together. Where are you then, my dear Philoctetes! Philoctetes! the only hope which is left me here below.

This ſaid, I immediately ran towards him; he ſtretches out his arms to embrace me, but draws them back again, for fear of kindling in my boſom the cruel fire with which he himſelf was conſumed. Alas! ſaid he, even this conſolation is no longer allowed me. As he ſpeaks thus, he collects together the trees he had torn up by the roots; he makes a funeral pile of them on the top of the mountain; he aſcends it with

with tranquillity; he overſpreads it with the skin of the Nemean lion, which he had ſo long worn on his ſhoulders, when he travelled from one end of the earth to the other to deſtroy monſters, and deliver the diſtreſſed; he leans on his club, and bids me light the pyre.

My hands trembling with horror could not deny him this cruel office; for his life was ſo racked with tortures, that it was no longer a gift of the Gods. I was moreover apprehenſive leſt the violence of his pangs ſhould tranſport him to act ſomething unworthy of the virtue which had aſtoniſhed the univerſe. Perceiving the flames begin to catch the pyre, Now, cried he, my dear Philoctetes, I am convinced of the ſincerity of your friendſhip; for you love my honour more than my life: may the Gods reward you for it! I bequeath you what I have of the moſt valuable in the world, theſe arrows dipt in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra. You know that their wounds are incurable; they will render you as invincible as I have been, and no mortal will dare to contend with you. Remember that I die your faithful friend, and never forget how dear you have been to me. And if you are really touched with my ſufferings, you will afford me the laſt conſolation in your power, a promiſe never to diſcover to any mortal either my death, or the place where you conceal my aſhes. Alas! I promiſed, nay I ſwore it as I bedewed his pyre with my tears; a beam of gladneſs darted from his eyes. But he was ſuddenly involved in curling flames, which ſtifled his voice, and almoſt ſnatched him from my ſight. However, I beheld him again through the fire with a countenance as ſerene as if it had been crowned with flowers, perfumed and encircled by his friends, amidſt the merriments of a ſumptuous banquet.

Soon did the fire conſume all his earthly and mortal part; ſoon was there nothing left of what he had received from his mother Alcmena at his birth: But he preſerved by Jupiter's decree that ſubtle and immortal ſubſtance, that celeſtial flame, the true principle

ciple of life, which he had received from the father of the Gods. He aſcended therefore to drink nectar with them under the gilded roofs of shining Olympus; where the immortals gave him for his wife the lovely Hebe, the Goddeſs of youth; who uſed to pour the nectar into Jupiter's cup, before Ganymede was preferred to that honour.

For my part, I found an inexhauſtible ſource of ſorrows, in the very arrows he bequeathed me in order to raiſe me above the heroes. The confederate kings quickly undertook to revenge Menelaus on the infamous Paris, the raviſher of Helen, and to ſubvert the empire of Priam. The oracle of Apollo gave them to underſtand that they muſt not hope for an happy iſſue of that war, unleſs they had the arrows of Hercules.

Your father Ulyſſes, who in all their councils conſtantly diſcovered the greateſt wiſdom and art, undertook to perſuade me to accompany them to the ſiege of Troy, and to carry the arrows thither, which were he thought in my poſſeſſion. Hercules had not been ſeen for a long while; there was no talk of any new exploit of his; monſters and wicked men began to appear again with impunity. The Greeks knew not what to think concerning him; ſome ſaid that he was dead, and others that he was gone as far as the frozen bear in order to tame the Scythians; but Ulyſſes maintained that he was dead, and undertook to make me confeſs it. As he came to me while I was yet inconſolable for the loſs of the great Alcides, he found it very difficult to accoſt me; for I could not bear the ſight of men, nor the thoughts of being torn from the deſerts of mount Œta, where I had ſeen my friend die: I heeded but to recall the image of that hero to my mind, and to weep at the ſight of thoſe ſcenes of horror. But ſoft and powerful perſuaſion hung on your father's lips; he ſeemed almoſt as much afflicted as I; he poured forth floods of tears; he inſenſibly won my heart and my confidence, and moved me with pity for the kings of Greece, who were going to fight in a juſt cauſe, and

and could not ſucceed without me. He could not however extort from me the ſecret of Hercules's death, which I had ſworn never to reveal; but he no longer doubted of it, and preſſed me to show him where I had concealed his ashes.

Though I had, alas! an abhorrence of being guilty of perjury, by revealing a ſecret which I had promiſed the Gods never to reveal; yet was I ſo weak as to evade the oath which I durſt not violate: the Gods have punished me for it: I ſtamped with my foot on the earth where I had depoſited the ashes of Hercules. I then went and joined the confederate kings, who received me with the ſame joy as they would have received Hercules himſelf. As I was paſſing through the iſland of Lemnos, I had a mind to show all the Greeks the efficacy of my arrows, and going to shoot a deer which was rushing into a wood, I heedleſsly let the arrow fall from my bow on my foot, where it made a wound which I ſtill feel. I was immediately racked with the ſame tortures which Hercules himſelf had ſuffered, and filled the iſland both night and day with my wailings; black corrupted blood iſſuing from my wound, infected the air, and diffuſed a ſtench through the whole Grecian camp, which was enough to ſuffocate men of the moſt robuſt conſtitutions. The whole army was ſtruck with horror at my diſtreſs; every one concluding that it was a judgment which the righteous Gods had inflicted upon me.

Ulyſſes, who had engaged me in this war, was the firſt to forſake me. I have ſince been convinced that he did it, becauſe he preferred victory and the common intereſt of Greece to all motives of friendship and decency with regard to any particular perſon. It was no longer poſſible to ſacrifice in the camp, ſo much did the horror and infection of my wound, and the violence of my shrieks diſturb the whole army. But as ſoon as I ſaw myſelf deſerted by all the Greeks at the inſtigation of Ulyſſes, his conduct ſeemed to me to be full of the moſt shocking inhumanity

manity and the blackeſt treachery. Alas! I was blind, and did not ſee that it was juſt that the wiſeſt men ſhould be my enemies, as well as the Gods whom I had offended.

I remained, during almoſt the whole ſiege of Troy, all alone, without ſuccour, without hope, without comfort, a prey to the moſt terrible tortures in this deſert and ſavage iſland, where I heard but the roaring of the billows that dashed againſt the rocks. In the midſt of this ſolitude I found an empty cave, in a rock that lifted its two points like two heads to the heavens, and poured forth a limpid ſpring. This cave was a harbour for wild beaſts, to whoſe fury I was expoſed both night and day. I heaped ſome leaves together for a bed: My whole furniture was a wooden bowl rudely wrought, and ſome tattered cloaths, with which I bound up my wound to ſtop its bleeding, and with which I likewiſe uſed to cleanſe it. Here, abandoned by men, the object of the wrath of the Gods, I ſpent my time in shooting doves and other birds which flew around the rock, with my arrows. And when I had killed any for my ſuſtenance, I was forced with extreme pain to crawl along the earth to pick up my prey. In this manner did my hands provide me wherewithal to ſubſiſt on.

The Greeks indeed, when they went away, left me ſome proviſions, but they did not laſt long. I uſed to kindle my fire with flints. This life, dreadful as it was, as it was remote from falſe ungrateful men, would have ſeemed pleaſant to me, had I not been borne down by my pains, and inceſſantly ruminating on my dire miſchance. What! ſaid I; entice a man from his native country, under pretence of his being the only one who could avenge Greece, and then leave him in this deſert iſland while he was aſleep! For I was aſleep when the Greeks departed. Judge how great was my ſurpriſe, and how many tears I ſhed, when I awaked and ſaw their veſſels ploughing through the waves. I ſearched every corner of this ſavage and frigthful iſland, but alas! I found

found in it nothing but ſorrow. In fact, there is neither harbour, nor trade, nor hoſpitality, nor does any man willingly land there. One ſees but wretches who have been driven upon it by ſtorms, and one cannot hope for ſociety but from ſhipwrecks; and even thoſe durſt not take me along with them: they dreaded the wrath of the Gods and that of the Greeks. Here for ten long years did I ſuffer pain and hunger; here I fed my devouring wound, and even hope itſelf was extinguiſhed in my heart.

Returning one day from ſeeking ſome medicinal herbs for my wound, I ſaw in my cave a handſome graceful youth, but of an haughty air and heroic ſtature. Methought I beheld Achilles himſelf, ſo much had he of his features, looks and gait; his age only convinced me that it could not be he. I obſerved both pity and confuſion blended together in his face; he was moved at ſeeing with what pain and how ſlowly I crawled along; my piercing and doleful cries, which the echoes of every ſhore reſounded, melted his very heart.

O ſtranger! ſaid I, while I was yet a good way off, what diſaſter has brought you to this uninhabited iſland? I know the Grecian habit, that habit which is ſtill ſo dear to me. Oh! how I long to hear thy voice, and to find on thy lips the language which I learnt in my infancy, and which I have ſpoke to nobody for ſo long a time in this ſolitude. Be not ſtartled at the ſight of ſo wretched a creature; you ought rather to pity him.

Neoptolemus had hardly told me that he was a Greek, when I cried out. O inchanting words after ſo many years of ſilence and never-ceaſing pain! O my ſon! what misfortune, what ſtorms, or rather what propitious winds have brought you hither to end my woes! He replied, I am of the iſland of Scyros; I am returning thither, and am ſaid to be the ſon of Achilles: You know the whole.

So ſhort an anſwer not ſatisfying my curioſity, I ſaid, O ſon of a father whom I greatly loved, thou darling

darling of thy grandſire Lycomedes, what brings you hither? whence come you? He replied, that he came from the ſiege of Troy. You were not, ſaid I, in the firſt expedition. Why, ſaid he, were you? I plainly ſee, anſwered I, that you are a ſtranger to Philoctetes's name and misfortunes. Alas! wretch that I am, my perſecutors inſult me in my miſeries! Greece is ignorant of my ſufferings; my ſorrows increaſe; the Atridæ have brought me to this; may the Gods requite them for it!

I then told him how the Greeks had deſerted me. As ſoon as he heard my complaints, he made his. After the death of Achilles, ſaid he—I immediately interrupted him, ſaying, How! Achilles dead! O my ſon! excuſe my breaking in upon your narration by the tears I owe your father. You comfort me, replied Neoptolemus, by your interruption. How delightful is it to me to ſee Philoctetes bewail my father!

Neoptolemus reſuming his diſcourſe, ſaid, After the death of Achilles, Ulyſſes and Phœnix came to me, aſſuring me that they could not ſubvert the city of Troy without me. They had no difficulty to perſuade me to go with them; for my grief for the death of Achilles, and my deſire of inheriting his glory in that famous war, were ſufficient motives to induce me to do it. I arrive at the ſiege, the army gathers around me, and every one ſwears that he beholds Achilles again; but he, alas! was no more. Young and unexperienced, I thought I might expect every thing from perſons that beſtowed ſuch praiſes upon me. I immediately ask the Atridæ for my father's armour; they cruelly reply, you ſhall have every thing elſe that belonged to him; but as for his armour it is deſigned for Ulyſſes.

Upon this I am troubled, I weep, I rave: But Ulyſſes without the leaſt emotion ſaid, Young man, you have not borne your part with us in the perils of this long ſiege; you have not merited ſuch arms, and already talk too haughtily; you ſhall never have them.

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them. Unjuſtly robbed by Ulyſſes, I am now returning to the iſle of Scyros, leſs incenſed againſt him than againſt the Atridæ. May all who are their enemies, be beloved of the Gods! O Philoctetes! I have told you all.

I then asked Neoptolemus why Ajax Telamon did not prevent ſuch a piece of injuſtice. He is dead, anſwered he. Dead, cried I! and Ulyſſes not dead; he on the contrary proſpers in the army! I then inquired after Antilochus the ſon of the wiſe Neſtor, and Patrochus ſo dear to Achilles. They are dead alſo, ſaid he. Hereupon I once again cried out, How! dead! What, alas! do you tell me! Thus cruel war mows down the good and ſpares the wicked. Ulyſſes then is living; and ſo, no doubt, is Therſites? Theſe are the doings of the Gods, and yet we celebrate their praiſes!

While I was in this rage againſt your father, Neoptolemus went on to deceive me, adding theſe melancholy words. Far from the army of the Greeks, where evil prevails over good, I am going to live contented in the rude iſland of Scyros. Farewell, I go; may the Gods heal your wound.

I inſtantly ſaid, O my ſon, I conjure you by the manes of your father, by your mother, by all that is deareſt to you in the world, not to leave me alone in this miſerable condition. I am not ignorant how burdenſome I ſhall be to you, but it would be diſhonourable in you to forſake me; throw me into the prow, the ſtern, the ſink itſelf, or wherever I may incommode you the leaſt. None but great ſouls know how much glory there is in being good. Leave me not in a deſert, where there is no human footſtep; take me into your own country, or into Eubœa, which is not far from mount Œta, Trachinium, and the pleaſant banks of the river Sperchius: ſend me back to my father. Alas! I fear he is dead: I deſired him to ſend me a ſhip: either he is dead, or thoſe who promiſed to tell him my diſtreſs, did not do it. O my ſon, I fly to you for ſuccour. Remember

ber the inſtability of all human things: Who is in proſperity, ſhould apprehend the abuſing it, and relieve the diſtreſſed.

This is what the exceſs of my anguish prompted me to ſay to Neoptolemus; he promiſed to take me with him. I then burſt into exclamations again. O happy day! O lovely Neoptolemus, worthy of thy father's glory. Ye dear companions of this voyage, permit me to bid this diſmal manſion adieu. Lo! where I have lived; imagine what I have ſuffered; nobody elſe could have borne it: But neceſſity was my tutor, and she teaches men what they would never otherwiſe know: They who have never ſuffered, know nothing; they know neither good nor evil, they are ſtrangers to mankind, they are ſtrangers to themſelves. This ſaid, I took my bow and my arrows.

Neoptolemus deſired me to let him kiſs thoſe celebrated arms which had been conſecrated by the invincible Hercules. I replied, you may do what you pleaſe, I can deny thee nothing; it is thou, my ſon, who now reſtoreſt me the light, my country, my aged father, my friends, myſelf; you may touch theſe arms, and boaſt of being the only Greek that has deſerved to touch them. Hereupon Neoptolemus enters my grotto to admire my arms.

Mean while I am ſeized with exquiſite pains; I rave; I no longer know what I do; I ask for a sharp ſword to cut off my foot, and cry out, O much deſired death, why comeſt thou not? O young man! burn me this inſtant as I burnt the ſon of Jupiter. O earth, earth, receive a dying wretch that can riſe no more! In this agony I fell ſuddenly, as uſual, into a ſound ſleep; a copious diſcharge of ſweat began to relieve me; black corrupted blood iſſued from my wound. During my ſleep it had been eaſy for Neoptolemus to have taken my arms and gone away; but he was the ſon of Achilles, and was not born to deceive.

When I awaked I perceived his confuſion: he ſighed like one who knows not to diſſemble, and

acts

acts contrary to his inclination. Wilt thou deceive me, said I? What's the matter? You must go with me, said he, to the siege of Troy. I instantly replied, Ah, what said you, my son? give me back the bow; I am betrayed; rob me not of my life. Alas! he answers not; he looks calmly upon me; nothing moves him. O ye shores! ye promontories of this island! ye savage beasts! ye steepy rocks! 'tis to you I make my complaints; for I have but you to whom I can complain: my groans are familiar to you. Must I be betrayed by the son of Achilles? He robs me of the sacred bow of Hercules; he would drag me in triumph to the Grecian camp; not perceiving that this were triumphing over a corps, a shadow, a phantom. Oh! had he attacked me in my vigour! Nay, even now he does it unawares. What shall I do? O my son! restore my arms; be like thy father, be like thyself. What sayest thou? Nothing! Thou savage rock, to thee I return naked, miserable, abandoned, destitute of food. In this den shall I die all alone; having my bow no longer to kill the wild beasts, they will devour me: no matter. But, my son, you seem not a bad man; ill advice prompts you to this; return me my arms, and be gone.

Neoptolemus with tears in his eyes and a low voice said, Would to the Gods that I had never departed from Scyros! Mean time I cry out, Ah! what do I see? Is not that Ulysses? I instantly hear his voice; he replies, Yes, it is Ulysses. Had Pluto's sable realm yawned, and shown me dismal Tartarus, which the Gods themselves dread to see, I should not, I own, have been seized with greater horror. I then exclaimed again, witness thou Lemnian earth! and thou, O sun! can'st thou behold and suffer this? Ulysses, perfectly calm, replied, Jupiter commands, and I obey. Darest thou name Jupiter, said I? See'st thou this youth who was not born for fraud, and hurts himself in doing what you force him to do? We come not, said Ulysses, to injure or deceive you;

we

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we come to deliver you, to cure you, to give you the glory of ſubverting Troy, and to carry you back to your own country; 'tis you, and not Ulyſſes, who are Philoctetes's enemy.

I then ſaid to your father every thing which rage could dictate. Since thou deſerted'ſt me on this ſhore, ſaid I, why do you not leave me here in peace? Go, ſeek renown in battle and every kind of pleaſure; ſhare your happineſs with the Atridæ, and leave me my miſery and pain. And why would you force me away? I am nothing now, I am already dead. Why do you not think at preſent, as you did heretofore, that I am not able to go; that my wailings and the ſtench of my wound would interrupt the ſacrifices? O Ulyſſes, author of my woes, may the Gods — but the Gods hear me not: nay, they ſtir up my enemy againſt me. O my native country! never ſhall I ſee thee more! Punish, ye Gods! if there be one juſt enough to pity me, punish Ulyſſes, and I ſhall think myſelf cured.

While I was ſpeaking thus, your father, quite compoſed, beheld me with an air of compaſſion, like a man who inſtead of being provoked at, bears with and excuſes the diſtraction of a wretch ſoured by misfortunes. Like a rock on the top of a mountain which derides the fury of the winds, and lets them waſte their rage while it remains immoveable; your father ſilently waited 'till my anger had ſpent itſelf. For he knew that the way to reduce mens paſſions to reaſon is not to attack them 'till they begin to grow languid through a kind of wearineſs. He afterwards addreſt me thus. O Philoctetes! what have you done with your reaſon and your courage? This is the time to uſe them. If you refuſe to go with us in order to fulfill the glorious deſigns of Jupiter with regard to you, farewell; you are unworthy of being the deliverer of Greece and the ſubverter of Troy. Remain at Lemnos; theſe arms I bear away ſhall give me the glory which was deſtined to you. Let us be gone, Neoptolemus; it is in vain to talk to him;

him; pity for a ſingle perſon ought not to make us neglect the common ſafety of Greece.

Upon this I was like a lioneſs robbed of her young, that fills the woods with her roarings. Thou cave, ſaid I, I'll never forſake thee, thou ſhalt be my grave; O manſion of my woes! Nothing now to ſubſiſt on, no remains of hope! O lend me a ſword to ſlay myſelf! O that the birds of prey were able to bear me hence! I ſhall no longer ſhoot them with my arrows. O precious bow, conſecrated by the hands of the ſon of Jupiter! Dear Hercules! if thou ſtill retaineſt the leaſt compaſſion, art thou not filled with indignation? Thy bow is no longer in the hands of thy faithful friend; it is in the impure the fraudful hands of Ulyſſes. Ye birds of prey, ye ſavage brutes, no longer fly this cave, my hands are no longer armed with arrows; I, wretch that I am, can do you no harm; come, devour me; or rather may mercileſs Jupiter's thunder ſtrike me dead!

Your father having tried all other means of perſuading me, at laſt thought that it would be beſt to return me my arms. He accordingly made a ſign to Neoptolemus, who immediately reſtored them. Hereupon I ſaid, O worthy ſon of Achilles, you prove yourſelf to be ſo; but ſuffer me to diſpatch my enemy. I was going to ſhoot an arrow at your father; but Neoptolemus with-held me, ſaying, reſentment diſturbs your reaſon, and hinders you from ſeeing the baſeneſs of the action you are going to commit.

As for Ulyſſes, he ſeemed as unconcerned at my arrows as at my reproaches. I was ſtruck with his intrepidity and patience, and aſhamed of having endeavoured in the firſt tranſports of my rage to make uſe of my arms to kill him who had cauſed them to be reſtored to me; but as my reſentment was not yet appeaſed, I could not bear to be obliged for them to one I ſo greatly hated. Neoptolemus in the mean while ſaid, Know that the divine Helenus, the ſon of Priam, coming out of the city of Troy by the command

mand and inſpiration of the Gods, unveiled futurity to us. Ill fated Troy ſhall fall, ſaid he; but it cannot fall till it is attacked by him who has Hercules's arrows; neither can that man be cured 'till he comes before the walls of Troy, where the ſons of Æſculapius will cure him.

I now felt a conflict in my boſom; being affected with Neoptolemus's frankneſs and juſtice in reſtoring me my bow, but unable to prevail with myſelf to live if I muſt ſubmit to go with Ulyſſes: a faulty ſhame held me in ſuſpenſe. Shall I be ſeen, ſaid I to myſelf, in the company of Ulyſſes and the Atridæ? What would the world think of me!

While I was in this uncertainty, I all of a ſudden hear a voice more than human, and ſee Hercules in a bright cloud encircled with rays of glory. I eaſily recollected his manly features, his robuſt body, and plain manner; but he had a loftineſs and majeſty which were never ſo conſpicuous in him while he was ſubduing of monſters. He beſpoke me thus:

You hear, you ſee Hercules. I have left lofty Olympus to tell you the commands of Jupiter. You know by what labours I obtained immortality. You muſt go with the ſon of Achilles to tread in my ſteps in the paths of glory. You ſhall be cured, and ſhall kill Paris, the author of ſo many woes, with my arrows. After the taking of Troy, ſend rich ſpoils to your father Pæan on mount Œta, and let them be placed on my grave as a monument of the victory owing to my arrows. And you, ſon of Achilles, I tell you that you cannot be victorious without Philoctetes, nor Philoctetes without you. Go therefore like two lions in queſt of prey together. I will ſend Æſculapius to Troy to cure Philoctetes. Above all, ye Greeks, love and practiſe religion; every thing elſe dies, but that lives for ever.

Having heard theſe words, I cried out, O happy day! O pleaſing light! that after ſo many years doſt manifeſt thyſelf at laſt? I obey thee, I'll depart the moment I have bid theſe ſcenes adieu. Fare-

well, dear cave! Thou nymph of theſe humid meads, farewell; I no more ſhall hear theſe murmuring billows. Farewell, thou ſhore, where the bleak winds ſo oft have pierced me. Farewell, ye promontories, where echo ſo often repeated my groans. Farewell, ye ſweet ſprings, that were ſo bitter to me. Farewell, thou Lemnian land; let my departure be happy, ſince I am going whither the will of the Gods and my friends call me.

We then departed, and arrived at the ſiege of Troy. Machaon and Podalirius by the divine ſcience of their father Æſculapius cured me, or at leaſt put me in the condition wherein you now ſee me. I have no pain; I have recovered all my ſtrength, but am a little lame. I killed Paris, as the huntſman ſhoots a timorous fawn with his arrows. Ilion was ſoon reduced to ashes; you know the reſt. The remembrance however of my ſufferings made me retain ſome averſion to Ulyſſes, and his virtue could not appeaſe my reſentment; but the ſight of a ſon that reſembles him, and whom I cannot forbear loving, begets a tenderneſs in my heart for the father himſelf.

End of the Fifteenth Book.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SIXTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus quarrels with Phalantus about ſome priſoners whom they both claim; he fights with and overcomes Hippias, who deſpiſing his youth, had forcibly carried away thoſe priſoners for his brother Phalantus. But Telemachus, little ſatisfied with his victory, privately laments his rashneſs and error, which he would be glad to repair. At the ſame time Adraſtus, king of the Daunians, being informed that the confederate kings were ſolely intent on making up the breach between Telemachus and Hippias, goes and attacks them unawares. Having ſurpriſed an hundred of their ships to tranſport his troops to their camp, he immediately ſets it on fire, begins the attack on Phalantus's quarters, kills his brother Hippias, and very much wounds Phalantus himſelf.

WHILE Philoctetes was thus relating his adventures, Telemachus remained as it were ſuſpended and motionleſs, and fixed his eyes on the great man that was ſpeaking. All the different paſſions which had agitated Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulyſſes and Neoptolemus, were ſeen as they were repreſented in their turns on the artleſs countenance of Tele-

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machus. During the courſe of this narration he ſometimes cried out and interrupted Philoctetes, without thinking on what he did; ſometimes he appeared thoughtful, like one who is maturely weighing the conſequences of things: And when Philoctetes was deſcribing the confuſion of Neoptolemus who knew not to diſſemble, Telemachus ſeemed to be in the ſame confuſion; one would at that inſtant have taken him for Neoptolemus himſelf.

Mean while the confederate army was marching in good order againſt Adraſtus king of the Daunians, who deſpiſed the Gods, and ſought only to deceive men. Telemachus found it very difficult to behave with prudence among ſo many princes who were jealous of each other. He was to render himſelf odious to none, and to make himſelf beloved of all. Now though he was naturally frank and good-natured, yet he was not over-complaiſant; he ſeldom conſidered what might oblige others; he was not fond of money, but then he knew not the art of giving. Thus with a noble and well-diſpoſed heart, he ſeemed neither obliging, nor friendly, nor liberal, nor grateful for the care which was taken of him, nor attentive to diſtinguish merit. He followed his own inclination without reflection. His mother Penelope had bred him up, in ſpite of Mentor, in an haughtineſs and pride, which ſullied all his amiable qualities. He looked upon himſelf to be of a different nature from the reſt of mankind; others ſeemed to him to be ſent into the world by the Gods only to pleaſe him, to ſerve him, to prevent all his wiſhes, and to make him their ſole arbiter in all things, as though he were a God. The happineſs of ſerving him was in this opinion a ſufficient recompenſe for thoſe who did it. Nothing muſt ever be impoſſible in which his ſatisfaction was concerned, and the leaſt delays moved his haſty temper.

Had any one ſeen him thus in his natural diſpoſition, he would have thought him incapable of loving any thing but himſelf, and that he was affected with nothing

nothing but his own glory and pleaſure. This indifference however as to others, and perpetual regard for himſelf proceeded only from the ferment he was continually thrown into by the violence of his paſſions. He had been fondled and humoured by his mother from his cradle, and was a ſignal inſtance of the misfortunes of a high birth. The calamities he ſuffered even from his greeneſt years had not been capable to qualify this haughtineſs and vehemence of his temper. Though he had been deſtitute of all things, forſaken and expoſed to numerous evils, yet he had loſt nothing of his pride: That continually roſe up again, as the pliant palm inceſſantly riſes of itſelf, whatever efforts are made to depreſs it.

While Telemachus was with Mentor, theſe failings did not appear, and were daily decreaſing. Like a fiery courſer that bounds over the ſpacious meadows, that ſtops neither at ſteepy rocks, nor precipices, nor torrents, and that obeys but the voice and hand of a ſingle perſon who knows to manage him; Telemachus, full of a noble ardor, could not be reſtrained but by Mentor alone: But then a look of his would inſtantly ſtop him in his ſwifteſt career; he immediately comprehended its meaning; he recalled every ſentiment of virtue to his heart, and his reaſon in a moment rendered his countenance calm and ſerene: Neptune, when he lifts his trident, and threatens the ſwelling billows, does not more ſuddenly ſtill the lowering tempeſts.

When Telemachus was alone, all his paſſions that had been reſtrained like a torrent by a ſtrong dike, took their natural courſe; he could not brook the arrogance of the Lacedæmonians and of Phalantus who was at their head. This colony, which had founded Tarentum, was compoſed of young men who were born during the ſiege of Troy, and had never had any education. Their illegitimate birth, the diſſolute lives of their mothers, and the licentiouſneſs in which they had been bred up, gave them

ſomething of wildneſs and barbarity; they reſembled a band of robbers more than a colony of Greeks.

Phalantus ſought all opportunities of contradicting Telemachus. He often interrupted him in council, deſpiſing his advice as that of an unexperienced youth; he bantered and treated him as an effeminate ſtripling; he made all the chiefs of the army take notice of his ſlighteſt failings; he endeavoured to ſow jealouſies every where, and to render Telemachus's high ſpirit odious to all the allies.

One day Telemachus having taken ſome Daunians priſoners, Phalantus pretended a right to them, alledging that he, at the head of his Lacedæmonians, had defeated that part of the army, and that Telemachus, finding the Daunians already vanquiſhed and put to flight, had no trouble but the giving them quarter, and the conducting them to the camp. Telemachus on the contrary maintained, that he had hindered Phalantus from being defeated, and had gained the victory over the Daunians. They both pleaded their cauſe in an aſſembly of the confederate princes; where Telemachus being ſo far tranſported as to threaten Phalantus, they would inſtantly have fought, had they not been with-held.

Phalantus had a brother, whoſe name was Hippias, famous through the whole army for his valour, ſtrength and dexterity. Pollux, ſaid the Tarentines, did not wield the ceſtus better, nor could Caſtor have excelled him in the management of an horſe: He was almoſt equal to Hercules in ſtature and ſtrength. The whole army was afraid of him; for he was ſtill more quarrelſome and brutal than ſtrong and valiant.

Hippias ſeeing with what haughtineſs Telemachus menaced his brother, goes immediately to ſeize the priſoners, in order to convey them to Tarentum, without waiting for the deciſion of the aſſembly. Telemachus being privately told of this, went out trembling with rage. Like a foaming boar in purſuit of the hunter that wounded him, did Telemachus rove up and down the camp, looking with eager eyes

eyes for his enemy, and brandishing the dart with which he designed to kill him. At length he meets him, and his rage redoubles at the sight.

He was no longer the wise Telemachus, instructed by Minerva in the form of Mentor; he was a madman, or a furious lion. He immediately cries out to Hippias, Stay, thou basest of men, stay; we will soon see if thou art able to rob me of the spoils of those I have vanquished: Thou shalt not lead them to Tarentum; go, instantly descend to the gloomy banks of Styx. He said, and threw his javelin; but throwing it with so much fury that he could take no aim, it missed Hippias. Hereupon Telemachus draws the golden-hilted sword, which Laertes had given him at his departure from Ithaca as a pledge of his love. Laertes himself had used it with great glory in his youth, and dyed it in the blood of several famous leaders of the Epirots, in a war wherein he was victorious. Telemachus had hardly drawn his sword, when Hippias, resolving to make an advantage of his strength, rushed upon him in order to wrest it out of his hands. The sword is broken between them; they seize and close with each other. Lo! they now resemble two fierce brutes, that strive to tear one another in pieces; fire sparkles in their eyes, they shrink up, they stretch out, they stoop down, they rise again, they spring forwards, they thirst for blood. Lo! They are engaged hand to hand and foot to foot, twisting their two bodies together, so that they seemed to be but one. But Hippias being of a maturer age, seemed as if he would overpower Telemachus, whose tender youth was not so nervous. And now Telemachus being out of breath, feels his knees tremble: and Hippias seeing him stagger, redoubles his efforts. The son of Ulysses had been slain, and suffered the punishment due to his temerity and passion, had not Minerva, who was watchful of him at a distance, and had let him fall into this extremity of danger only for his instruction, determined the victory in his favour.

The Goddeſs herſelf did not quit the palace of Salentum, but ſent Iris the ſwift meſſenger of the Gods. Iris flying with nimble wings cleaves the immenſe ſpaces of the air, leaving behind her a long track of light which looked like a cloud of a thouſand different colours: she did not reſt herſelf till she came to the ſea-shore, where the numberleſs army of the allies was encamped. She ſees at a diſtance the ſtrife, the ardor and efforts of the two combatants; she trembles at the ſight of the danger the young Telemachus is in; she approaches involved in a bright cloud which she formed of ſubtle vapours, the inſtant Hippias, conſcious of his ſtrength, thought himſelf victorious; she covered Minerva's youthful pupil with the Ægis which the wiſe Goddeſs had entruſted to her. Telemachus, whoſe ſtrength was exhauſted, immediately begins to feel freſh vigour. As he revives, Hippias is diſpirited, and finds himſelf terrified and oppreſſed by ſomething divine. Telemachus preſſes hard upon him, attacking him ſometimes in one poſture and ſometimes in another; he makes him reel; he gives him no time to recover himſelf; at laſt he throws him on the ground and falls upon him. A huge Idæan oak, felled by a thouſand ſtrokes of the hatchet with which the whole foreſt reſounded, does not make a more terrible noiſe in its fall; the earth groans; all things around it are ſhaken.

Mean while Telemachus recovered his reaſon as well as his ſtrength. Hippias was ſcarcely fallen beneath him, when the ſon of Ulyſſes was ſenſible of the fault he had been guilty of in thus aſſaulting the brother of one of the confederate kings whom he came to aſſiſt. He called to mind with confuſion the wiſe counſels of Mentor; he was aſhamed of his victory, and perceived that he deſerved to have been overcome. Mean time Phalantus tranſported with fury, ran to his brother's aſſiſtance; and would have tranſfixed Telemachus with his javelin, had he not been afraid of tranſfixing Hippias alſo, whom Telemachus

machus held under him on the ground. The ſon of Ulyſſes could eaſily have taken his antagoniſt's life; but his anger was appeaſed, and he thought only of repairing his fault by ſhewing his moderation. He riſes, ſaying, O Hippias! I am ſatisfied with having taught you not to deſpiſe my youth. Take your life; I admire your ſtrength and courage; the Gods have preſerved me; yield to their power, and let us for the future only fight together againſt the Daunians. While Telemachus was ſpeaking, Hippias got up, beſmeared with duſt and blood, and full of ſhame and rage. Phalantus not daring to take the life of him who had ſo generouſly given it to his brother, was doubtful and diſordered. All the confederate kings ran to them, and led Telemachus one way, and Phalantus and Hippias another. Hippias had loſt his fierce and haughty air, and was aſhamed to lift up his eyes. The whole army was greatly aſtoniſhed that Telemachus had been able at ſo tender an age, when men are not arrived at their full ſtrength, to vanquiſh Hippias, who in might and bulk reſembled the giants, thoſe ſons of earth, that formerly attempted to drive the Immortals from Olympus.

But the ſon of Ulyſſes was far from receiving any pleaſure from this victory. While the army thought they could not ſufficiently admire him, he retired to his tent aſhamed of his fault, unable to ſupport himſelf, and bewailing his haſtineſs of temper. He was ſenſible how unjuſt and unreaſonable he was in his tranſports; he found great vanity, weakneſs and meanneſs in his unbounded haughtineſs, and perceived that true greatneſs is inſeparable from moderation, juſtice, modeſty and humanity: He perceived this; but not preſuming to hope that he ſhould amend after ſo many relapſes, he was at war with himſelf, and was heard to roar like a lion in his fury.

He remained two days ſhut up all alone in his tent, puniſhing and unable to prevail on himſelf to go into company. Alas! ſaid he, ſhall I dare to ſee

Mentor again? Am I the ſon of Ulyſſes, the wiſeſt and moſt patient of men? Did I come to bring diſſention and diſorder into the army of the allies? Is it their blood, or that of Daunians their enemies, which I ought to ſhed? I have acted raſhly; I knew not even to throw my javelin; I expoſed myſelf in combat againſt Hippias with ſtrength unequal, and ſhould have expected nothing but death and the ſhame of being vanquiſhed. And what of that? I ſhould have been no more: no, the raſh Telemachus, the ſenſeleſs youth who does not profit by any advice, would have been no more: my ſhame would have ended with my life. Could I alas! ſo much as hope never to do again what I am now ſo grieved for having done, I ſhould be happy, abundantly happy; but perhaps before the cloſe of this very day I ſhall commit, nay wilfully commit, the very faults of which I am at preſent ſo much aſhamed and have ſo great an abhorrence. O fatal victory! O praiſes which I cannot bear! praiſes which are bitter reproaches of my folly!

While he was thus ſolitary and diſconſolate, Neſtor, and Philoctetes came to ſee him. Neſtor deſigned to convince him how much he had been in the wrong; but the wiſe ſenior preſently perceiving the youth's affliction, changed his grave remonſtrances into expreſſions of kindneſs, in order to allay his grief.

This quarrel retarded the progreſs of the confederate princes, who could not march towards the enemy 'till they had reconciled Telemachus with Phalantus and Hippias; being hourly apprehenſive leſt the Tarentine troops ſhould fall upon the hundred young Cretans that came with Telemachus to this war. All was in confuſion through the fault of Telemachus only; and he perceiving the many preſent evils and future dangers of which he was the author, abandoned himſelf to the bitterest grief. All the princes were in a great perplexity: They durſt not order the army to march, leſt Telemachus's Cretans and Phalantus's Tarentines ſhould fight with each other

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other as they went along; they had great difficulty to keep them from it even in the camp, where they were narrowly watched. Neſtor and Philoctetes were inceſſantly going backwards and forwards from Telemachus's tent to that of the implacable Phalantus, who breathed nothing but revenge. Neither Neſtor's ſweet eloquence nor the great Philoctetes's authority could pacify his ſavage heart, which was moreover continually irritated by the inflaming diſcourſe of his brother Hippias. Telemachus was much calmer, but dejected by a ſorrow which nothing could alleviate.

While the princes were in this commotion, all the troops were under great conſternation: The whole camp looked like a houſe of mourning that had juſt loſt the father of the family, the ſupport of all his relations, and the ſweet hope of his little children.

During this diſorder and conſternation of the army there was ſuddenly heard a frightful noiſe of chariots and arms, of neighing ſteeds and outcries of men, ſome victorious and ſpurred on to carnage, others running away, dying, or wounded. A black cloud of whirling duſt overſpreads the heavens and covers the whole camp. The duſt is preſently followed by a thick ſmoke which condenſes the air, and hinders reſpiration. There was likewiſe heard an hollow noiſe like that of the curling flames which mount Ætna belches from the bottom of its burning bowels, when Vulcan with his Cyclops is forging thunderbolts there for the father of the Gods. Terror ſeized on every heart.

The vigilant and indefatigable Adraſtus had ſurpriſed the allies; having concealed his route from them, and procured intelligence of theirs. He had marched with incredible expedition round an almoſt inacceſſible mountain, whoſe paſſes had almoſt all been ſeized by the allies. Now the allies being in poſſeſſion of theſe paſſes thought themſelves perfectly ſafe, and even fancied that they ſhould be able by their means to fall upon the enemy on the other ſide of the mountain, when ſome troops which they ex-

pected, were arrived. Adraſtus, who was very lavish of his money in order to get intelligence of his enemies, had been informed of their reſolution; for Neſtor and Philoctetes, though otherwiſe very wiſe and experienced commanders, were not ſufficiently ſecret in their enterpriſes. Neſtor, now in the decline of life, was too fond of relating things which tended to his own praiſe. Philoctetes was naturally leſs talkative, but then he was ſo paſſionate, that if one moved his haſty temper ever ſo little, one might make him diſcover things which he had reſolved to conceal. Artful men had found the key to his heart, and drew from it the moſt important ſecrets. They needed only to provoke him; being then tranſported and beſide himſelf, he would burſt out into menaces, and vaunt of having infallible means to accomplish his deſigns: And if they ſeemed ever ſo little doubtful of his means, he would immediately be ſo inconſiderate as to explain them, and let the cloſeſt ſecrets ſlip from his boſom. Like a fine but cracked veſſel through which leak all the moſt delicious liquors, the heart of this great commander could retain nothing.

Traitors, corrupted by Adraſtus's money, did not fail to make their advantage of the foibles of theſe two princes. They were continually flattering Neſtor with empty praiſes; they reminded him of his paſt exploits, admired his foreſight, and were never weary of applauding him. On the other ſide, they were perpetually laying ſnares for the fiery temper of Philoctetes, and talked to him of nothing but difficulties, accidents, dangers, inconveniencies, irretrievable overſights; for as ſoon as his warm diſpoſition took fire, his wiſdom forſook him, and he was no longer the ſame man.

Telemachus, notwithſtanding the failings we have taken notice of, was much more prudent as to the keeping of a ſecret. He had been habituated to it by his misfortunes, and the neceſſity he had been under from his infancy of concealing his thoughts from Penelope's ſuitors. He knew to keep a ſecret without telling

telling an untruth. And then he had not that reſerved and myſterious air, which is uſual to cloſe men; he never ſeemed burdened with the ſecret he was to keep, but was always free, eaſy, open, like a perſon that bears his heart on his lips. But though he ſaid every thing that could be ſaid without any ill conſequences, yet he knew to ſtop preciſely, and without affectation, at the things which might create ſuſpicions, or furniſh a hint to diſcover his ſecret. Hereby his heart was impenetrable and inacceſſible; even his beſt friends knew nothing but what he judged proper to lay before them for their advice, and there was but Mentor alone for whom he had no reſerve. He did indeed confide in others, but in different degrees, and in proportion to the proofs they had given him of their friendſhip and diſcretion.

Telemachus had often obſerved that the reſolutions of the council were a little too much known in the camp, and had adviſed Neſtor and Philoctetes of it; but they, though men of great experience, did not ſufficiently attend to ſo uſeful an hint. Old age is not at all pliable; inveterate habits bind it as it were in chains, and its failings become incurable. Like trees whoſe rough and knotty trunks are hardened by length of time and cannot be ſtraightened, men hardly have it in their power at a certain age to bend themſelves contrary to cuſtoms which have grown old with them, and are entered into the very marrow of their bones. They often indeed are conſcious of them when it is too late; they bewail them in vain, for tender youth is the only age wherein it is in a man's power to correct his errors.

There was in the army a certain Dolopian, whoſe name was Eurimachus, who was fawning, inſinuating, had the art of adapting himſelf to all the taſtes and inclinations of the princes, and was ingenious and induſtrious in finding out new ways of pleaſing them. When one heard him, one would think there was no difficulty in any thing, and when his advice was aſked, he was ſure to hit upon that which was

moſt

moſt agreeable. He was an entertaining fellow: he bantered the weak, he cringed to thoſe of whom he ſtood in awe, and ſo skilfully ſeaſoned his flattery, that it was grateful to the moſt modeſt ear; he was grave with the grave, and merry with thoſe who were merrily-inclined; for it was no pain to him to aſſume any form whatever. Sincere and virtuous men, who are always the ſame, and who ſubject themſelves to the rules of virtue, can never be ſo agreeable to princes as thoſe who flatter their prevailing paſſions. Eurimachus underſtood war; he was capable of buſineſs, and had, in order to make his fortune, attached himſelf to Neſtor, whoſe confidence he had won, and from whoſe heart, which was a little vain and ſenſible to flattery, he drew every thing which he deſired to know.

Though Philoctetes did not make him his confident, yet the fire and impatience of his temper had the ſame effects as Neſtor's confidence. For Eurimachus needed only to contradict and provoke him, and he diſcovered all. This fellow had received large ſums of Adraſtus, to ſend him intelligence of all the deſigns of the allies. The Daunian king had ſeveral deſerters in their army, who were to make their eſcape one after another from the confederate camp, and to return to his. When there was any thing of importance to be communicated to Adraſtus, Eurymachus uſed to diſpatch one of theſe deſerters. The treachery could not eaſily be diſcovered; becauſe as they never carried any letters, nothing was found upon them, if they were taken, that could render Eurimachus ſuſpected.

Adraſtus therefore conſtantly prevented all the enterpriſes of the allies: a reſolution was hardly taken in the council, but the Daunians did preciſely what was neceſſary to hinder its ſucceſs. Telemachus was indefatigable in his endeavours to find out the cauſe of this, and to excite the ſuſpicions of Neſtor and Philoctetes; but his cares were vain, for their eyes were not to be opened.

It

It had been reſolved in council to wait for a large number of troops which were to arrive, and an hundred ships had been ſent privately by night to tranſport them the more expeditiouſly from a very rugged ſea-coaſt to which they were to come, to where the army was encamped. Mean time the confederates thought themſelves ſecure, becauſe their troops were in poſſeſſion of the ſtraits of the neighbouring mountain, which was an almoſt inacceſſible ſide of the Appennines. The army was encamped on the banks of the river Galeſus, near the ſea. This delightful country abounds in paſturage, and in all things neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence of an army. Adraſtus was on the other ſide of the mountain, which the allies believed it was impoſſible for him to paſs. But as he knew they were yet but weak, that a great re-inforcement was coming, that ſhips were waiting for the troops which were to arrive, and that the army was divided by Telemachus's quarrel with Phalantus, he immediately made a large circuit, marching night and day along the ſea-ſhore, and going through ways which had always been deemed abſolutely impaſſable. Thus do reſolution and labour ſurmount the greateſt obſtacles; thus is there hardly any thing impoſſible to the daring and the patient of fatigues: and thus do thoſe who ſleep and magnify difficulties into impoſſibilities, deſerve to be ſurpriſed and oppreſt.

Adraſtus early in the morning ſurpriſed the hundred ſhips which belonged to the allies. As theſe ſhips were ill guarded and apprehenſive of nothing, he took them without reſiſtance, and made uſe of them to tranſport his troops with incredible diſpatch to the mouth of the Galeſus; he then ſailed very expeditiouſly up the river. The advanced guards of the confederate camp that were ſtationed towards the river, imagined that theſe barks had brought them the troops which were expected, and immediately ſhouted aloud for joy. Adraſtus and his ſoldiers landed before they could be known, and fall upon the

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the allies, who apprehend nothing, as they are ſcattered up and down in an open camp, unarmed, and without a commander.

The part of the camp which Adraſtus firſt attacked, was that of the Tarentines, where Phalantus commanded. The Daunians entered it with ſuch vigour, that the Lacedæmonians youth being in a ſurpriſe, could not reſiſt them. While they are looking for their arms, and hinder each other in their confuſion, Adraſtus orders the camp to be fired. The flames inſtantly aſcend from the tents, and reach the very clouds; roaring like a deluge that pours over a whole country, and up-roots, and bears away by its rapidity the largeſt oaks, the corn, barns, ſtables, flocks and herds. The wind impetuouſly drives the fire from tent to tent, and the whole camp inſtantly reſembles an old dry foreſt, which a ſingle ſpark has kindled into a blaze.

Phalantus, though he has the neareſt view of the danger, can apply no remedy to it. He perceives that his troops will all perish in the flames, if they do not immediately abandon the camp; but he perceives alſo how much the confuſion of ſuch a retreat is to be dreaded before a victorious enemy. He begins however to draw off his half-armed Lacedæmonian youth, but Adraſtus allows them no time to breathe. On one ſide a band of skilful archers gall Phalantus's ſoldiers with innumerable arrows, and ſlingers on the other pour a flinty ſhower. Adraſtus himſelf, marching ſword in hand at the head of a choſen band of the moſt intrepid Daunians, purſues the fugitives by the light of the flames; he mows down all who eſcape them with his keen ſteel; he ſwims in blood; he cannot ſlake his thirſt of ſlaughter: lions and tigers equal not his fury when they rend the ſhepherds and their flocks. Phalantus's troops ſink before him: their courage forſakes them; pale death, led on by an infernal fury whoſe head briſtles with ſnakes, freezes the blood in their veins; their

their benumbed limbs ſtiffen, and their ſhivering knees rob them even of the hopes of flight.

Phalantus, whom ſhame and deſpair ſtill ſupply with ſome remains of ſtrength and vigour, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, ſees his brother Hippias fall at his feet, beneath the blows of Adraſtus's thundering hand. Hippias is ſtretched on the earth, and rolls in the duſt; black bubbling gore ſpouts like a torrent from the deep wounds in his ſide; his eyes exclude the light, and his furious ſoul iſſues out with his blood. Phalantus himſelf, all beſmeared with his brother's gore, and unable to aſſiſt him, finds himſelf beſet with a crowd of enemies who ſtrive to fell him to the earth. His ſhield is pierced with a thouſand darts; he is wounded in ſeveral parts of his body, and cannot rally his flying troops: The Gods ſee, but do not vouchſafe him their pity.

End of the Sixteenth Book.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SEVENTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, clad in his divine armour, runs to Phalantus's aſſiſtance, kills Iphicles the ſon of Adraſtus, repulſes the victorious enemy, and would have obtained a compleat victory over them, if a ſudden ſtorm had not put an end to the battle. He afterwards orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes care of them himſelf, particularly of Phalantus. He celebrates the funeral rites of his brother Hippias, and preſents him with his ashes which he had collected together in a golden urn.

JUPITER in the midſt of all the celeſtial Deities beheld the ſlaughter of the allies from the top of Olympus; and at the ſame time conſulting the immutable Deſtinies, ſaw all the chiefs whoſe thread of life was that day to be cut by the fatal ſciſſars. All the Immortals looking earneſtly upon him to read his pleaſure in his countenance, the father of Gods and men, with a ſweet but majeſtic voice, ſaid: You ſee to what an extremity the confederates are reduced, you ſee Adraſtus overthrowing his enemies; but this is a deceitful ſpectacle. The glory and proſperity of the wicked is ſhort; the

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the impious Adraſtus, deteſtable for his perfidy, ſhall not obtain a compleat victory. This calamity befalls the allies only to teach them to correct their errors, and to keep their enterpriſes more ſecret. The wiſe Minerva is now preparing fresh glory for her darling, the young Telemachus. He ſaid; and all the Gods continued to view the combat in ſilence.

Mean time Neſtor and Philoctetes are informed that part of the camp is already burnt; that the flames, driven by the winds, were continually ſpreading; that the troops were in diſorder, and that Phalantus could no longer ſuſtain the efforts of the enemy. Theſe dreadful words no ſooner ſtrike their ears but they run to arms, aſſemble the officers, and order them to haſten out of the camp to eſcape the flames.

Telemachus, who was dejected and inconſolable, now forgets his grief, and takes his arms, the ineſtimable preſent of the wiſe Minerva, who appearing in the ſhape of Mentor, pretended that ſhe had received them of an excellent artiſt of Salentum, though ſhe had in reality prevailed on Vulcan to make them in the ſmoaky caverns of mount Ætna.

Theſe arms were ſmooth as glaſs, and glittered like the rays of the ſun. On the ſhield were ſeen Neptune and Pallas contending which of them ſhould have the honour of giving their name to an infant city. Neptune ſtruck the earth with his trident, and one beheld a furious ſteed ſpringing from it. Fire darted from his eyes, and foam iſſued from his mouth. His mane waved with the wind; his pliant and nervous legs moved with vigour and ſwiftneſs. He did not walk; he bounded by the mere ſtrength of his loins, but with ſuch rapidity that he left no footſteps behind him: And one thought one heard him neigh.

In another part was Minerva preſenting olives, the fruit of the tree of her own planting, to the inhabitants of her new city. The bough on which the fruit hung, was an emblem of gentle peace and plenty, preferable

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preferable to the troubles of war, of which the horſe was a ſymbol. The Goddeſs obtained the victory by her plain and uſeful gifts, and ſtately Athens bore her name.

Minerva was alſo ſeen aſſembling around her all the polite arts, which were repreſented by little children with wings. Terrified at the brutal fury of all-deſtroying Mars, they fled to her for ſhelter, as bleating lambkins fly for refuge to their dams at the ſight of a ravenous wolf, that darts with extended flaming jaws to devour them. Minerva, with a diſdainful and angry countenance was alſo confounding by the excellence of her works, the foolish temerity of Arachne, who preſumed to vie with her as to the perfection of her tapeſtry. One ſaw the wretch's leſſening limbs loſing their form, and changing into thoſe of a ſpider.

Near this part Minerva appeared again, giving advice to Jupiter himſelf in the war of the giants, and ſuſtaining all the other affrighted Deities. She was alſo repreſented with her lance and Ægis on the banks of Xanthus and Simois, leading Ulyſſes by the hand, reviving the courage of the flying Greeks, and withſtanding the efforts of the moſt valiant Trojan commanders and of the formidable Hector himſelf; and laſtly, introducing Ulyſſes into the fatal machine which was in a ſingle night to ſubvert the empire of Priam.

Another part of the shield repreſented Ceres in the fruitful fields of Enna, in the midſt of Sicily. The Goddeſs was aſſembling the inhabitants together, who were ſcattered up and down, and lived by hunting, or picking up the wild fruits that dropped from the trees. She taught theſe rude mortals the art of manuring the earth, and of extracting their food out of her fertile boſom; she preſented them with a plough, and taught them to yoke the oxen to it. One might ſee the earth parting into furrows by means of the sharp-edged share; and then one beheld the golden harveſts which hid the fruitful fields.

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The reaper with his ſickle was cutting down the kindly fruits of the earth, and paying himſelf for all his toils. Iron, elſewhere an inſtrument to deſtroy, was here uſed but to procure a plenty, and to give birth to every kind of pleaſure.

The nymphs, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, were dancing together, near a grove in a meadow, on the banks of a river. Pan was playing on his pipe, and the Fauns and wanton Satyrs were friſking together in a corner. Bacchus, crowned with ivy, was likewiſe there, leaning one hand on his Thyrſus, and holding in the other a vine adorned with leafy branches and cluſtering grapes. His beauty was effeminate, but blended with I know not what of noble, of amorous and languiſhing. He looked as when he appeared to the unhappy Ariadne, when he found her ſolitary, forſaken, overwhelmed with ſorrow on an unknown ſhore.

To conclude, in all parts were ſeen multitudes of people; old men bearing their firſt fruit to the temples; young men tired with the toils of the day, returning home to their wives; their wives going to meet them, fondling their little children, and leading them by the hand. There were alſo ſhepherds that ſeemed to ſing, and others to dance to the ſound of their reeds. Every thing was an image of peace, plenty, and pleaſure; every thing ſeemed ſmiling and happy: Nay, the very wolves were ſporting among the ſheep in their paſtures, and the lion and the tyger having quitted their fierceneſs, were feeding with tender lambkins: A child was their ſhepherd, and he governed them all with his crook. This delightful picture put one in mind of all the charms of the golden age.

Telemachus being clad in this celeſtial armour, inſtead of taking his own ſhield, takes the terrible Ægis, which Minerva had ſent him by Iris, the ſwift meſſenger of the Gods. Iris had taken away his own ſhield without his perceiving it, and had given

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given him the Ægis, dreadful even to the Gods themſelves, inſtead of it.

Thus armed he runs out of the camp to avoid the flames, and calls all the chiefs of the army to him with a ſtrong voice, which inſtantly revives all the terrified allies. Celeſtial fire ſparkles in the eyes of the youthful warrior. He all the while ſeems as calm, as free and compoſed, as diligent in iſſuing out his orders, as a wiſe ſenior could who is intent on the regulation of his family, and the inſtruction of his children; but then he is as rapid and violent in the execution, as an impetuous river, which not only rolls its foamy waves with rapidity, but alſo bears away with its torrent the heavieſt veſſels with which it is loaded.

Philoctetes, Neſtor, and the chiefs of the Mandurians and of the other nations perceived that the ſon of Ulyſſes had I know not what of authority, to which they were forced to ſubmit. The experience of the ſeniors fails them; counſel and wiſdom forſake all the commanders; nay, jealouſy itſelf, ſo natural to man, is extinguiſhed in every heart; all are ſilent, all admire Telemachus, all wait for his commands without reflecting on what they do, and as if they had been uſed to do it. He advances and aſcends an eminence; and from thence obſerving the poſture of the enemy, he inſtantly judges that it is neceſſary to uſe the utmoſt diſpatch to ſurpriſe them in the diſorder into which they had put themſelves by burning the confederate camp. He fetches a compaſs with great expedition, followed by all the moſt experienced commanders, and falls upon the Daunians in the rear, at a time when they thought that the army of the allies was involved in the flames. The Daunians are diſordered by this ſudden attack, and fall beneath Telemachus's hands, as leaves in the cloſe of autumn in the foreſts, when the boiſterous north-wind, bringing back the winter, makes the trunks of the old trees groan, and violently ſhakes all the branches. The earth is

ſtrewed

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ſtrewed with men ſlain by Telemachus. With his javelin he pierces the heart of Iphicles, the youngeſt of Adraſtus's children, who preſumed to engage him, in order to ſave his father's life, who was in danger of being killed by Telemachus. The ſon of Ulyſſes and Iphicles were both handſome, vigorous, expert and brave, of the ſame ſtature, of the ſame ſweet diſpoſition, of the ſame age, and both alike dear to their parents; but Iphicles reſembled a flower in the fields, which blooms and is cut down by the ſcythe of the mower. Telemachus then kills Euphorion, the moſt renowned of all the Lydians that came into Hetruria. His ſword afterwards ſlays Cleomenes, who was lately married, and had promiſed his bride to bring her the rich ſpoils of the enemy; but he was never to ſee her again.

Adraſtus quivers with rage when he ſees that his ſon and ſeveral of his commanders are dead, and that victory is ſlipping out of his hands. Phalantus, juſt ready to ſink at his feet, looks like a half-ſlain victim, that ſtarts from the ſacred knife, and flies away from the altar. A moment more had been ſufficient for Adraſtus to have compleated the Lacedæmonian's deſtruction.

Phalantus drowned in his own blood and in that of thoſe who fought around him, hears the shouts of Telemachus coming to his relief. The ſame inſtant life returns, and the cloud which had already overſpread his eyes, diſperſes. The Daunians perceiving this unexpected attack, leave Phalantus to repulſe a more dangerous enemy. Adraſtus reſembles a tiger, from whom a company of ſhepherds ſnatch the prey he was going to devour. Telemachus ſeeks him in the throng, being deſirous to end the war at once by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy; but Jupiter would not grant the ſon of Ulyſſes ſo quick and eaſy a victory. Nay, Minerva herſelf was willing that he ſhould ſuffer more hardships, that he might be the better qualified to govern.

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The impious Adraſtus was preſerved therefore by the father of the Gods, that Telemachus might have time to acquire more glory and virtue. A thick cloud which Jupiter formed in the air, ſaved the Daunians; dreadful thunders ſpoke the will of the Gods. One would have thought that the eternal vaults of high Olympus were going to break down on the heads of feeble mortals; lightnings cleft the clouds from pole to pole, and the eye was ſcarcely dazzled by their piercing fires, but all was wrapt again in the moſt hideous midnight darkneſs. A ſluicy ſhower which fell at the ſame time, contributed likewiſe to part the two armies.

Adraſtus made his advantage of the ſuccour of the Gods without being duly ſenſible of their power, and by this ingratitude merited to be reſerved for a ſeverer vengeance. He immediately marched his army between the half-burnt camp, and a moraſs which reached quite to the river; and this he did with ſuch dexterity and diſpatch, that his retreat was a proof of his readineſs at expedients and of his preſence of mind. The allies ſpurred on by Telemachus, were eager to purſue him; but by the favour of the ſtorm he eſcaped from them, as a ſwift-winged bird eſcapes from the nets of the fowler.

The allies now return to their camp, and think only of repairing their loſs. As they entered it, they beheld the moſt lamentable effects of war; the ſick and the wounded, wanting ſtrength to crawl out of their tents, had not been able to ſave themſelves from the flames: They ſeemed half-burnt, and with a doleful dying voice ſent up bitter cries to heaven, which pierced the very ſoul of Telemachus. He could not retain his tears; he often turned away his eyes through horror and compaſſion, nor could without ſhuddering behold their bodies, though ſtill alive, devoted to a lingering and painful death, and looking like the fleſh of victims that has been burnt on the altars, and diffuſes a ſmell all around.

Alas!

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Alas! cried Telemachus, lo! the evils which war draws after it! How blind a fury poſſeſſes wretched mortals! They have but a few days to live on the earth, and thoſe are days of ſorrow; why then will they quicken the pace of death which is already ſo near? Why will they add ſo many ſhockings evils to the bitterneſs with which the Gods have crouded their ſpan of life? Men are all brothers, and yet they tear each other in pieces. Savage brutes are leſs cruel than they: Lions make not war upon Lions, nor tygers upon tygers; they attack but animals of a different ſpecies. Man only, notwithſtanding his reaſon, does what creatures void of reaſon never did. And then, why theſe wars? Are there not lands enough in the world to ſupply all men with more than they can cultivate? What a waſte of deſolate tracts which mankind can never ſtock with inhabitants! What then! does ambition, a prince's aiming at the vain title of a conqueror, kindle wars in countries ſufficiently large? Yes, a ſingle perſon, ſent into the world by the Gods in their wrath, brutally ſacrifices millions to his vanity. Every thing muſt be deſtroyed; every thing muſt ſwim in blood; every thing muſt be involved in flames, that what eſcapes the ſword and fire, may perish by famine ſtill more cruel than they; and all this, that a ſingle man who mocks at human nature, may gratify his humour and ambition in this general devaſtation. What a monſtrous kind of vanity! Can one too much deteſt and deſpiſe men who have thus far forgotten humanity? No, no, inſtead of being demi-Gods, they are not ſo much as men, and ought to be had in execration in all the ages by which they hoped to be admired. Oh! how cautious ought kings to be with reſpect to the wars they undertake! Their wars ought to be juſt; nay more, they ought to be neceſſary for the public weal. The blood of the people ought not to be shed but to ſave the people

themſelves in caſes of extremity. But flattering counſels, falſe notions of glory, groundleſs jealouſies, unbounded avarice, hid under fair diſguiſes, in ſhort imperceptible motives, almoſt always hurry kings into wars which render them miſerable, which tempt them needleſsly to risk their all, and prove as fatal to their own ſubjects as their enemies. Thus reaſoned Telemachus.

But he did not ſatisfy himſelf with deploring the evils of war; he endeavoured to ſoften them. He went himſelf into the tents, to relieve the ſick and the dying; he gave them money and medicines; he comforted and encouraged them by friendly diſcourſes, and ſent others to viſit thoſe he could not viſit himſelf.

There were among the Cretans that accompanied him, two old men whoſe names were Traumaphilus and Nozophugus. Traumaphilus had been at the ſiege of Troy with Idomeneus, and had learnt the divine art of healing wounds, of Æſculapius's ſons. He uſed to pour into the deepeſt and moſt envenomed a certain odorous liquid which eat away the dead and mortified flesh ſo that there was no need of inciſion, and quickly formed new flesh, which was ſounder and of a better colour than the former. As for Nozophugus, he had never ſeen the ſons of Æſculapius, but had by means of Merion been poſſeſſed of a ſacred and myſterious book which Æſculapius had given his ſons. Beſides, Nozophugus was beloved of the Gods; he had compoſed hymns in honour of Latona's children, and daily ſacrificed a white sheep without blemish to Apollo, by whom he was often inſpired; he no ſooner ſaw a ſick perſon but he knew the cauſe of his malady by his eyes, his complection, the conformation of his body, and his manner of breathing. Sometimes he adminiſtered ſudorifics, and ſhewed by the ſucceſs of ſweating, how much the opening or ſhutting of the pores contributes to the diſorder or reſtoration of the whole bodily machine. Sometimes in lingering diſtempers

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diſtempers he gave certain draughts, which gradually ſtrengthened the noble parts, and renewed men's vigour by ſweetning their blood. But he uſed to declare that it was through a want of virtue and reſolution, that men ſo often needed phyſic. It is a ſhame to mankind, ſaid he, that they ſhould have ſuch a multitude of maladies; for ſound morals are productive of health. Their intemperance converts into deadly poiſons the aliments which are deſigned to preſerve their lives. Immoderate pleaſures ſhorten men's days more than medicines can lenghten them. The poor are ſeldomer ſick for want of food, than the rich are by eating too much. Aliments which are too grateful to the palate, and cauſe men to eat more than is needful, poiſon inſtead of nourishing. Medicines themſelves are real evils which ruin the conſtitution, and ſhould never be uſed but on urgent occaſions. The grand medicine, which is always innocent and always uſeful, is ſobriety, moderation in all ſorts of pleaſures, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exerciſe. Thereby is generated a ſweet and well tempered blood, and redundant humours are diſſipated. Thus was the wiſe Nozophugus leſs admirable on account of his cures, than on account of the regimen he preſcribed to prevent diſeaſes, and to render medicines uſeleſs.

Theſe two men being ſent by Telemachus to viſit all the ſick in the army, cured many by their medicines, but more by the care they took to have them well looked after; for they made it their buſineſs to keep them clean, in order to prevent any unwholeſome air, and to make them obſerve a ſober and regular diet during their recovery.

All the ſoldiers moved by theſe benefits, rendered thanks to the Gods for having ſent Telemachus into the confederate army. He is not a man, ſaid they; he is undoubtedly ſome beneficent Deity in an human ſhape: At leaſt if he be a man, he reſembles the reſt of mankind leſs than he does the

Gods; he is come into the world only to do good, and is more amiable for the ſweetneſs of his temper and his humanity than for his valour. Oh! that we could have him for our king! but the Gods reſerve him for ſome happier people whom they love, and among whom they deſign to renew the golden age.

Telemachus as he went in the night to viſit the ſeveral quarters of the camp by way of precaution againſt any ſtratagems of Adraſtus, heard theſe praiſes, which could not be ſuſpected of adulation, like thoſe which flatterers often beſtow on princes to their faces, ſuppoſing that they have neither modeſty nor delicacy, and that nothing is neceſſary to gain their favour but to praiſe them beyond meaſure. The ſon of Ulyſſes could relish nothing but truth; he could bear no commendations but thoſe which were privately given him in his abſence, and he had really deſerved. To ſuch his heart was not inſenſible; he felt that ſweet, that pure delight which the Gods have annexed to virtue only, and which ill men, for want of having experienced it, can neither comprehend nor believe; but he did not indulge himſelf in this pleaſure. All the faults he had committed would preſently crowd into his mind; he forgot not his natural haughtineſs, and indifference for mankind; he was ſecretly aſhamed of being born with ſo hard a heart, and of appearing ſo inhuman; he referred to the wiſe Minerva all the glory which was given him, thinking that he himſelf did not deſerve it.

It was you, great Goddeſs, ſaid he, who gave me Mentor to inſtruct me, and to rectify my evil diſpoſition; it is you who give me the wiſdom to improve by my faults, and to be diffident of myſelf; it is you who check my impetuous paſſions; it is you who make me ſenſible of the pleaſure of relieving the diſtreſt; but for you I ſhould be hated, and deſerve to be ſo; but for you, I ſhould commit irreparable errors, and be like a child, that unconſcious

ſcious of its weakneſs, quits its mother, and falls the very firſt ſtep it takes.

Neſtor and Philoctetes were ſurpriſed to ſee Telemachus become ſo humane, ſo careful to oblige, ſo officious, ſo ready to relieve the wants of all, and ſo skilful and induſtrious to prevent them; they perceived him to be quite another man, but knew not how to account for it. What ſurpriſed them yet more, was the care he took of Hippias's funeral. He went himſelf to fetch his bloody and disfigured body from the place where it was buried under an heap of dead; he shed pious tears over it, and ſaid, O mighty shade, thou now knoweſt how much I eſteem thy valour. Thy haughtineſs indeed provoked me, but thy failings proceeded only from the warmth of youth. I well know how much need that age has of pardon. We should hereafter have been ſincere friends. I alſo was in the wrong. Why, ye Gods! have you ravished him from me, before it was in my power to force him to love me?

Telemachus afterwards cauſed his body to be washed with odorous liquors, and then ordered a funeral pyre to be prepared. Lofty pines groaning beneath the ſtrokes of the axe, roll from the tops of the mountains. Oaks, thoſe aged ſons of earth, that ſeemed to menace heaven, tall poplars, elms with verdant heads and thick leaved branches, and beeches, the honour of the woods, are brought and laid upon the banks of the river Galeſus. There a pile, reſembling a regular building, is erected; the flame begins to appear, and curling clouds of ſmoke aſcend to the skies. The Lacedæmonians advanced with ſlow and mournful ſteps, with downcaſt eyes and pikes inverted; the deepeſt ſadneſs is imprinted on their wild faces, and floods of tears ſtream from their eyes. Next them came the aged Pherecides, leſs bowed down by his numerous years than by the grief of ſurviving Hippias, whom he had brought up from his infancy. He lifted up

his hands and his tearful eyes to heaven. Since Hippias's death he had refuſed all manner of ſuſtenance; gentle ſleep had not been able to weigh down his eye lids, nor to ſuſpend his anguish a moment: he walked with tottering ſteps behind the crowd, unknowing whither he went. Not a ſingle word proceeded from his mouth, for his heart was too much oppreſt; he was ſpeechleſs through grief and deſpair. But when he ſaw the kindling pyre, he was inſtantly tranſported and cried out,

O Hippias, Hippias! I ſhall never ſee thee more! Hippias is no more, and yet I ſtill live! O my deareſt Hippias! It was I, a cruel and mercileſs wretch! it was I taught thee to deſpiſe death. I hoped thy hands would have cloſed my eyes, and that thou wouldeſt have catched my lateſt breath. Ye cruel Gods! to lenghten out my life that I might ſee the death of Hippias! O my dear child! whoſe education has coſt me ſo many cares, I ſhall ſee thee no more; but I ſhall ſee thy mother die of grief, reproaching me with thy death; I ſhall ſee thy youthful wife beat her boſom and tear off her hair, and I ſhall be the cauſe. O beloved ſhade! ſummon me to the ſtygian ſhore; the light is hateful to me; it is thou alone, my dear Hippias, I wish to ſee again. Hippias! Hippias! O my deareſt Hippias! I live but to pay my laſt duty to thy aſhes.

Mean time the corps of youthful Hippias appeared, ſtretched out at its length, and borne on a bier adorned with purple, gold and ſilver. Death, which had extinguiſhed his eyes, had not been able to efface all his beauty, for there ſtill remained on his pallid viſage a faint picture of the graces. Around his neck, whiter than ſnow, but reclined on his ſhoulder, waved his long black hair, which, more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, was now to be reduced to aſhes. In his ſide was ſeen the deep wound which let out all his blood, and ſent him down to Pluto's gloomy realm.

Telemachus

Telemachus, ſorrowful and dejected, came next to the corps, and ſtrewed flowers upon it. When it arrived at the pyre, the ſon of Ulyſſes could not ſee the flames catch the linnen it was wrapt in, without weeping afresh. Farewell, brave Hippias, ſaid he; for I dare not call thee my friend; be appeaſed, thou ſhade, who haſt merited ſo much glory! Did I not love thee, I ſhould envy thy happineſs: thou art delivered from the miſeries we ſtill ſuffer, and haſt retreated from them in the path of glory. Ah! how happy ſhould I be in making a like end! May Styx not ſtop thy ghoſt! may the Elyſian fields be open to it! may fame preſerve thy renown throughout all ages, and may thy ashes reſt in peace!

He had ſcarcely ſpoken theſe words which were intermingled with ſighs, but the whole army made a loud lamentation; they were moved for Hippias, whoſe gallant actions they recited, and their ſorrow for his death recalling all his good qualities to their minds, made them forget the failings which were owing to the impetuoſity of youth and a bad education: But they were ſtill more moved with the tender ſentiments of Telemachus. Is this then, ſaid they, the proud, the haughty, the ſcornful, the ſtubborn young Greek? Lo! how gentle, how humane, how kind he is. Without doubt Minerva, who ſo greatly loved his father, loves him alſo; ſhe without doubt has made him the choiceſt preſent which the Gods can make to men, by giving him a heart ſuſceptible of friendship, as well as wiſdom.

And now the body was conſumed by the flames. Telemachus himſelf beſprinkled the yet ſmoaking ashes with perfumed liquors; he then incloſed them in a golden urn, which he crowned with flowers, and carried it to Phalantus; who was ſtretched at his length, pierced with various wounds, and ſo extremely weak that he had a near proſpect of the gloomy gates of hell.

Already had Traumaphilus and Nozophugus, whom the ſon of Ulyſſes had ſent to him, adminiſtered

niſtered all the aſſiſtance of their art; they had gradually recalled his ſoul, which was ready to take its flight; new ſpirits inſenſibly revived him; an agreeable penetrating vigour, the balm of life, inſinuated itſelf from vein to vein even to the inmoſt receſſes of his heart, and a pleaſing warmth ſnatched him from the icy hands of death. The moment his ſwooning was over, grief ſucceeded: He began to be ſenſible of the loſs of his brother, which he had not before been in a condition of feeling. Alas! ſaid he, why all theſe pains to ſave my life? Were it not better for me to die, and follow my deareſt Hippias? I ſaw him perish by my ſide. O Hippias, the joy of my life, my brother, my dear brother, thou art no more! I then no more ſhall ſee thee, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor tell thee my pains, nor comfort thee under thine! Ye Gods! ye enemies of mankind! there is no Hippias for me! Is it poſſible? Is it not a dream? No, it is but too true. O Hippias, I have loſt thee, I ſaw thee die, and muſt live till I have revenged thy death: I will ſacrifice the cruel Adraſtus, beſmeared with thy blood, to thy manes.

Whilſt Phalantus was ſpeaking thus, Traumaphilus and Nozophugus endeavoured to appeaſe his grief, that it might not increaſe his diſorders, and prevent the effect of their medicines. Perceiving of a ſudden that Telemachus was coming to him, his heart was at firſt agitated by two contrary paſſions; on one hand, he retained a reſentment of all that had paſt between Telemachus and Hippias, which was quickened by his grief for Hippias's death; and on the other he could not be ignorant that he owed the preſervation of his own life to Telemachus, who had ſnatched him, quite covered with blood and half dead, out of Adraſtus's hands. But when he ſaw the golden urn in which the dear ashes of his brother Hippias were incloſed, he ſhed a torrent of tears; he immediately embraced Telemachus without being able to ſpeak, and at length with a feeble voice, interrupted with ſobbings, he ſaid:

Worthy

Worthy ſon of Ulyſſes, your virtue compels me to love you; to you I am indebted for this remainder of life which draws towards its end; but I am indebted to you for ſomething much dearer to me. But for you, my brother's body had been the prey of vultures; but for you, his ſhade, deprived of ſepulture, had miſerably wandered on the Stygian banks, and been continually repulſed by the inexorable Charon. Muſt I be ſo much obliged to one I have ſo much hated? Reward him, ye Gods! and rid me of ſo wretched a life. As for you, Telemachus, perform for me the laſt duties which you performed for my brother, that nothing may be wanting to your glory.

This ſaid, Phalantus was quite ſpent and overwhelmed with an exceſs of grief. Telemachus ſtood by him, not daring to ſpeak to him, and waiting till he ſhould recover his ſtrength. Phalantus ſoon returning from his ſwoon, took the urn out of Telemachus's hands, kiſſed it ſeveral times, bedewed it with his tears, and ſaid; Ye dear, ye precious aſhes! when ſhall mine be incloſed in this urn with you! O thou ghoſt of Hippias, I follow thee to the ſhades below; Telemachus will revenge us both.

And now Phalantus's diſorder daily decreaſed by the care of the two men who were ſkilled in the ſcience of Æſculapius. Telemachus conſtantly attended them when they viſited their patient, to make them the more diligent to haſten his cure; and the whole army admired the goodneſs of his heart in thus relieving his greateſt enemy, more than the valour and wiſdom he had diſcovered in ſaving the confederate army in battle. Telemachus at the ſame time was indefatigable in the hardeſt toils of war. He ſlept little, and his ſlumbers were often interrupted either by advices, which he received at all hours of the night as well as of the day, or by his viſiting the ſeveral quarters of the camp, which he never did twice together at the ſame hour, that he might the more eaſily ſurpriſe thoſe that were not ſufficiently vigilant; he

uſed often to return to his tent beſmeared with ſweat and duſt; his food was plain; he lived like the common ſoldiers, to ſet them an example of ſobriety and patience. The army having but little proviſions in this incampment, he thought fit to ſtop the murmurs of the ſoldiers by voluntarily bearing himſelf the ſame inconveniencies as they. His body, inſtead of being weakened by ſo laborious a life, was ſtrengthened and hardened daily; he began to loſe the ſoft graces which are as it were the bloom of youth; his complection grew browner and leſs delicate, and his limbs more robuſt and nervous.

End of the Seventeenth Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the EIGHTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, perſuaded by various dreams that his father Ulyſſes is not on the earth, executes his deſign of going to ſeek him in hell. He goes privately out of the camp, attended by two Cretans as far as a temple near the famous cavern of Acherontia; he there plunges through a dark dreary paſſage, arrives on the banks of Styx, and is taken by Charon into his bark He goes and preſents himſelf before Pluto, whom he finds prepared to permit him to ſeek for his father. He croſſes Tartarus, where he ſees the tortures of the ungrateful, the perjured, the hypocrite, and particularly of bad kings.

ADRASTUS, whoſe troops had been conſiderably weakened in this engagement, retired behind mount Aulon, to wait for various re-inforcements, and to endeavour once more to ſurpriſe his enemies: So an hungry lion, driven back from the sheep-fold, returns to the gloomy wood, and re-enters his den, where he whets his teeth and claws, and waits for a favourable opportunity to deſtroy the whole flock.

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Telemachus having taken care to eſtabliſh a ſtrict diſcipline through all the camp, thought only of executing a deſign which he had formed and concealed from all the chiefs of the army. He had long been diſturbed every night with dreams, which ſhewed him his father Ulyſſes. His dear image uſed conſtantly to return towards the end of the night, before Aurora came with her dawning fires to chace the wandering ſtars from heaven, and gentle ſlumbers with all their trains of fluttering dreams from the earth. Sometimes he thought he ſaw Ulyſſes in a delightful iſland on the bank of a river in a flowery meadow, quite naked, and ſurrounded by nymphs who were throwing him garments that he might cover himſelf with them. Sometimes he thought he heard him talking in a palace all glittering with gold and ivory, where men with wreaths of flowers on their heads were liſtening to him with pleaſure and admiration. And Ulyſſes would often appear to him of a ſudden amidſt the merriments and pleaſures of feſtivals, wherein the ſweet harmony of a voice was heard in concert with a lyre more ravishing than that of Apollo, and than the voices of all the Muſes.

When Telemachus awaked, he was troubled at theſe agreeable dreams. O my father! my dear father Ulyſſes! cried he, the moſt frightful dreams would be more pleaſing to me. Theſe images of felicity convince me that you are already deſcended to the manſion of happy ſouls, whoſe virtue the Gods reward with an eternal peace. Methinks I ſee the Elyſian fields. Oh! how dreadful it is to hope no more! O my much-loved father! Shall I never ſee thee? Shall I never embrace him who ſo dearly loved me, and in queſt of whom I undergo ſo many toils? Shall I never hear that mouth ſpeak which uſed to utter wiſdom? Shall I never kiſs thoſe hands, thoſe dear victorious hands, which have vanquiſhed ſo many enemies? Will they not punish Penelope's frantic ſuitors, nor Ithaca ever riſe again from its ruin? You, ye Gods, who hate my father, you ſend me

me theſe fearful dreams to rob my heart of every hope, to rob me of my life. No, I will live no longer in this uncertainty. What ſay I! Alas! I am but too certain that my father is no more; I'll go even to hell to ſeek his ghoſt. Theſeus, the impious Theſeus, who preſumed to offer violence to the infernal deities, deſcended thither; but piety is my motive for going. Hercules deſcended thither: I indeed am not Hercules; but an attempt to imitate him is glory. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, moved the heart of that God who is repreſented as inexorable, and obtained his leave for Eurydice's return to the living. I am more worthy of compaſſion than Orpheus, for my loſs is greater. Who would compare a young girl, who was no more than multitudes of others, with Ulyſſes the admiration of all Greece? We will go, we will die, if it muſt be ſo. And why ſhould I, whoſe life is ſo miſerable, be afraid of death? O Pluto! Proſerpine! I will quickly try if you are ſo inexorable as you are ſaid to be. O my father, having vainly compaſſed earth and ſeas to find you, I will now go and ſee if you are not in the gloomy manſions of the dead. Though the Gods refuſe to let me ſee you on earth, and in the enjoyment of the light of the ſun, perhaps they will not refuſe to let me ſee at leaſt your ghoſt in the ſable realm of night.

Telemachus, as he ſpoke theſe words, bedewed his bed with his tears. He immediately roſe, and endeavoured by means of the light to ſooth the ſmarting grief theſe dreams had occaſioned; but the arrow having pierced his heart, he carried it every where with him. During his anguiſh he reſolved to deſcend to hell at a famous place, which was not far from the camp; it is called Acherontia, becauſe there is a hideous cavern there, which leads down to the banks of Acheron, a river whereby the Gods themſelves are cautious how they ſwear. The city was built on the top of a rock, like a neſt on the top of a tree. At the foot of the rock was the cavern, which

which fearful mortals durſt not approach. The ſhepherds were careful to turn their flocks from it. The ſulphurous vapours of the Stygian lake which inceſſantly exhaled through this opening, infected all the air. Nor herbs nor flowers grew around it; there no gentle Zephirs ever breathed, no vernal bloom was ſeen, nor autumn's precious gifts. The earth was parched and languid, and one ſaw but a few fatal cypreſſes and leafleſs ſhrubs. Even at a diſtance Ceres all around denied the husbandmen her golden harveſts, and Bacchus ſeemed in vain to promiſe his delicious fruits, for the cluſtering grapes withered inſtead of ripening. The mournful Naiads poured no limpid ſtream; their waves were always bitter and muddy. In this ſpot over-run with thorns and brambles, no birds did ever warble, nor find a grove to retreat to; they went and ſung their loves under a milder sky. Here nothing was heard but the croaking of ravens, and the diſmal ſcreams of the owl. The graſs itſelf was bitter, and the flock, which fed on it, felt not the pleaſing joy which makes them bound along. The bull fled from the heifer, and the diſconſolate ſwain forgot his pipe and his flute.

Out of this cavern iſſued from time to time a black thick ſmoke, which formed a kind of night at the mid of day. The neighbouring people then redoubled their ſacrifices to appeaſe the infernal Divinities; but men in the flower of their age and earlieſt bloom of youth, were often the only victims which theſe cruel Deities took a pleaſure in ſacrificing by a fatal contagion.

It was here Telemachus reſolved to find a way to Pluto's gloomy manſion. Minerva, who inceſſantly watched over him and covered him with her Ægis, had rendered Pluto propitious to him; Jupiter himſelf, at her requeſt, having commanded Mercury, who daily deſcends to hell to deliver up to Charon a certain number of dead, to bid the king of the ſhades permit the ſon of Ulyſſes to enter into his empire.

Telemachus

Telemachus ſteals out of the camp by night; he travels by the light of the moon, and invokes that powerful Deity, who being in the heavens the bright planet of the night, and on earth the chaſte Diana, is in hell the formidable Hecate. This Goddeſs kindly heard his vows; becauſe his heart was pure, and he was led by the pious affection which a ſon owes to his father.

He was ſcarcely arrived at the mouth of the cavern, when he heard the ſubterraneous empire roar; the ground trembled beneath his feet, and the heavens were armed with lightnings and flaſhes of fire, which ſeemed to fall on the earth. The young ſon of Ulyſſes felt his heart moved, and his whole body covered with a cold ſweat; but his courage ſupported him. Lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, Ye mighty Gods, cried he, theſe omens, which I deem propitious, I accept with pleaſure; compleat your work. He ſaid, and redoubling his pace, ruſhed boldly forward.

Whereupon the thick ſmoke which rendered the mouth of the cavern fatal to all animals that approached it, was diſperſed, and the poiſonous ſtench ceaſed for a while. Telemachus entered alone; for what mortal durſt attend him? Two Cretans, who came with him to a certain diſtance from the cave, and to whom he had communicated his deſign, waited in a temple at a diſtance, trembling, half dead, offering up their vows, and deſpairing of ever ſeeing Telemachus again.

Mean time the ſon of Ulyſſes ruſhed ſword in hand into this horrible darkneſs. He preſently perceives a faint glimmering light, like that which is ſeen in the night-time on the earth; he obſerves the airy ghoſts fluttering around him, and drives them away with his ſword. He afterwards ſees the doleſome banks of the boggy river, whoſe foul and ſluggiſh waters are continually whirling round. On the ſhore he diſcovers an innumerable crowd of unburied dead, vainly preſenting themſelves to the inexorable Charon.

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ron. This God, whoſe everlaſting age is eternally ſurly and moroſe but full of vigour, threatens them, drives them away, and immediately admits the young Greek into his bark. Telemachus, as he enters it, hears the groans of a diſconſolate ghoſt.

What occaſions your diſtreſs, ſaid he? Who were you on the earth? I was, replied the ſhade, Nabopharzan king of haughty Babylon. All the nations of the eaſt trembled at the very ſound of my name; I cauſed myſelf to be worshipped by the Babylonians in a marble temple, where I was repreſented by a golden ſtatue, before which were burnt both night and day the moſt precious perfumes of Æthiopia. Whoever preſumed to contradict me, was immediately chaſtiſed for it. New pleaſures were daily invented to make my life more delightful, and I was ſtill young and robuſt. Oh! what joys had I to taſte on a throne! But a woman whom I loved, and who did not love me, made me very ſenſible that I was not a God. She poiſoned me. I now am nothing. My aſhes were yeſterday depoſited in a pompous manner in a golden urn. My people wept for me; they tore off their hair; they ſeemed as if they would throw themſelves into my flaming pyre to die with me, and they ſtill go and pour forth their groans at the foot of the ſtately tomb in which my aſhes are laid: But nobody really laments me; my memory is abhorred even in my own family, and I already ſuffer here below an horrible kind of treatment.

Telemachus moved by this ſight, ſaid, Were you really happy while you reigned? Did you feel that ſweet peace of mind, without which the heart is always oppreſt and withers in the midſt of pleaſures? No, replied the Babylonian, I do not even know what you mean. The ſages indeed vaunt of this peace as the only good; but for me, I never experienced it. My heart was continually agitated by new deſires, by fear and by hope. I endeavoured to make myſelf giddy by the rapid motions of my paſſions, and I took care to maintain the intoxicating career, and to make it

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it lasting. The shortest interval of calm reason had been very irksome to me. This is the peace which I enjoyed; all other seemed to me but a fable and a dream. These are the blessings which I regret.

The Babylonian, as he spoke thus, wept like a mean-spirited wretch, that had been enervated by prosperity, and had not been used to bear adversity with fortitude. There were several slaves about him who had been put to death to honour his funeral. Mercury had delivered them up to Charon with their king, and had given them an absolute power over him whom they had served on the earth. The shades of these slaves were no longer afraid of Nabopharzan's shade; they held it in chains, and offered it the most cruel indignities. One said to him, Were we not men as well as thee? What made thee so frantic as to think thyself a God? Shouldest thou not have remembered that thou wert of the same race as others? Another, to insult him, said, Thou wert in the right in being unwilling to be taken for a man; for thou wert a monster void of humanity. A third cried out, Well! where are thy flatterers now? Wretch, thou hast no longer any thing to give; thou hast not the power to do any more mischief; thou art become the slave even of thy own slaves. The Gods are slow to do justice, but they do it at last.

At these grating words Nabopharzan threw himself prostrate on the earth, tearing off his hair in a fit of rage and despair. But Charon said to the slaves. Haul him up by his chain, raise him whether he will or no; he shall not have even the consolation of hiding his confusion; all the ghosts of Styx must be witnesses of it, to justify the Gods, who have so long suffered this impious wretch to reign on the earth. This, Babylonian, is but the beginning of thy sorrows; prepare thyself to be tried by Minos, the inflexible judge of hell.

During this speech of the terrible Charon, the bark reached the shore of Pluto's realm. All the ghosts ran to view the living mortal that appeared in the

the boat in the midſt of the dead; but the moment Telemachus ſet his foot on the ſhore, they fled like the ſhades of night, which the leaſt glimpſe of day diſperſes. Charon with a brow leſs wrinkled, and eyes leſs fierce than uſual, ſaid to the young Greek, Thou mortal beloved of the Gods, ſince it is given thee to enter the kingdom of night, which is inacceſſible to the living, make haſte and go where the Deſtinies call thee; go along this gloomy path to the palace of Pluto, whom you will find on his throne; he will permit you to enter regions whoſe ſecrets I am forbidden to diſcover to you.

Hereupon Telemachus advances with haſty ſteps. He ſees on all ſides fluttering ſhades more numerous than the grains of ſand on the ſea-ſhore; and obſerving the confuſion and hurry of this infinite multitude, and the profound ſilence of theſe ſpacious regions, he is ſtruck with an holy fear. His hair riſes upright on his head, on his arrival at the inexorable Pluto's drear abode; his knees tremble, his voice fails him, and it is with difficulty that he is able to addreſs theſe words to the God: You behold, O tremendous Deity, the ſon of the unhappy Ulyſſes; I am come to enquire if my father be deſcended into your empire, or if he be ſtill wandering on the earth.

Pluto was ſeated on a throne of ebony. His countenance was pale and ſevere, his eyes hollow and ſparkling, his brows wrinkled and threatening. The ſight of a living man was hateful to him, as the light is offenſive to the eyes of animals that are uſed to go out of their retreats only by night. By his ſide appeared Proſerpine, who alone attracted his looks, and ſeemed a little to mollify his heart. She enjoyed an ever-blooming beauty; but she ſeemed to have joined to her divine charms I know not what of the obduracy and cruelty of her husband.

At the foot of the throne was pale devouring death, with his keen ſcythe, which he was continually whetting. Around him hovered gloomy cares, cruel jealouſy, revenge all dropping with blood and covered with wounds;

wounds; groundleſs hate; avarice gnawing her own flesh; deſpair rending herſelf with her own hands; mad ambition overthrowing every thing; treaſon thirſting for blood, and unable to enjoy the evils she had occaſioned; envy pouring her deadly venom around her, and raging at her want of power to injure; impiety digging a bottomleſs pit, and flinging herſelf in deſpair into it; ghaſtly ſpectres; phantoms which aſſume the form of the dead to terrify the living; frightful dreams, and want of ſleep as tormenting as they: All theſe dreadful images environed the haughty Pluto, and crowded his palace. He anſwered Telemachus in a voice which made the bottom of Erebus roar.

Young mortal, deſtiny has given thee to violate this ſacred aſylum of shades; purſue thy glorious fortune; I shall not tell thee where thy father is; it ſuffices that thou art free to look for him. As he was a king upon the earth, you need only run through, on one hand, that part of dreary Tartarus where wicked kings are punished, and the Elyſian fields, on the other, where good kings are rewarded. But you cannot go from hence to the Elyſian fields, without paſſing through Tartarus. Haſten thither, and quit my dominions.

Telemachus inſtantly ſeems to fly through thoſe empty and immenſe ſpaces, ſo much did he long to know if he should ſee his father, and to get out of the dreadful preſence of the tyrant who awes both the living and the dead. Near him he preſently perceives the diſmal Tartarus, from which iſſued a black thick ſmoke, whoſe poiſonous ſteam would have been mortal, had it been diffuſed in the manſions of the living. This ſmoke hovered over a river of fire and whirlwinds of flames, whoſe roaring like that of the moſt impetuous torrents falling from the higheſt rocks into the deepeſt abyſſes, prevented ones hearing any thing diſtinctly in theſe regions of ſorrow.

Telemachus

Telemachus being ſecretly encouraged by Minerva, enters this gulf undaunted. He immediately perceived a great number of men who had lived in the loweſt ſtations, and were punished for having ſought riches by fraud, treachery and cruelty. He obſerved many impious hypocrites, who pretending to love religion, had uſed it only as a ſpecious pretence to gratify their ambition, and to impoſe upon the credulous. Theſe wretches, who had abuſed virtue itſelf, though it is the moſt precious gift of the Gods, were punished as the moſt wicked of all mankind. Children who had killed their fathers and their mothers, wives who had dipt their hands in their husband's blood, and traytors who had violated all the moſt ſolemn oaths, and ſacrificed their country, ſuffered leſs cruel tortures than theſe hypocrites: Such is the pleaſure of the three judges of hell, and their reaſon for it, is becauſe hypocrites are not ſatisfied with being wicked like other impious wretches; they endeavour to be thought good, and make men by their counterfeit virtue, afraid of relying on true. The Gods whom they mocked, and rendered contemptible to men, take a pleaſure in exerting their whole power to revenge themſelves of their inſults.

Near theſe appeared others, who, though not eſteemed culpable by the vulgar, are perſecuted by the divine vengeance without mercy: Theſe are the ungrateful, the liar, the flatterer who applauded vice, malignant cenſurers who endeavoured to ſully the pureſt virtue, and thoſe who rashly judged of things without knowing them thoroughly, and thereby injured the reputation of the innocent.

But of all kinds of ingratitude, that which is committed with regard to the Gods, was punished as the blackeſt. What! ſaid Minos, is a man reputed a monſter, who is ungrateful to his father, or his friend, of whom he has received ſome favours, and does he glory in being ungrateful to the Gods, of whom he holds his life, and all the bleſſings it includes! Does he

he not owe his birth to them more than to the father and mother of whom he was born? The more crimes are winked at and excuſed on the earth, the more are they the objects of an implacable vengeance, which nothing eſcapes, in hell.

Telemachus ſeeing the three judges ſitting, and paſſing ſentence on a perſon before them, was ſo free as to ask them what his crimes were. Upon which the criminal took the word, and cried, I never did any harm; I placed all my delight in doing good; I was generous, liberal, juſt, compaſſionate; with what then can I be charged? Whereupon Minos ſaid, Thou art charged with nothing as to men; but didſt thou not owe them leſs than the Gods? What is this juſtice thou vaunteſt of? Thou haſt failed in no duty towards men, who are nothing: thou haſt been virtuous, but thou didſt aſcribe all thy virtue to thyſelf, and not to the Gods who gave it thee; for thou wouldeſt needs enjoy the fruits of thy own virtue and make that the only ſpring of thy happineſs. Thou haſt been thy own Deity; but the Gods who made all things, and made nothing but for themſelves, cannot give up their right. Thou haſt forgotten them; they will forget thee, and deliver thee up to thyſelf, ſince thou reſolved'ſt to be thy own and not theirs. Now therefore find thy conſolation, if thou canſt, in thy own boſom. Lo! thou art now for ever ſeparated from men whom thou ſoughteſt to pleaſe. Lo! thou, who waſt thy own idol, art now alone with thyſelf. Be aſſured that there is no true virtue without a reverence and love of the Gods, to whom all things are due. Thy falſe virtue, which long dazzled the eyes of men who are eaſily impoſed upon, will now be put to confuſion. Men judging of virtue and vice by what thwarts or ſuits with their intereſt, are blind both as to good and evil. Here a divine light overthrows all their ſuperficial opinions, and often condemns what they admire, and juſtifies what they condemn.

At theſe words the Philoſopher, as if he had been thunderſtruck, could not ſupport himſelf. The complacency with which he had formerly contemplated his moderation, his courage and generous inclinations, was changed into deſpair. A ſurvey of his own heart, which had been an enemy to the Gods, became his punishment. He views himſelf, and cannot ceaſe to view himſelf. He ſees the vanity of the opinions of men, whom in all his actions he ſought to pleaſe. There is an univerſal change of every thing within him, as if all his bowels had been turned up-ſide down; he no longer finds himſelf the ſame man, and every prop in his heart fails him. His conſcience whoſe teſtimony uſed to pleaſe him ſo highly, riſes up againſt him, and bitterly reproaches him with his miſtaken and chimerical virtues, which had not the worship of the Deity for their principle and end; he is troubled, aſtonished, overwhelmed with shame, remorſe and deſpair. The Furies indeed do not torment, becauſe they are ſatisfied with giving him up to himſelf, as his own heart abundantly revenges the derided Gods. He ſeeks the blackeſt corners to hide himſelf from the reſt of the dead, unable to hide himſelf from himſelf; he ſeeks for darkneſs, but he cannot find it. A troubleſome light follows him every where; every where the piercing rays of truth purſue him, in order to avenge the truth he neglected to follow. Every thing which he loved, becomes hateful to him, as being the ſource of his miſeries, which are to be eternal. O fool, ſays he to himſelf, I have known neither Gods, nor men, nor myſelf. No, I have known nothing, ſince I never loved the only true good. All my ſteps have been erroneous; my wiſdom was but folly; my virtue was only a blind and impious pride; I was my own idol.

At laſt Telemachus beheld the kings who had been condemned for abuſing their power. On one hand a vengeful Fury preſented a mirror which ſhewed them all the deformity of their vices. There they

they ſaw, and could not avoid ſeeing, their groſs vanity and greedineſs of the moſt ridiculous encomiums: their barbarity to mankind, whom they ought to have rendered happy; their inſenſibility to virtue: their fears to hear the truth; their affection for baſe flatterers; their ſupineneſs, their luxury, their indolence, their miſplaced jealouſies, their pomp; their exceſſive magnificence, founded on the ruin of the people; their ambition to purchaſe a little empty glory with the blood of their citizens; and laſtly their inhumanity, in daily ſeeking for new delights, in the tears and deſpair of the miſerable multitude. In this mirror they continually viewed themſelves, and found that they were more frightful and monſtrous than the Chimera which Bellerophon vanquiſhed, than the Lernæan Hydra which was ſubdued by Hercules, and even than Cerberus himſelf, though he diſgorges from his three yawning mouths, a black venomous gore, which is enough to poiſon the whole race of mankind.

At the ſame time, on the other hand, another Fury repeated to them in an inſulting manner all the praiſes which their flatterers had beſtowed upon them while they were living, and held up another mirror in which they ſaw themſelves ſuch as adulation had deſcribed them; the contraſt of theſe two portraits was the puniſhment of their vanity. It was remarkable that the wickedeſt of theſe princes were thoſe to whom the moſt fulſome commendations had been given in their life-time; becauſe the wicked are more dreaded than the good, and are not aſhamed to require the baſe incenſe of the poets and orators of their time.

They are heard to groan in this profound darkneſs, where they can ſee nothing but the inſults and deriſions which they are doomed to ſuffer, and have nothing about them that does not repulſe them, that does not thwart them, that does not confound them. Whereas on the earth they ſported with the lives of men, and pretended that all things were made for their

their uſe; in Tartarus they are delivered up to all the caprices of certain ſlaves, who make them in their turn feel all the rigours of ſervitude. They ſerve with reluctance, and deſpair of ever being able to ſoften their captivity. Under the laſhes of theſe ſlaves, now become their mercileſs tyrants, they are like the anvil under the ſtrokes of the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges them to work in the burning forges of mount Ætna.

There Telemachus ſaw pale, ghaſtly, diſmayed countenances; for gloomy grief preys on theſe guilty wretches. They are terrified at themſelves, and can no more ſhake off this terror than their nature itſelf. They need no other punishment of their crimes than their crimes themſelves, which they continually ſee, in all their enormity, ſtaring them in the face and haunting them like hideous ſpectres. To avoid theſe, they ſeek for a more powerful death than that which ſeparated them from their bodies; they call in their deſpair for a death which will extinguish all ſenſe and conſciouſneſs; they implore the abyſſes to ſwallow them up, and to ſcreen them from the vengeful and perſecuting rays of truth. But they are reſerved for a vengeance which diſtils upon them drop by drop, and is inexhauſtible. The truth which they dreaded to ſee, becomes their punishment; they ſee it, and have eyes only to ſee it riſe up againſt them. The ſight of it pierces them, rends them, tears them. It reſembles lightning; without hurting the out-ſide, it penetrates to the inmoſt bowels. The ſoul, like metal in a flaming furnace, is as it were melted by this vindictive fire, which deſtroys its whole texture, but conſumes nothing; which diſſolves even the firſt principles of life, and yet makes it impoſſible to die. They are racked with inconceivable tortures; they can find no comfort nor reſt for a ſingle moment; they exiſt only by their fury againſt themſelves, and a deſpair which makes them outrageous.

Among theſe objects, which made Telemachus's hair riſe upright on his head, he ſaw ſeveral of the ancient

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ancient kings of Lydia, who were punished for having preferred the pleasures of an effeminate life to the toils of making their people happy, which ought to be inseparable from royalty.

These princes reproached each other with their blindness. one said to another, who had been his son, Did I not often, during my old age and before my death, recommend to you the redressing the evils which I had occasioned by my negligence? Ah unhappy father! replied the son, it was you who ruined me; it was your example that inspired me with a love of pomp, with pride, voluptuousness and cruelty. Seeing you reign in such luxury and with a crowd of flatterers about you, I was habituated to love flattery and pleasure; I thought that the rest of men were with respect to kings, what horses and other beasts of burden are with respect to men; animals which we value only for their service, and as they contribute to our convenience. This I believed; it was you that made me believe it, and I now suffer these numberless miseries for imitating you. To these reproaches they added the most shocking imprecations, and seemed in a rage to tear each other in pieces.

Around these kings still hovered, like owls in the night, cruel jealousies, groundless alarms, diffidence which revenges the people of the cruelty of their princes, an insatiable thirst of riches, false glory which is always tyrannical, and shameful luxury which doubles all the miseries of men, and has it not in her power to yield them substantial pleasures.

Several of these kings were severely punished, not for the evil which they had done, but for the omission of the good which they ought to have done. All the crimes of the people that proceed from a negligent execution of the laws, were imputed to their kings, who ought to reign only that the laws may reign by their ministry. To them also were imputed all the disorders which arise from pomp, luxury and all other excesses which reduce men to extremity, and tempt them to violate the laws for the sake of money.

Thoſe kings eſpecially were treated with the greateſt rigour, who inſtead of being good and watchful ſhepherds of the people, had ſtudied only to worry the flock like ravenous wolves.

But what aſtonished Telemachus yet more, was to ſee in this abyſs of darkneſs and miſery, a great number of kings, who having paſt on the earth for tolerable good kings, had been condemned to the pains of Tartarus for ſubmitting to be governed by wicked and crafty men. They were punished for the evils which they had ſuffered to be committed by their authority. Moſt of theſe had been ſo weak, that they had been neither good nor bad; they had never been afraid of knowing the truth, but they had not relished virtue, nor placed their delight in doing good.

End of the Eighteenth Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the NINETEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus enters into the Elyſian fields, where he is known by Arceſius his great grandfather, who aſſures him that Ulyſſes is living, that he will ſee him again in Ithaca, and reign there after him. Arceſius gives him a deſcription of the felicity which good men enjoy, and eſpecially good kings, who in their life-time ſerved the Gods, and were a bleſſing to the people they governed. He makes him obſerve, that the heroes who had excelled only in the art of war, are much leſs happy in a place by themſelves. He gives Telemachus ſome inſtructions, who then returns with ſpeed to the confederate camp.

WHEN Telemachus came out of this place, he found himſelf relieved, as if a mountain had been removed from his breaſt; he was ſenſible by this relief, of the miſery of thoſe who are confined there without hopes of ever being releaſed, and was terrified to ſee how much more rigorouſly kings were tormented than other offenders. What! ſaid he, ſo many duties, ſo many dangers, ſo many ſnares, ſo many difficulties in getting at the truth in order to

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guard againſt others and againſt one's ſelf alſo! and at laſt ſo many tortures in hell, after one has been ſo envied, ſo diſquieted, ſo thwarted during a ſhort life! O how ſenſeleſs is he that is ambitious of reigning: Happy the man who confines himſelf to a private and peaceful ſtation, in which he may with leſs difficulty be virtuous!

As he made theſe reflections, his ſoul was diſordered, he trembled, and fell into a conſternation, which made him feel ſomething of the deſpair of the wretches he had juſt ſeen; but as he went away from this doleſome manſion of darkneſs, horror and deſpair, his courage began inſenſibly to revive: He already felt, and had a glimpſe of the pure and ſweet light of the abode of heroes.

Here reſided, ſeparated from the reſt of the juſt, all the good kings that had ever ruled over mankind. As wicked princes ſuffered punishments in Tartarus, infinitely more ſevere than private offenders; ſo good kings enjoyed in the Elyſian fields an happineſs infinitely greater than that of other men who had loved virtue on the earth.

Telemachus advanced towards theſe princes, who were in fragrant groves on an ever-ſpringing and flowery turf. A thouſand limpid rills watered, and diffuſed a delicious freſhneſs over theſe enchanting ſcenes. An infinite number of birds made the groves ring with their tuneful chantings. One beheld the vernal flowers ſpringing beneath one's feet, at the ſame time that the richeſt autumnal fruits were hanging on the trees. There were never felt the raging dog-ſtar's heats: there the lowering boreal winds never durſt to breathe the ſeverities of winter. Neither blood thirſty war, nor cruel envy that bites with an invenomed tooth, and bears writhen adders in her boſom and around her arms, nor jealouſy, nor diffidence, nor fear, nor vain deſires, do ever approach this happy manſion of peace. Here the day never ends, and night with her ſable veil is a ſtranger. A pure and grateful light is diffuſed around the bodies of

of theſe righteous men, and inveſts them with its rays as with a garment. This light does not reſemble the glimmering light, which enlightens the eyes of wretched mortals, and is nothing but darkneſs; it is rather a celeſtial glory than a light. It more thoroughly penetrates the groſſeſt bodies than the rays of the ſun penetrate the pureſt cryſtal. It never dazzles: on the contrary, it ſtrengthens the eyes, and conveys an inexpreſſible ſerenity through all the receſſes of the ſoul. This is the only food of the bleſſed. It proceeds from and enters into them; it penetrates and is incorporated with them, as aliments are incorporated with us. They ſee it, they feel it, they breathe it; it cauſes an inexhauſtible fountain of tranquility and joy to ſpring up in them. They are immerſed in this abyſs of delights as fiſhes in the ſea. They covet nothing more; they have all things without having any thing, for the taſte of this pure light appeaſes the hunger of their hearts. All their deſires are ſatisfied, and their plenitude raiſes them above every thing that empty greedy mortals purſue on the earth. All the ſurrounding delights are nothing to them, becauſe the conſummate happineſs which comes from within, leaves them no cravings for any thing they ſee of delightful without. They are like the Gods, who replenished with nectar and ambroſia, would not deign to feed on any groſs aliments which might be ſet before them at the moſt ſumptuous tables of mortals. All evils fly far from theſe ſerene abodes; death, ſickneſs, want, pain, ſorrow, remorſe, fear, hope itſelf which often gives us as much trouble as fear, diviſions, hatred, quarrels, can have no admiſſion here.

Should the lofty mountains of Thrace, whoſe brows, covered with ice and ſnow from the beginning of the world, cleave the clouds, ſhould they I ſay be thrown from their foundations that are fixed in the center of the earth, the ſouls of theſe righteous men would not even be moved: They only pity the miſeries which depreſs thoſe who live in the world; but it is a ſweet

and peaceful pity, that does not in the leaſt leſſen their unchangeable felicity. Eternal youth, endleſs happineſs, a glory wholly divine, is painted on their faces; but their joy has nothing of wanton or indecent. It is a ſweet, a noble, a majeſtic joy; it is a ſublime, a ravishing taſte of truth and virtue. They every moment experience without interruption that extacy of ſoul which a mother feels at the ſight of a beloved ſon whom she thought dead: but the rapture which quickly forſakes the mother, never flies from their ſouls. It never languiſhes a moment; it is always new: they taſte the tranſports of inebriating joys without their diſorder and ſtupefaction. They diſcourſe together of what they ſee and of what they taſte. They deſpiſe and deplore the ſoft pleaſures, and the vain grandeur of their former condition; they review with pleaſure the few but ſorrowful years, in which they were under a neceſſity of combating againſt themſelves, and againſt a torrent of corrupt men, in order to be virtuous; they admire the aſſiſtance of the Gods who led them, as it were by the hand, through innumerous dangers to virtue. Something inconceivably divine flows inceſſantly through their ſouls, like a flood of the Divine nature itſelf which is united to them. They ſee, they taſte that they are happy, and are conſcious that they ſhall always be ſo; they ſing the praiſes of the Gods, and make all together but one voice, one mind, one heart: The ſame tide of felicity ebbs and flows as it were in their united ſouls.

In theſe heavenly raptures ages roll away more ſwiftly than hours among mortals; and yet a thouſand and a thouſand ages ſubtract nothing from their happineſs, which is always new and always perfect. They all reign together, not on thrones which the hand of man can ſubvert, but in themſelves and with an unalterable power; for they no longer need to make themſelves formidable by a power borrowed of a vile and wretched people. They no longer wear thoſe vain diadems, whoſe luſtre conceals numberleſs fears

fears and anxious cares; the Gods themſelves having crowned them, with their own hands, with crowns which nothing can tarniſh.

Telemachus, who was ſeeking his father, and expected to find him in theſe enchanting regions, was ſo ravished with this taſte of peace and happineſs, that he would have been glad to have found him there, and was ſorry that he himſelf was obliged to return to the ſociety of mortals. Here, ſaid he, is life indeed, whereas ours is but death. But he was aſtoniſhed as he had ſeen ſo many kings in the tortures of Tartarus, that he ſaw ſo few happy in the Elyſian fields; he was thereby convinced that there are very few princes reſolute and courageous enough to reſiſt their own power, and to repulſe the numerous flatterers who are uſed to ſtir up all their paſſions. Good kings therefore are very rare, and moſt are ſo wicked that the Gods would not be juſt, if having ſuffered them to abuſe their power in their life-time, they did not chaſtiſe them after their death.

Telemachus not ſeeing his father Ulyſſes among all theſe kings, looked for the divine Laërtes his grandſire. While he was ſeeking him in vain, a venerable majeſtic old man came towards him, whoſe age did not reſemble that of mortals, who are bowed down with the weight of years on the earth. One perceived only that he had been old before his death; for all the gravity of age was now blended with all the graces of youth, which revive in the moſt decrepid the moment they are introduced into the Elyſian fields. This ſenior advanced haſtily, and viewed Telemachus with complacency, as one who was very dear to him. Telemachus, who did not know him, was in pain and ſuſpenſe.

I excuſe my dear ſon, ſaid this ſenior, your not knowing me; I am Arceſius, the father of Laërtes. I finished my courſe a little before my grandſon Ulyſſes departed for the ſiege of Troy. Though thou wert then but an infant in thy nurſe's arms, I conceived great hopes of thee, and they have not de-

ceived me; ſince I ſee that thou art deſcended into Pluto's kingdom in queſt of thy father, and that the Gods ſupport thee in this enterpriſe. O my happy child! the Gods love thee, and are preparing a glory for thee which will equal that of thy father. And happy I to ſee thee again! Ceaſe to ſearch for Ulyſſes here; he is ſtill alive, and is reſerved to be the reſtorer of our houſe in the iſland of Ithaca. Laërtes himſelf, though bowing under a weight of years, ſtill enjoys the light, and waits for his ſon's coming to cloſe his eyes. Thus mortals paſs away like flowers which bloom in the morning, and wither and are trodden under foot in the evening. The generations of men roll away like the waves of a rapid river; nothing can ſtop the tide of time, which draws after it every thing that ſeems the moſt immoveable. Thou thyſelf, my ſon, my dear ſon, thou who now enjoyeſt ſuch a ſprightly pleaſurable youth, do thou remember that this gay ſeaſon is but a flower which will wither almoſt as ſoon as it is blown. Thou wilt perceive thyſelf inſenſibly alter: The ſmiling graces, the ſweet pleaſures which attend thee, ſtrength, health, joy, will vaniſh like a pleaſing dream; nothing but a regretful remembrance will be left thee. Languid old age, that enemy to pleaſure, will come and wrinkle thy brows, bow down thy body, weaken thy limbs, dry up the ſource of joy in thy heart, and make thee loath the preſent, and apprehenſive of the future, and inſenſible to all things but pain. This time appears to you at a diſtance. Alas! thou deceiveſt thyſelf, my ſon; it comes with haſty wings: Lo: It is here. What advances with ſuch rapidity is not far from thee, and the preſent fleeting moment is already at a diſtance, ſince it ceaſes to be the inſtant we ſpeak, and can approach us no more. Never rely therefore, my ſon, on the preſent; but ſupport thyſelf in the rugged thorny path of virtue by viewing the future. Prepare thyſelf a manſion, by purity of manners and a love of juſtice, in this bliſsful abode of peace. Thou ſhalt quickly ſee thy father reſume his authority in Ithaca;

Ithaca; thou wert born to reign after him; but alas! my ſon, how deceitful is a crown! When one views it at a diſtance, one ſees nothing but grandeur, luſtre and pleaſures; but when near, it is all beſet with thorns. A private perſon may without reproach lead a life of eaſe and obſcurity; but a king cannot, without dishonouring himſelf, prefer a life of pleaſure and indolence to the painful duties of government. He owes himſelf to his ſubjects; he is never permitted to be his own maſter, and his leaſt over-ſights are of the greateſt conſequence, becauſe they make his people wretched, and that ſometimes for ages. He ought to curb the audaciouſneſs of the wicked, to ſupport innocence, to ſuppreſs calumny. It is not enough for him not to do any evil; he muſt do all the poſſible good of which the ſtate ſtands in need. Nay, it is not enough that he does good himſelf; he muſt likewiſe prevent all the evil which others would do, were they not reſtrained. Be apprehenſive therefore, my ſon, be apprehenſive of ſo dangerous a ſituation; arm thyſelf with reſolution againſt thyſelf, againſt thy paſſions, and againſt flatterers.

Arceſius, as he ſpoke theſe words, ſeemed animated by a divine fire, and let Telemachus ſee by his countenance that he greatly pitied kings on account of the miſeries which are inſeparable from a crown. When it is aſſumed, ſaid he, to gratify one's ſelf, it is a monſtrous tyranny: and when it is aſſumed to diſcharge the duties of it, and to govern a numerous people, as a father governs his children, it is a grievous thraldom, which requires an heroic fortitude and patience: And it is accordingly certain, that they who have really reigned virtuouſly, here enjoy every thing which the power of the Gods can beſtow in order to render their happineſs compleat.

While Arceſius was ſpeaking in this manner, his words ſunk deep into Telemachus's heart, and were engraved upon it, like the figures which a skilful artiſt engraves on braſs, and deſigns to tranſmit to the view of the lateſt poſterity. This ſage diſcourſe was like a

ſubtle flame that penetrated into the bowels of the young Telemachus; he found himſelf moved and on fire; ſomething divine ſeemed to melt his heart within him. What he had in his inmoſt parts ſecretly conſumed him; he could neither contain it nor ſupport it, nor reſiſt ſo violent an impreſſion: It was a lively pleaſing ſenſation, immixed with pains capable of depriving one of life.

Telemachus beginning at length to breathe more freely, perceived in the countenance of Arceſius a great reſemblance of Laërtes; nay, he fancied that he had a confuſed idea of having ſeen the like features in his father Ulyſſes, when he departed for the ſiege of Troy.

This remembrance melted his very heart; ſweet and joyful tears ſtreamed from his eyes. He was deſirous of embracing ſo dear a perſon and ſeveral times attempted it in vain. The empty ſhade eluded his arms, as flattering objects ſlip from a man in a dream when he thinks himſelf ſure of them: One while the thirſty mouth of the ſleeper purſues a fugitive ſtream; another while his lips move to form words which his ſtiffened tongue cannot utter; then his hands are eagerly extended, and catch nothing. So Telemachus was unable to gratify his fondneſs: He ſees Arceſius, he hears him, he talks to him, he cannot feel him. At length he asks him who the perſons are whom he ſees around him.

You ſee, my ſon, replied the ſage ſenior, men who were the ornament of their times, and the glory and happineſs of the human race; you ſee the ſmall number of kings who were worthy to be ſo, and who faithfully diſcharge the office of Gods on the earth. The others whom you ſee near, but ſeparated from them by that little cloud, enjoy a much lower degree of glory. Thoſe indeed are heroes; but the reward of their valour and military expeditions cannot be compared with that of wiſe, juſt and beneficent princes.

Among

Among these heroes you see Theseus, whose face is somewhat melancholy. He had the misfortune to be too credulous with regard to an artful wife, and is still grieved for having requested of Neptune the cruel death of his son Hippolitus. O how happy! had he not been so passionate and so easily provoked! You likewise behold Achilles leaning on his spear, by reason of the wound he received in his heel by the hand of the effeminate Paris, which put an end to his life. Had he been as just, wise, and moderate as he was intrepid, the Gods would have granted him a long reign; but they pitied the Phthians and Dolopians, over whom, according to the course of nature, he would have reigned after Peleus, and determined not to deliver so many people to the mercy of a fiery man, who was more easily enraged than the most stormy sea. The fatal sisters shortened the thread of his days, and he resembled a flower, which when hardly blown is cut down by the plough-share, and falls before the close of the day which gave it birth. The Gods made use of him, as of floods and tempests, to punish the crimes of men; they made Achilles their engine to throw down the walls of Troy, in order to revenge Laomedon's perjury, and Paris's unlawful love. Having made this use of the instrument of their vengeance, they were appeased, and refused, notwithstanding the tears of Thetis, to suffer this young hero to continue longer in the world, who was fit only to disturb mankind, and to overturn cities and kingdoms.

But dost thou see that other personnage there with that fierce countenance? It is Ajax, the son of Telamon, and the cousin of Achilles. You undoubtedly are not ignorant of his glory in battle. After the death of Achilles he pretended that his armour could be given to none but himself; your father did not think that he ought to yield it to him; the Greeks adjudged it in favour of Ulysses. Ajax killed himself through rage and vexation, and indignation and fury are still visible in his face. Do not approach him, my

ſon; for he would think that you intended to inſult him in his misfortunes, though he really merits pity. Do you not perceive that he looks upon us with uneaſineſs, and is entering abruptly into that gloomy grove, becauſe we are odious to him? On the other ſide you ſee Hector, who had been invincible, if the ſon of Thetis had not lived at the ſame time. But lo! there goes Agamemnon, who ſtill bears the marks of Clytemneſtra's perfidy. O my ſon, I tremble when I think of the calamities of the impious Tantalus's family. The enmity of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyeſtes, filled that houſe with horror and blood. Alas! what a multitude of others does a ſingle crime draw after it? Agamemnon returning at the head of the Greeks from the ſiege of Troy, had not time to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired: Such is the fate of almoſt all conquerors. All the perſons you ſee there were formidable in war; but they were not amiable and virtuous. Accordingly they are admitted only into the ſecond manſion of the Elyſian fields.

As for theſe, they reigned with juſtice, they loved their ſubjects, and are the favourites of the Gods. While Achilles and Agamemnon, who were ſo prone to diſſention and war, do ſtill even here retain their pains and natural failings, while they vainly regret the loſs of their lives, and are grieved at their being now but empty and impotent ſhadows; theſe righteous princes, being purified by the divine light, on which they feed, have nothing more to wiſh for the completion of their happineſs. They view the anxious cares of mortals with pity; and the greateſt affairs which diſquiet the ambitious, appear to them like the ſports of children. Their ſouls are replenished with truth and virtue, which they draw at the fountain head. They have nothing more to ſuffer from themſelves or others, no more deſires, no more wants, no more fears. All is at an end as to them, except their felicity, which cannot end.

Take notice, my ſon, of old king Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos. What ſweetneſs! What

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What majesty in his old age; Flowers spring beneath his steps. His easy gait resembles the flight of a bird. He holds an ivory lyre in his hand, and sings in an eternal transport the marvellous works of the Gods. His heart and mouth breathe an exquisite perfume. The harmony of his voice and lyre would ravish both Gods and men. Thus is he rewarded for loving the people whom he assembled within his new walls, and whose legislator he was.

On the other side, thou mayest see among those myrtles, Cecrops the Egyptian, who was the first king of Athens, a city sacred to the Goddess of wisdom, whose name it bears. Cecrops bringing useful laws from Egypt, which was the source of letters and morality, to Greece, softened the savage nature of the Attic towns, and united them in the bands of society. He was just, humane, compassionate; he left his subjects in affluence, and his own family in moderate circumstances, being unwilling that his power should descend to his children, because he thought that others were more worthy of it.

In that little valley I must likewise shew you Erichthon, who invented the art of making money of silver. He did it with a view of facilitating commerce between the islands of Greece; but he foresaw the inconveniencies which would attend this invention. Apply yourselves, said he to the people, to multiply the riches of nature among you, which are the true riches: Manure the earth, that you may have plenty of corn, wine, oil and fruits; take care to have innumerable flocks and herds, which may feed you with their milk and cloath you with their wool, and you will thereby place yourselves in circumstances of never being afraid of poverty. The more children you have, the richer you will be, provided you inure them to labour; for the earth is inexhaustible, and increases her fertility in proportion to the number of inhabitants that cultivate her with care; she liberally rewards all such for their toils, whereas she is sparing, and ungrateful to those who cultivate her in a negli-

gent

gent manner. Confine yourſelves therefore chiefly to the true riches which ſuffice the wants of man. As for money, it muſt be eſteemed only as it is neceſſary either in the wars which we are inevitably forced to maintain abroad, or for the trading in ſome neceſſary commodities which are wanting in our own country: And it is accordingly to be wiſhed, that men would ceaſe to trade in all things which ſerve only to maintain extravagance, pomp and luxury.

The ſage Erictho would often ſay, I greatly fear, my children, that I have made you a fatal preſent, in communicating to you the invention of money. I foreſee that it will excite avarice, ambition, pomp; that it will cherish an infinite number of pernicious arts, which tend only to the ſoftening and to the corruption of manners; that it will give you a diſguſt of the happy ſimplicity in which all the repoſe and all the ſecurity of life conſiſts; that it will in ſhort make you deſpiſe agriculture, which is the foundation of the life of man, and the ſource of all real bleſſings: But the Gods are witneſſes to the integrity of my heart, in imparting this invention to you, which is in itſelf uſeful. At laſt when Erictho perceived that money corrupted the people as he had foreſeen, he retired through grief to a ſavage mountain, where he lived poor and ſequeſtered from mankind to an extreme old age, and would not concern himſelf in the government of cities.

A little while after him the famous Triptolemus appeared in Greece, whom Ceres taught the art of tilling the earth, and of covering it every year with a golden harveſt. Not that men before him were ſtrangers to corn or to the manner of multiplying it by ſowing, but they were not perfect in the art of tillage, till Triptolemus, ſent by Ceres, came with a plough in his hand, to offer the Goddeſs's gifts to all who ſhould have reſolution enough to conquer their natural ſloth, and addict themſelves to conſtant labour. Quickly did Triptolemus teach the Greeks to furrow the earth, and to make her fruitful by rending

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rending her boſom; quickly did the ardent and indefatigable reapers cauſe the yellow ears which covered the fields, to fall beneath their ſharp-edged ſickles. Even wild and ſavage people, who wandered up and down the woods of Epirus and Ætolia, in queſt of acorns for their food, ſoftened their manners, and became ſubject to laws, when they had learnt how to make the harveſts riſe, and to live on bread. Triptolemus made the Greeks relish the pleaſure of owing their riches only to their labour, and of finding in one's own field all that is neceſſary to render life eaſy and happy. This ſimple, this innocent plenty, which is inſeparable from agriculture, made them recollect the wiſe counſels of Erichthon; they contemned money and all artificial riches, which are riches only in the imagination of men, which tempt them to purſue dangerous pleaſures, and divert them from labour, wherein they would find all real bleſſings, together with purity of manners and perfect freedom. The Greeks therefore knew that a fertile and well-cultivated field is the real treaſure of a family, which is wiſe enough to chuſe to live frugally as their fathers lived. And happy had they been had they remained ſteady in maxims ſo proper to make them powerful, free, happy, and worthy of being ſo by a ſolid virtue! But alas! they begin to admire falſe riches; they by little and little neglect the true, and degenerate from this admirable ſimplicity. O my ſon, you will one day reign; then remember to bring men back to the practice of agriculture, to honour that art, to encourage thoſe who apply themſelves to it, and not to ſuffer men to live idle, or to be employed in arts which nourish pomp and luxury. Theſe two men, who were ſo wiſe on the earth, are here beloved of the Gods. Take notice, my ſon, that their glory as much ſurpaſſes that of Achilles and other heroes who excelled only in battle, as the delightful ſpring is pleaſanter than the icy winter, or as the light of the ſun is brighter than that of the moon.

While

While Arceſius was talking in this manner, he perceived that Telemachus's eyes were fixed on a little laurel grove, and a river bordered with violets, roſes, lillies and ſeveral other fragrant flowers, whoſe lively colours reſembled thoſe of Iris, when she deſcends from heaven to the earth, to declare the commands of the Gods to mortals. The great king Seſoſtris was in this beautiful grove, and Telemachus knew him again, though he was a thouſand times more majeſtic than he had ever been on the throne of Egypt. Rays of benign light shot from his eyes, and dazzled thoſe of Telemachus. When one ſaw him, one would have thought that he was inebriated with nectar; ſo much had the divine ſpirit raiſed him above the reach of human reaſon as a reward of his virtues.

Telemachus ſaid to Arceſius, O my father, I perceive Seſoſtris, the wiſe king of Egypt, whom I ſaw not long ſince. That indeed is Seſoſtris, replied Arceſius; and you ſee by him how bountifully the Gods reward good princes. But you muſt know that all this happineſs is nothing in compariſon of that which was deſigned him, if too great a proſperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and juſtice. His paſſion to lower the pride and inſolence of the Tyrians, engaged him to take their city. This conqueſt inſpired him with a deſire of making others; and ſuffering himſelf to be ſeduced by the vanity of conquerors, he ſubdued, or to ſpeak more juſtly, he ravaged all Aſia. At his return to Egypt he found that his brother had ſeized upon the crown, and had by an unrighteous adminiſtration changed the beſt laws of the country. Thus did his great conqueſts only ſerve to imbroil his own kingdom. But what made him more inexcuſable, was his being ſo intoxicated with vain glory, as to cauſe his chariot to be drawn by the proudeſt of the kings he had conquered. He was afterwards ſenſible of his error, and aſhamed of having been ſo inhuman. Such was the fruit of his victories, and ſuch are the miſchiefs which conquerors bring upon

upon themſelves and their kingdoms, by endeavouring to uſurp thoſe of their neighbours. This was what ſullied the reputation of a prince who was otherwiſe ſo juſt and beneficent, and it is this which diminiſhes the happineſs which the Gods had prepared for him.

Doſt thou not ſee him, my ſon, whoſe wound appears ſo glorious? He was a king of Caria, Dioclides by name, who ſacrificed himſelf for his people in battle, becauſe the oracle had declared that the nation whoſe king ſhould perish, would be victorious in the war between the Carians and the Lycians.

Take notice of that other perſonage alſo: He was a wiſe legiſlator, who having enacted laws which were adapted to make his ſubjects virtuous and happy, made them ſwear that they would never violate any of them in his abſence. This done, he departed, became a voluntary exile from his country, and died poor in a foreign land, in order to oblige his people by this oath for ever to obſerve ſuch ſalutary laws.

The other whom you ſee, is Euneſimus, king of the Pylians, and one of the anceſtors of the ſage Neſtor. During a peſtilence which ravaged the whole earth and covered the banks of Acheron with new ghoſts, he laying down his life for ſo many millions of innocent perſons, beſought the Gods to lay aſide their wrath. The Gods heard him, and here beſtowed a real crown upon him, of which all earthly crowns are but empty ſhadows.

The old man whom you ſee with a wreath of flowers on his head, is the famous Belus: He reigned in Egypt, and married Anchynoe the daughter of the God Nilus, who conceals the ſource of his waters, and enriches the country by his inundations. He had two ſons; Danaüs, whoſe hiſtory you know, and Egyptus who gave his name to this beautiful kingdom. Belus thought himſelf richer by the plenty he procured his ſubjects, and by their affection for him, than by all the taxes which he could have impoſed upon them. Theſe men, my ſon, whom you look upon as dead, are alive; and the wretched life which men drag

on

on the earth is death: The names only are changed. May the Gods render thee virtuous enough to merit this bleſſed life, which nothing can put a period to, nor diſquiet! But haſten hence; it is time to go and ſeek thy father. Alas! what blood wilt thou ſee ſhed before thou findeſt him! But then what glory awaits thee in the fields of Heſperia! Be mindful of the wiſe Mentor's counſels: if thou followeſt them, thy name will be glorious among all nations and in all ages.

He ſaid; and immediately conducted Telemachus to the ivory door which leads out of Pluto's darkſome realm. Telemachus departed, with tears in his eyes, without being able to embrace him; and aſcending from theſe gloomy regions, haſtened back to the confederate camp; having in his way rejoined the two young Cretans, who had accompanied him as far as the cavern, and expected to ſee him no more.

End of the Nineteenth Book.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTIETH.

The ARGUMENT.

In an assembly of the chiefs, Telemachus prevails on them not to surprise the city of Venusium, which had been left by both parties in trust in the hands of the Lucanians. He shews his wisdom with regard to two deserters; one of them, whose name was Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him, and the other, named Dioscorus offered the allies the head of Adrastus. In the ensuing battle Telemachus carries death wherever he goes in quest of Adrastus; and that king, who seeks him also, meets with and kills Pisistratus, the son of Nestor. Philoctetes comes to his assistance, and as he is about to kill Adrastus, is wounded and obliged to retire from the battle. Telemachus follows the cries of the confederates, of whom Adrastus makes a terrible havock; he engages this enemy, and gives him his life on conditions which he imposes upon him. Adrastus getting up again, attempts to surprise Telemachus, who seizes him a second time, and takes away his life.

IN the mean time the chiefs of the army assembled to deliberate whether they should seize on Venusium, a strong city, which Adrastus had formerly usurped

uſurped from his neighbours the Peucetæ of Apulia; who had entered into the league againſt Adraſtus, in order to demand juſtice for that invaſion. Adraſtus, to ſatisfy them, had delivered the city by way of truſt into the hands of the Lucanians; But he had corrupted the Lucanian garriſon and its commander by his money; ſo that the Lucanians had in reality leſs authority than he in Venuſium; and the Apulians, who had conſented that the Lucanians garriſon ſhould keep Venuſium, had been over-reached in this negotiation.

A citizen of Venuſium, named Demophantes had privately offered the allies to deliver up one of the gates of the city to them by night. This propoſal was ſo much the more advantageous, as Adraſtus had laid up all his proviſions and military ſtores in a caſtle, near Venuſium, which could not defend itſelf if that city were taken. Philoctetes and Neſtor had already declared that they ought to embrace ſo favourable an opportunity; and all the other commanders being ſwayed by their authority, and dazzled by the advantages which would ariſe from ſo eaſy an enterpriſe, approved their opinion: But Telemachus at his return did all he could to diſſuade them from it.

I am not ignorant, ſaid he, that if ever a man deſerved to be circumvented and deceived, it is Adraſtus, who has ſo often deceived all others. I plainly ſee that in ſurpriſing Venuſium you will only take poſſeſſion of a city which belong to you, ſince it belongs to the Apulians, a nation who have entered into your league. I own that you may do this with a greater show of reaſon, as Adraſtus who put this city as a pledge into the hands of the Lucanians, has corrupted the governor and the garriſon, in order to enter it whenever he ſhall think proper. And then I am ſenſible as well as you, that if you take Venuſium, you will the next day become maſters of the caſtle in which Adraſtus has lodged all his ſtores; and that you would thus in two days put an end to this formidable war. But is it not better to perish than to conquer by ſuch means? Muſt fraud be repelled

repelled by fraud? Shall it be ſaid that ſo many princes having entered into a league to chaſtiſe the impious Adraſtus for his treacheries, are become treacherous like him? If it is lawful for us to act like Adraſtus, he is not guilty, and our endeavours to punish him are wrong. What! has all Heſperia, ſupported by ſo many Greek colonies, and heroes returned from the ſiege of Troy, no other arms againſt the perfidy and perjury of Adraſtus, but perfidy and perjury? You have ſworn by things the moſt ſacred to leave Venuſium as a pledge in the hands of the Lucanians. But their garriſon, ſay you, is corrupted by Adraſtus's money; I perceive that as well as you. But this garriſon is ſtill in the pay of the Lucanians; it has not refuſed to obey them, and has, at leaſt in appearance, obſerved the neutrality. Neither Adraſtus nor any of his ſoldiers have ever entered Venuſium; the treaty ſubſiſts, and your oath is not forgotten by the Gods. Shall we keep our promiſes, only when we want plauſible pretences to break them? Shall we be faithful and religious obſervers of oaths, only when we can get nothing by violating them? If the love of virtue and the fear of the Gods have no influence upon you, have at leaſt ſome concern for your reputation and intereſt. If you give mankind this pernicious inſtance of breaking your word and of violating your oath to terminate a war, what wars will you not kindle by this impious conduct? What neighbour will not be conſtrained to apprehend every thing from and to dereſt you? Who for the future in the moſt preſſing exigencies will confide in you? What ſecurity will you be able to give when you deſign to be ſincere, and when it is of conſequence to you to perſuade your neighbours that you are ſo? Will a ſolemn treaty do it? You will have trampled one under your feet. Will an oath do it? Ah! will it not be known that you look upon the Gods as cyphers, when you expect to draw any advantage from perjury? You will not therefore be ſafer in peace than in war. Every thing which comes

comes from you, will be received as a diſguiſed or open war. You will perpetually be the enemies of all who ſhall have the misfortune to be your neighbours. All tranſactions which require reputation, probity and confidence, will become impoſſible to you; you will have no means of making people believe what you promiſe.

There is, added Telemachus, a yet nearer concern which muſt needs affect you, if you have any ſenſe of probity, or any foreſight with regard to your own intereſt, viz, that ſo treacherous a conduct would be an internal attack upon your whole league, and quickly ruin it; your perjury would cauſe Adraſtus to triumph.

The whole aſſembly, murmuring at theſe words, asked him how he could take upon him to ſay, that an action which would infallibly make the confederates victorious, would ruin the confederacy? How, replied he, will you be able to confide in each other, if you once violate your ſincerity, the only band of ſociety and confidence? When you have laid it down as a maxim, that the laws of probity and fidelity may be diſpenſed with for the ſake of ſome ſignal advantage, which of you will truſt another, ſince another may find it very advantageous to falſify his word and to deceive you? Where will you be then? Which of you will not endeavour by his own artifices to prevent thoſe of his neighbour? What will be the fate of a confederacy of ſo many nations, when they have agreed among themſelves after a general diſcuſſion of the matter, that it is lawful to over-reach one's neighbour and to violate one's plighted faith? How great will your mutual jealouſies be, your diſſentions, your zeal to deſtroy each other? Adraſtus will have no occaſion to attack you; you will ſufficiently worry one another, and juſtify his perfidies. Ye ſage, ye magnanimous princes, you who ſo wiſely govern innumerable multitudes, diſdain not to hearken to the counſels of a young man. Should you ever fall into the moſt terrible extremities into which war ſometimes

times precipitates men, you may riſe again by your vigilance and the ſtruggles of your virtue; for true courage never deſpairs: But if you have once broken down the barrier of honour and probity, your ruin is inevitable: you can never revive the confidence which is neceſſary to make all important affairs ſucceſsful, nor reclaim men to the principles of virtue which you have taught them to deſpiſe. And what do you apprehend? Are you not brave enough to conquer without treachery? Is not your valour, together with the forces of ſo many nations, ſufficient for this? Let us fight, let us die, if it muſt be ſo, rather than conquer by ſuch vile means. Adraſtus, the impious Adraſtus, is in our power, provided we abhor imitating his baſeneſs and perfidy.

When Telemachus concluded his ſpeech, he perceived that ſoft perſuaſion had flowed from his lips, and ſunk deep into their hearts. He obſerved that there was a profound ſilence throughout the whole aſſembly; every one's thoughts being employed, not on him or the graces of his words, but on the force of truth, which was ſo ſtriking in the whole courſe of his reaſoning. Amazement was painted on their faces. At length an hollow murmur was heard ſpreading itſelf by little and little through the whole aſſembly. They all looked one upon another, being afraid to ſpeak firſt, and waiting till the principal commanders ſhould declare themſelves, though every one found it difficult to retain his ſentiments. At laſt the grave Neſtor pronounced theſe words:

Worthy ſon of Ulyſſes, the Gods prompted you to ſpeak, and Minerva, who ſo often inſpired your father, ſuggeſted to you the wiſe and generous counſel which you have given us. I do not regard your youth, I ſee Minerva in all you have ſaid. You have pleaded the cauſe of virtue. Without virtue the greateſt advantages are real loſſes; without virtue men ſoon draw on themſelves the vengeance of their enemies, the jealouſy of their allies, the hatred of all good men, and the juſt wrath of the Gods. Let us therefore leave

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leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think of conquering Adrastus only by our courage.

He said; and the whole assembly applauded the wisdom of his words. But every one, as he gave his applause, turned his eyes with amazement towards the son of Ulysses, and imagined that he saw the wisdom of Minerva, his inspirer, shine forth in him.

There soon arose another question in the council of the kings, by which he did not acquire less glory. Adrastus, ever bloody and perfidious, sent into the camp one Acanthus a deserter, who was to poison the most illustrious chiefs of the army. He was particularly ordered to spare no pains to effect the death of the young Telemachus, who was already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who had too much courage and candour to be mistrustful, readily and kindly received this wretch, who had seen Ulysses in Sicily, and who related to him the adventures of that hero. He subsisted him, and endeavoured to comfort him in his misfortunes; for Acanthus complained of having been deceived and unworthily treated by Adrastus. But this was cherishing and warming a venomous viper in his bosom, which was ready to sting him to death. Another deserter was taken whose name was Arion, whom Acanthus was sending back to Adrastus, to inform him of the state of the confederate camp, and to assure him that he would the next day poison the principal kings and Telemachus at an entertainment which the latter was to give him. Arion being apprehended, confessed his treason, and it was suspected that Acanthus was concerned with him, because they were intimate friends; but Acanthus, who was a deep dissembler and not to be daunted, defended himself so artfully that he could not be convicted, nor the bottom of the conspiracy discovered.

Several of the kings were of opinion that they ought in this uncertainty to sacrifice Acanthus to the public safety. He must, said they, be put to death; the life of a single person is nothing, when the safety

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of ſo many princes is concerned. What if an innocent perſon perish, when the point in debate is the preſervation of thoſe who repreſent the Gods among men?

What an inhuman maxim! what barbarous policy, replied Telemachus; How! are you ſo lavish of human blood! O you who are appointed the shepherds of men, and who govern them only to take care of them as a shepherd takes care of his flock, you are it ſeems ravenous wolves and not shepherds; at moſt you are shepherds only to fleece and ſlay the flock, inſtead of leading it into good paſtures. According to you a man is guilty the moment he is accuſed; to be ſuſpected merits death; the innocent are at the mercy of the envious and the ſlanderer; and the more your tyrannical jealouſy increaſes in your boſom, the greater number of victims muſt be ſlain.

Telemachus ſpoke theſe words with an authority and vehemence that carried an irreſiſtible conviction with it, and overwhelmed the authors of ſuch baſe advice with shame. He afterwards ſaid in a milder tone: As for me I am not ſo fond of life as to pay ſo dear for it; I had rather that Acanthus should be a villain than be one myſelf, and that he should rob me of my life by treachery than that I should be ſo unjuſt as to put him to death on ſuſpicion only. But have a little patience, ye princes, who as you are appointed kings, that is judges, of the people, should know how to try men with juſtice, wiſdom and moderation; have patience I ſay, and give me leave to examine Acanthus in your preſence.

Hereupon he queſtions Acanthus concerning his correſpondence with Arion; he preſſes him with a thouſand circumſtances, and ſeveral times makes as if he would ſend him back to Adraſtus, as a deſerter that deſerved to be punished, to ſee whether he was afraid of being ſent back or not. But Acanthus's voice and countenance continued calm and compoſed, and from thence Telemachus concluded that he could not be innocent. Not being able however to draw

him into a confeſſion, Telemachus at laſt ſaid, Give me your ring, I will ſend it to Adraſtus. At this demand of his ring Acanthus grew pale, and was in confuſion. Telemachus, whoſe eyes were continually fixed upon him, perceived it and took the ring. I will immediately ſend it, ſaid he, to Adraſtus by the hands of your acquaintance Polytropas the Lucanian, and he ſhall pretend that he is ſent ſecretly by you. If by this means we diſcover your correſpondence with Adraſtus, you ſhall die without mercy in the moſt racking tortures; but if on the contrary you now confeſs your guilt, you ſhall be pardoned, and we will content ourſelves with ſending you to an iſland where you ſhall want for nothing. Upon this Acanthus made a full diſcovery; and Telemachus prevailing on the kings to give him his life according to his promiſe, he was ſent to one of the Echinadian iſlands, where he lived unmoleſted.

A little while after, one Dioſcorus, a Daunian of an obſcure birth, but of a violent and daring ſpirit, came by night to the camp of the allies, and made them an offer of aſſaſſinating king Adraſtus in his tent. This he was able to effect: for a man is maſter of the lives of others, when he does not value his own. This Dioſcorus breathed nothing but revenge, becauſe Adraſtus had taken from him his wife whom he paſſionately loved, and who was equal in beauty to Venus herſelf. He had privately concerted meaſures to enter the king's tent by night, and to be favoured in this attempt by ſeveral Daunian captains; but he thought it neceſſary that the confederate princes ſhould attack Adraſtus's camp at the ſame time, that he might in the confuſion more eaſily eſcape, and carry off his wife. If he could not carry her off, he was content to perish, after he had killed the king.

As ſoon as Dioſcorus had explained his deſign to the kings, every body turned towards Telemachus. as it were to ask his deciſion of the matter. The Gods, ſaid he, who have preſerved us from traitors, forbid us to employ them. And though we were not virtuous enough

enough to abhor treaſon, yet our own intereſt would be ſufficient to induce us to reject it; for when we have given a ſanction to it by our example, we ſhall deſerve to have it turned againſt us; and from that moment which of us would be ſafe? Adraſtus may poſſibly avoid the blow which threatens him, and make it fall on the confederate kings. Beſides, war would ceaſe to be war; wiſdom and virtue would be of no uſe, and we ſhould ſee nothing but perfidy, treaſon and aſſaſſinations. We ourſelves ſhould feel, and ſhould deſerve to feel, their fatal effects, ſince we ſhould authoriſe the greateſt of evils. I think therefore that this traitor ought to be ſent back to Adraſtus. I own indeed that this prince does not deſerve it; but all Heſperia and all Greece, which have their eyes upon us, deſerve ſuch a conduct from us as the price of their eſteem. Beſides, we owe to ourſelves, we owe to the righteous Gods, this abhorrence of treachery.

Upon this Dioſcorus was ſent to Adraſtus, who trembled at the danger he had been in, and could not enough wonder at the generoſity of his enemies; for the wicked have no idea of pure and diſintereſted virtue. Adraſtus could not but admire what he ſaw, though he had not reſolution enough to commend it. This noble action of the allies recalled to his mind an odious remembrance of all his treacheries and cruelties. He ſought to leſſen the generoſity of his enemies, and was aſhamed to appear ungrateful to thoſe to whom he owed his life; but corrupt men ſoon harden themſelves againſt every thing which might give them the leaſt compunction. Adraſtus perceiving that the reputation of the allies daily increaſed, thought himſelf under a neceſſity of performing ſome ſignal action againſt them; and as it was not in his nature to do a virtuous one, he reſolved at leaſt to endeavour to obtain ſo eminent advantage over them by arms, and haſtened to engage them.

The day of battle being come, Aurora in her roſy progreſs ſcarcely began to open the gates of the eaſt to the ſun, when the young Telemachus out-ſtripping

the vigilance of the oldeſt commanders, broke from the arms of balmy ſleep, and put all the officers in motion. His helmet, crowned with waving hair, already glittered on his head, and the cuiraſs he wore dazzled the eyes of the whole army. The work of Vulcan had, beſides its native beauty, the ſplendor of the Ægis which was concealed in it. He held a ſpear in one hand, and pointed with the other to the ſeveral poſts which it was neceſſary to ſecure. Minerva had filled his eyes with a divine fire, and his countenance with a noble majeſty, which already promiſed victory. He marched; and all the princes, forgetting their age and dignity, found themſelves hurried along by a ſuperior power, which compelled them to follow his ſteps. Impotent jealouſy could no longer find admiſſion to their hearts. Every thing yields to him whom Minerva inviſibly leads by the hand. His behaviour had nothing of impetuouſity or rashneſs: he was affable, calm, patient, always ready to hear others and to profit by their counſels; but active, cautious, extending his views to the remoteſt exigencies, diſpoſing every thing in the beſt manner, never confounding himſelf nor others, excuſing errors, rectifying miſcarriages, obviating difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inſpiring freedom and confidence. If he gave an order, it was in the plaineſt and moſt perſpicuous terms; he repeated it, to give the perſon who was to execute it, a clearer idea of it; he ſaw by his eyes whether he apprehended it right, and then made him explain in a familiar manner, how he underſtood his words, and what was the principal end of his enterpriſe. When he had thus ſounded the capacity of the perſon he employed, and made him thoroughly underſtand his deſigns, he did not ſend him away till he had given him ſome mark of his eſteem and confidence by way of encouragement. Thus all whom he employed were full of zeal to pleaſe him and to ſucceed in their commiſſions, without being cramped by any apprehenſion of his imputing their ill ſucceſs to them; for he excuſed all

all miſcarriages which did not proceed from the want of good will.

The horizon looked red and enflamed by the dawning rays of the ſun, and the ſea blazed with the fires of the new-born day. All the coaſt was overſpread with men, arms, horſes, rolling chariots; and a confuſed uproar was heard, like that of the angry billows when Neptune in the deep abyſs ſtirs up the lowering tempeſts. Thus Mars began by the din of arms, and the horrid equipage of war, to fire every heart with fury. The plain was thick ſet with briſtling pikes, like ears of corn which hide the fertile furrows in the times of harveſt. Already had a cloud of riſing duſt gradually ſtolen the heavens and the earth from the eyes of men, and confuſion, horror, ſlaughter, ruthleſs death advanced.

The arrows hardly began to fly, when Telemachus lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, uttered theſe words: O Jupiter, father of Gods and men, thou ſeeſt the juſtice of our cauſe, and that we have not been aſhamed to ſue for peace. We engage with reluctance; we would ſpare the blood of man, and do not hate even this cruel, this perfidious, this ſacrilegious foe. Behold thou and determine between him and us. If we muſt die, our lives are in thy hands; if Heſperia is to be delivered, and the tyrant overthrown, it will be thy power and the wiſdom of thy daughter Minerva which will give us the victory; the glory of it will be due to thee. Thou holdeſt the balance, and decideſt the fate of battles. For thee we fight; and as thou art righteous, Adraſtus is more thy enemy than ours. If thy cauſe is victorious, before the cloſe of the day, the blood of a whole hecatomb ſhall ſtream on thy altars.

He ſaid, and inſtantly drives his fiery foaming courſers into the thickeſt ranks of the enemy. The firſt he met was Periander the Locrian, clad in the skin of a lion which he had killed in his travels in Cilicia. He was armed like Hercules with an enormous club, and reſembled the giants in ſtrength and ſtature. As ſoon

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as he ſaw Telemachus, he deſpiſed his youth and beautiful countenance. It well befits thee, ſaid he, effeminate boy, to diſpute the glory of combat, with us! Go, child, go to hell, and ſeek thy father. As he ſpoke theſe words, he raiſed his knotty, ponderous and iron-ſpiky club, which looks like the maſt of a ship, which makes every one apprehenſive of its fall, and threatens the head of the ſon of Ulyſſes. But he eludes the blow, and rushes upon Periander as rapidly as an eagle cleaves the air. The deſcending club dashes in pieces the wheel of a chariot which was near that of Telemachus. Mean while the young Greek wounds Periander in the throat with a dart; the bubbling blood ſpouts from the gaping wound, and ſtops his voice; his fiery ſteeds no longer feeling his fainting hand, and the reins flowing on their necks, carry him here and there; he falls from his chariot; his eyes are cloſed againſt the light, and pallid death is already ſtamped on his ghaſtly viſage. Telemachus pitied him, and immediately gave his body to his domeſtics; keeping the club and lion's skin as a token of his victory.

He then ſeeks Adraſtus in the throng, and in ſeeking him ſends a croud of warriors to hell: Hileus, whoſe car was drawn by a pair of ſteeds, which reſembled thoſe of the Sun, and were bred in the ſpacious meadows which the Aufidus waters: Demoleon, who in Sicily did heretofore almoſt equal Eryx in the combat of the cæſtus: Crantor, who was the hoſt and friend of Hercules, when that ſon of Jupiter, in his way through Heſperia, deprived the infamous Cacus of his life: Menecrates, who was ſaid to reſemble Pollux in wreſtling: Hypocoon the Salapian, who imitated Caſtor's addreſs and graceful manner in the management of a ſteed: Eurymenides the famous hunter, who was always beſmeared with the blood of bears and wild boars, which he killed on the ſnowy tops of the cold Appennine, and who was ſaid to be ſo dear to Diana that she herſelf taught him the art of shooting with arrows: Nicoſtratus, the vanquisher af

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the giant, who uſed to vomit fire on the rocks of mount Garganus: Eleanthus, who was to marry young Pholoe, daughter of the river Liris. She had been promiſed by her father to him that ſhould deliver her from a winged ſerpent, which was engendered on the banks of the river, and was to devour her in a few days, according to the prediction of an oracle. This youth, through an exceſs of love, made a vow to kill the monſter or to perish in the attempt; he ſucceeded but did not taſte the fruits of his victory. For while Pholoe was preparing for her happy nuptials, and impatiently expected Eleanthus, ſhe heard that he had followed Adraſtus to the war, and that the fatal ſiſters had cruelly cut the thread of his life. She filled the woods and the mountains near the river with her wailings; her eyes ſwam in tears; ſhe tore off her lovely treſſes; ſhe neglected the flowery garlands ſhe uſed to gather, and taxed the heavens with injuſtice. As ſhe wept inceſſantly both night and day, the Gods moved by her ſorrows, and by the prayers of the river, put an end to her grief: For ſhe poured forth ſuch floods of tears, that ſhe was ſuddenly changed into a fountain, which gliding into the boſom of the river, mingles her ſtream with that of the God her father. But the water of this fountain is ſtill bitter; nor ſprings the graſs on its banks; nor is there any ſhade but that of the cypreſs on its melancholy borders.

Adraſtus in the mean time hearing that Telemachus ſpread terror all around him, ſought him with great eagerneſs; he expected that he ſhould eaſily conquer ſo young an adverſary, being ſurrounded by thirty Daunians of extraordinary ſtrength, dexterity and courage, to whom he had promiſed great rewards, if they could by any means whatever deſtroy Telemachus in the battle. Had they then met him, theſe thirty men, by environing Telemachus's chariot, while Adraſtus attacked him in the front, would undoubtedly have ſlain him without any difficulty, but Minerva miſled them.

Adraſtus thought that he ſaw and heard Telemachus in a valley at the foot of a hill, where there was

a crowd of combatants; he runs, he flies, he longs to ſate himſelf with blood; but inſtead of Telemachus he finds the aged Neſtor, who with a trembling hand was throwing ſome random unavailing darts. Adraſtus in his rage attempts to kill him, but a band of Pylians poured around their king.

Hereupon a cloud of arrows darkened the air, and hid all the combatants; nothing was heard but the doleful cries of the dying; and the clattering of the arms of thoſe who fell in the conflict; the earth groaned beneath an heap of dead, and rivers of blood ſtreamed every where. Bellona and Mars, with the infernal Furies, clad in robes all dropping with gore feaſted their cruel eyes on the ſight, and inceſſantly renewed the rage of every heart. Theſe Deities, the deadly foes of mankind, chaſed far away from both parties generous compaſſion, ſedate valour, and ſoft humanity; there was nothing in this confuſed and enraged throng but ſlaughter, revenge, deſpair and brutal fury. The ſage and invincible Pallas herſelf ſhivered, and ſtarted back with horror at the ſight.

Mean time Philoctetes marching ſlowly, and holding the arrows of Hercules in his hands, advanced to Neſtor's aſſiſtance. Adraſtus not being able to reach the divine ſenior, had hurled his darts at ſeveral Pylians, and made them bite the ground. He had already ſlain Euſilas, ſo ſwift of foot that he hardly imprinted his footſteps in the ſand, and who in his own country out-run the moſt rapid currents of the Eurotas and Alpheus. At his feet were fallen Entiphron more lovely than Hylas, and as keen a hunter as Hippolytus; Pterelas, who accompanied Neſtor to the ſiege of Troy, and was dear to Achilles himſelf for his ſtrength and courage; Ariſtogiton, who bathing in the waves of the river Acheloüs, is ſaid to have privately received of that God the power of aſſuming all kind of forms: And indeed he was ſo pliant and nimble in all his motions, that he ſlipt out of the ſtrongeſt hands. But Adraſtus with a thruſt

a thruſt of his ſpear rendered him motionleſs, and his ſoul immediately took its flight with his blood.

Neſtor ſeeing his moſt valiant captains fall beneath the hands of the cruel Adraſtus, like the golden ears in harveſt beneath the keen ſickle of the indefatigable reaper, forgot the danger to which he vainly expoſed his age. His wiſdom forſook him, and he thought only of purſuing with his eyes his ſon Piſiſtratus, who on his part ardently maintained the fight, to drive the danger from his father; but the fatal moment was come, when Piſiſtratus was to convince Neſtor, how wretched men often are by living too long.

Piſiſtratus pushed ſo violently at Adraſtus with his ſpear, that the Daunian would have fallen, had he not avoided it; but while Piſiſtratus, ſtaggered with the falſe thruſt he had made, was recovering his ſpear, Adraſtus run his javelin into the midſt of his belly. His bowels came out with a torrent of blood; his colour faded like a flower cropt by the hands of a nymph in the meadows; his eyes were almoſt extinguished, and his voice began to fail him. Alceus his governor, who was near him, caught him as he was ready to fall, and had only time to convey him into his father's arms, where he endeavoured to ſpeak and give the laſt marks of his fondneſs; but as he opened his mouth he expired.

While Philoctetes was ſpreading ſlaughter and horror around him, to repel the efforts of Adraſtus, Neſtor claſped the body of his ſon in his arms, rending the heavens with his cries, and unable to bear the light. Wretch that I am, ſaid he, in being a father and in living ſo long! Ah! why, ye cruel Fates! why did ye not cut the thread of my life when I chaſed the Calydonian boar, or in my expedition to Colchos, or at the firſt ſiege of Troy? I ſhould not then have died inglorious, nor with anguish. I now drag a painful, deſpicable, impotent old age; I live but to ſuffer; I have no ſenſe but of ſorrow. O my ſon! my dear ſon Piſiſtratus! When I loſt thy brother Antilochus, I had thee to comfort me; I have

thee no more; nothing will comfort me now; all is over as to me. Hope, the only ſweetner of human woes, is a bleſſing which concerns me not. Antilochus! Piſiſtratus! O my dear children, I loſt you both methinks to-day; the death of the one opens again the wound which the other had made in my heart. Never ſhall I behold thee more. Who ſhall cloſe my eyes? Who collect my ashes? O my dear Piſiſtratus! thou as well as thy brother didſt die like a man of courage; I alone cannot die.

This ſaid, he attempted to kill himſelf with a dart which he had in his hand; but he was with-held. And the body of his ſon being wreſted from him, the unhappy old man fell into a ſwoon, and was carried to his tent, where having a little recovered his ſtrength he would have returned to the battle, had he not been detained by force.

Mean time Adraſtus and Philoctetes were in queſt of each other. Their eyes ſparkled, like thoſe of a lion and a leopard ſtriving to tear each other in pieces, in the fields which the Cayſter waters. Menaces, the rage of war, and bloody revenge appeared in their ſavage looks. They carry certain death wherever their hurl their darts, and all the combatants behold them with terror. They are now within ſight of each other, and Philoctetes takes one of thoſe dreadful arrows, which in his hands never miſt their aim, and whoſe wounds were incurable; but Mars, who favoured the cruel and intrepid Adraſtus, would not ſuffer him to perish ſo ſoon, being deſirous of making him his inſtrument of prolonging the horrors of war, and of heightening the carnage. The Gods as yet forbore to make Adraſtus an example of their juſtice, in order to chaſtiſe mankind and to ſhed their blood.

The moment Philoctetes deſigns to attack him, he himſelf is wounded by the ſpear of Amphimachus, a young Lucanian, who was more lovely than the famous Nireus, whoſe beauty was only inferior to that of Achilles of all the Greeks that fought at the ſiege

ſiege of Troy. Philoctetes was hardly wounded, when he aimed the arrows at Amphimachus which pierced him to the heart. His fine black eyes immediately loſt their luſtre, and were overſpread with the ſhades of death. The roſes of his lips, more ruddy than thoſe with which the riſing Aurora ſtrews the horizon, faded: a ghaſtly paleneſs deadened his cheeks: his ſoft, his delicate face was inſtantly deformed. Philoctetes himſelf was moved with pity, and all the combatants made loud laments, ſeing the youth weltering in his blood, and his locks, as lovely as thoſe of Apollo, trailing in the duſt.

Philoctetes having ſlain Amphimachus was obliged to retire from the battle; having loſt a great deal of his blood and his ſtrength. Beſides, his old wound in the heat of the action ſeemed ready to bleed afreſh and to renew his pains; for the ſon of Æſculapius by their divine skill had not been able to cure him entirely. Lo! he is ready to fall on an heap of bloody bodies which ſurround him; but Archidamus, the moſt bold and expert ſoldier of all the Œbalians, whom he had brought with him to found Petelia, forces him from the fight the moment Adraſtus would eaſily have felled him at his feet. Adraſtus now finds nothing which preſumes to reſiſt him, or to retard his victory: Every thing falls, every thing flies before him; he reſembles a rapid ſtream, which having over-ſwelled its mounds, ſweeps away, with its furious torrent, the corn, the flocks, the ſhepherds and villages.

Telemachus heard at a diſtance the ſhouts of the victors, and beheld the diſorder of the confederates flying before Adraſtus, like an herd of timorous deer croſſing the ſpacious plains, the woods, the mountains, and even the moſt rapid rivers, when they are purſued by the hunters. He deeply ſighs; indignation is manifeſt in his eyes; he quits the place where he had long fought with great danger and glory; he runs to ſuſtain the fugitives; he advances all beſmeared with the blood of a multitude of enemies

whom he had ſtretched on the duſt; and at a diſtance ſhouts loud enough to be heard by both armies.

Minerva had infuſed ſomething terrible into his voice, which made the neighbouring mountains ring: that of the cruel Mars ſounds not louder in Thrace, when he calls the infernal Furies, war and death. This ſhouting of Telemachus inſpires his own party with courage and intrepidity, and chills the enemy with fear. Even Adraſtus is aſhamed to find himſelf diſordered; being terrified with I know not how many fatal preſages, and animated rather by deſpair than a ſedate valour. Thrice were his trembling knees going to ſink beneath him, and thrice he drew back without thinking on what he did. A ſwooning paleneſs and a cold ſweat ſpread over all his limbs; his hoarſe and faultering voice could ſound no word diſtinct; his eyes ſparkling with a gloomy fire, ſeem ready to ſtart out of his head; he looks like Oreſtes tortured by the Furies; all his motions are convulſive. Now he begins to believe that there are Gods; he fancies that he ſees them incenſed againſt him, and that he hears a hollow voice ariſing from the deepeſt hell, and citing him to dreary Tartarus. Every thing made him ſenſible of an heavenly and inviſible hand ſtretched over his head, and ready to fall heavy upon him. Hope was extinguiſhed in his heart, and his courage vaniſhed, like the day-light when the ſun ſinks into the boſom of the waves, and the earth is wrapt in the ſhades of night.

The impious Adraſtus, who had already been ſuffered to live too long, if mankind had not wanted ſuch a ſcourge; the impious Adraſtus, I ſay, draws near his lateſt hour. He madly runs to meet his inevitable fate; horror, ſtinging remorſe, conſternation, fury, rage, deſpair attend his ſteps. He ſcarcely ſee Telemachus, but he fancies that he ſees Avernus yawn, and whirlwinds of flames, iſſuing from dreary Phlegeton, ready to ſwallow him up. He cries out, and his mouth remains open without being able to utter a word. So a perſon aſleep in a frightful

ful dream open his lips, and ſtrives to ſpeak; but his ſpeech continually fails him, and he ſeeks it in vain. Adraſtus with a trembling haſty hand hurls his javelin at Telemachus. The latter is undaunted, like one favoured of the Gods, and defends himſelf with his ſhield. Victory already ſeems to cover him with her wings, and to hold a crown over his head. A calm and compoſed courage glittered in his eyes, and one would have taken him for Minerva herſelf, ſo wiſe and diſcreet he appears in the greateſt dangers. Adraſtus's javelin is repelled by the ſhield. Upon which the Daunian inſtantly draws his ſword, to deprive the ſon of Ulyſſes of the advantage of throwing his javelin in his turn. Telemachus ſeeing Adraſtus with his ſword in his hand, immediately draws his alſo, and drops his uſeleſs javelin.

When they were thus cloſely engaged, all the other combatants ſilently laid down their arms to gaze upon them, and from this ſingle combat expected the iſſue of the war. Their ſwords, bright as the flashes whence the bolts are hurled, frequently croſs each other, and deal their fruitleſs blows upon their burniſhed and reſounding armour. The two combatants ſtretch themſelves out, ſhrink themſelves up, ſtoop down, riſe again in an inſtant, and at length grapple with each other. The ivy growing at the foot of an elm, does not more cloſely embrace its hard and knotty trunk, with its entwining arms, even to its higheſt branches, than theſe two combatants graſp each other. Adraſtus having loſt nothing of his ſtrength, and that of Telemachus not being yet at its height; the former makes ſeveral efforts to ſtagger and throw his antagoniſt by ſurpriſe. At laſt he endeavours to ſeize the ſword of the young Greek, but in vain; for the moment he attempts it, Telemachus lifts him from the ground, and throws him on the ſand. And now this wretch, who had always deſpiſed the Gods, betrays an unmanly apprehenſion of death; he is aſhamed to ask his life, and yet cannot help manifeſting his deſire of it. He endeavours to move Telemachus's compaſſion.

Son

Son of Ulyſſes, ſaid he, I at length acknowledge the righteous Gods; they punish me as I have deſerved; nothing but diſtreſs opens mens eyes, and shews them the truth; I ſee it, it condemns me; but let an unfortunate prince put you in mind of your father, who wanders far from Ithaca, and let him excite your pity.

Telemachus, who kneeled upon him, and had already raiſed his ſword to plunge it into his throat, immediately replied; I ſought nothing but victory and the peace of the nations I came to aſſiſt; I do not delight in blooshed. Live therefore, Adraſtus; but live to repair your faults; reſtore every thing which you have uſurped; re-eſtablish peace and juſtice on the coaſt of great Heſperia, which you have ſtained by numberleſs maſſacres and treacheries; live and become another man. Learn by your fall that the Gods are righteous, that the wicked are miſerable, that they deceive themſelves by ſeeking for happineſs in violence, inhumanity and falshood, and in short that nothing is ſo delightful and happy as a plain and ſteady virtue. Give us as hoſtages your ſon Metrodorus, with twelve of the principal perſons of your nation.

This ſaid, Telemachus ſuffers Adraſtus to riſe, and holds out his hands to him without ſuſpecting his treachery. But Adraſtus immediately darts another javelin at him, which was very short and he had kept concealed. It was ſo sharp, and ſo artfully thrown, that it would have pierced Telemachus's armour, had it not been divine. Adraſtus at the ſame time runs behind a tree to avoid the purſuit of the young Greek. Whereupon Telemachus cries out, Lo! Daunians, the victory is ours; the impious wretch ſaves himſelf only by his treachery. Who fears not the Gods, is afraid of death; on the contrary, who fears the Gods, fears nothing but them. In ſpeaking theſe words, he advances towards the Daunians, and makes a ſign to thoſe of his own party who were on the other ſide of the tree, to intercept the perfidious Adraſtus. Adraſtus

tus is ready to be taken, makes as if he would go back again, and attempts to break through the Cretans who obſtruct his paſſage. But Telemachus, ſwift as a thunderbolt hurled by the hand of the father of the Gods from the top of Olympus on the heads of the guilty, flies inſtantly on his enemy; he ſeizes him with his victorious hands, he throws him on the earth, as the cruel north-wind beats down the tender harveſts which gild the fields; he hears him no more, though the impious wretch makes a ſecond attempt to abuſe his goodneſs; he plunges his ſword into him, and hurls him headlong into the flames of dreary Tartarus, a punishment worthy of his crimes.

End of the Twentieth Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTY-FIRST.

The ARGUMENT.

Adraſtus being dead, the Daunians hold out their hands to the allies as a ſign of peace, and deſire a king of their own nation. Neſtor being inconſolable for the loſs of his ſon, abſents himſelf from the aſſembly of the chiefs, where ſeveral are of opinion that they ought to divide the countries of the conquered, and to yield the territory of Arpi to Telemachus. Far from accepting of this offer, Telemachus ſhews it to be the common intereſt of the allies to make Polydamas king of the Daunians, and to leave them in poſſeſſion of their lands. He afterwards perſuades thoſe people to give the country of Arpy to Diomedes, who happened at that time to arrive in Heſperia. The troubles being thus ended, they all ſeparate, in order to return every one to his reſpective country.

ADRASTUS was hardly dead but all the Daunians, inſtead of bewailing their defeat and the loſs of their chief, rejoiced at their deliverance, and held out their hands to the allies in token of peace and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the ſon of Adraſtus, whom his father had bred up in maxims of diſſimulation, injuſtice and inhumanity, was coward enough

to

to fly; but a ſlave, an accomplice in all his infamous and cruel actions, whom he had made free and loaded with riches, and to whom he had committed himſelf in his flight, thought only of betraying him for his own intereſt; he ſlew him as he fled by a wound in the back; he cut off his head, and carried to the camp of the confederates, expecting a great reward for a crime which put an end to the war. But they abhorred the villain, and ordered him to be put to death.

Telemachus ſeeing the head of Metrodorus, who was a youth of wonderful beauty, and naturally of an excellent diſpoſition, which had been corrupted by pleaſures and ill examples, could not retain his tears. Alas! cried he, lo the effects of the poiſon of proſperity in a young prince; the more elevated his condition and the more ſprightly his temper, the further he ſtrays from every ſentiment of virtue. I ſhould now perhaps have been like him, had not the misfortunes in which, I thank the Gods, I was born, and the inſtructions of Mentor, taught me to govern my paſſions.

The aſſembled Daunians deſired, as the only condition of peace, that they might have a king of their own nation, who might by his virtues wipe off the reproach with which the impious Adraſtus had ſtained the crown. They thanked the Gods for deſtroying the tyrant; they crouded to kiſs Telemachus's hand which had been dipt in the monſter's blood, and their defeat was as it were a triumph to them. Thus in a moment irrecoverably fell the power which threatened all others in Heſperia, and made ſo many nations tremble. As in platforms which ſeem firm and immoveable, but are by little and little undermined, the feeble toils which attack their foundations are a long while derided, nothing appears to be weakened, all is ſmooth, nothing ſhakes; while all the props are gradually deſtroyed, till the moment the earth ſinks, and leaves a chaſm behind it: So an unjuſt and fraudful power, whatever ſucceſs

it

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it may procure by its violence, digs a pit beneath its own feet. Treachery and cruelty by degrees ſap all the moſt ſolid foundations of unlawful authority. Men admire it, and dread it, and tremble before it, till the inſtant it is no more. It ſinks beneath its own weight, and nothing can raiſe it up again; becauſe it hath with its own hands deſtroyed the true ſupports of probity and juſtice, which beget love and confidence.

The leaders of the army aſſembled the next day to grant the Daunians a king, and every one was delighted to ſee the two camps blended together by ſo unexpected a friendship, and the two armies which were now become but one. The ſage Neſtor was not in a condition to be preſent at this council, becauſe his grief and age had withered his heart, as a ſhower beats down and cauſes a flower to languiſh in the evening, which in the morning, while Aurora was riſing, was the glory and ornament of the verdant fields. His eyes were become inexhauſtible fountains of tears. Balmy ſleep, which ſooths the acuteſt pains, fled far away from them; and hope, the food of the human heart, was extinguiſhed in him. All aliments were bitter to this unfortunate old man. The light was odious to him; his ſoul deſired only to quit his body, and to plunge into the eternal night of Pluto's empire. In vain was all the diſcourſe of his friends; his drooping heart loathed their friendſhip, as a ſick man loaths the moſt delicate food: To all the moſt affecting things which could be ſaid to him, he only replied by groans and ſighs. He now and then was heard to ſay, O Piſiſtratus! Piſiſtratus! Piſiſtratus! my ſon! thou calleſt me, I come. Thou, Piſiſtratus, wilt render death a pleaſure to me. O my dear ſon! the only bleſſing I crave, is to ſee thee again on the Stygian ſhore. And then would he paſs whole hours without ſpeaking a word, ſighing, and lifting up his hands and tearful eyes to heaven.

Mean while the aſſembled princes were waiting for Telemachus, who remained with Piſiſtratus's body,

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body, ſtrewing a profuſion of flowers, and the moſt exquiſite perfumes upon it, and ſhedding the bittereſt tears. My dear companion! ſaid he, I ſhall never forget my ſeeing thee at Pylos, my going with thee to Sparta, and my finding thee again on the coaſt of the great Heſperia. I am thy debtor for a thouſand and a thouſand good offices; I loved thee, thou lovedſt me alſo: I knew thy valour; it would have ſurpaſt that of ſeveral famous Grecks. Alas! it has occaſioned thee a glorious death; but then it has robbed the world of a blooming virtue which would have equalled that of thy father. Yes, thy wiſdom and eloquence would, when matured by age, have been, like that ſenior's, the admiration of all Greece. Thou didſt already poſſeſs that ſweet inſinuation, which whenever he ſpeaks, is irreſiſtible; that ſimple manner of narration; that ſage moderation, which is a charm to ſooth the irritated mind; that authority, which ariſes from wiſdom and the force of good counſels. When thou ſpokeſt, every one lent an ear, every one was prepoſſeſſed in thy favour, every one wished to find thee in the right; thy plain, thy unadorned words ſtole as gently into the heart as dews deſcend on the ſpringing graſs. Alas! how many bleſſings which we enjoyed a few hours ſince, are ravished from us for ever! Piſiſtratus, whom I embraced in the morning, is now no more, nothing but a ſad remembrance of him is left us. Ah! hadſt thou cloſed Neſtor's eyes, and not we thine, he would not then have ſeen what he now ſees, nor have been the moſt wretched of fathers.

This ſaid, Telemachus ordered the gory wound in Piſiſtratus's ſide to be washed, and cauſed him to be laid on a purple bed: Where with his head reclined and pale as death, he reſembles a young tree, which having covered the earth with its ſhade, and ſhot its flouriſhing branches to heaven, is wounded by the keen axe of the woodman; and having no longer any hold of its roots, or the earth, that fruitful mother which nouriſhes her plants in her boſom, it droops and

and loſes its verdure; it can no longer ſupport itſelf, it falls; its branches, which uſed to hide the heavens, are faded, withered, dragged in the duſt; it is now but a mere trunk, cut down and deſpoiled of all its honours. Thus Piſiſtratus, a prey to death, was now borne away by thoſe who were to lay him on the fatal pyre. The flames already mount to heaven. A band of Pylians with downcaſt ſtreaming eyes, with arms reverſed, and gentle ſteps attended. The body is quickly burnt, and the aſhes are put into a golden urn, which Telemachus, who takes care of the whole ceremony, commits as a great treaſure to Callimachus, who had been Piſiſtratus's governor. Keep theſe aſhes, ſaid he, the ſad but precious remains of him whom you loved, keep them for his father; but do not preſent them unto him till he has fortitude enough to ask for them: What provokes ſorrow at one time, alleviates it at another.

Telemachus afterwards went into the aſſembly of the confederate kings, where every one, as ſoon as he ſaw him, was ſilent in order to hear him. He blushed, and could not be prevailed on to ſpeak. The praiſes which were beſtowed upon him by public acclamations, on account of his late actions, increaſed his confuſion, and he wished that it had been in his power to hide himſelf. This was the firſt time he ever appeared confounded and dubious. At length he asked it as a favour, that they would not commend him any more. Not, ſaid he, that I do not love praiſe, eſpecially when it is beſtowed by ſuch good judges of virtue; but becauſe I am apprehenſive of being too fond of it; its corrupts mankind, it makes them full of themſelves, and renders them vain and preſumptuous: We ſhould deſerve and ſhun it. There is a reſemblance between the juſteſt and moſt groundleſs praiſes; and tyrants, the moſt vicked of all men, are thoſe who cauſe themſelves to be praiſed the moſt by flatterers. What pleaſure is there in being commended like them? Valuable praiſe is that which you will give men in my abſence, If I am happy

enough

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enough to deſerve it. If you think me really virtuous, you muſt alſo think me modeſt and apprehenſive of vanity. Spare me therefore if you eſteem me, and do not praiſe as if I were enamoured of applauſe.

Telemachus having ſpoken thus, made no reply to thoſe who continued to extol him to the skies, and by an air of indifference quickly put a ſtop to the encomiums they beſtowed upon him. They began to apprehend that their praiſes were offenſive; but their admiration increaſed, every one knowing the tenderneſs he had shewed for Piſiſtratus, and the care he had taken to pay him the laſt offices of friendship. The whole army was more affected with theſe marks of the goodneſs of his heart, than with the amazing proofs he had given of his wiſdom and valour. He is wiſe, he is valiant, ſaid they in private to each other; he is beloved of the Gods, and the true hero of our age; he is more than human. But all this is only marvellous and matter of aſtonishment. He is humane, he is good, he his a faithful and affectionate friend; he is compaſſionate, liberal, beneficent, and wholly theirs whom he ought to love; he is the delight of thoſe who live with him; he has diveſted himſelf of his haughtineſs, indifference and pride. This is what is uſeful, this is what touches the heart, this is what endears him to us, and makes us affected with all his virtues: This is what makes us all ready to lay down our lives for him.

As ſoon as theſe diſcourſes were ended, the council conſidered the neceſſity of giving the Daunians a king. Moſt of the princes who were preſent, were of opinion that they ought to divide Daunia, as a conquered country, among themſelves; and they offered Telemachus for his share the fertile territory of Arpi, which twice in a year yields the rich preſents of Ceres, the delicious gifts of Bacchus, and the ever-verdant fruits of the olive, a tree ſacred to Minerva. This country, ſaid they, ought to make you forget the barren Ithaca and its cottages, the frightful rocks of Dulichium, and the ſavage woods of Zacynthus. Go no longer in queſt of your father, who without doubt

doubt perished in the waves at the promontory of Caphareus, through the vengeance of Nauplius and the wrath of Neptune; nor of your mother, who has yielded to her ſuitors ſince your departure; nor of your country, whoſe ſoil is not ſo favoured of heaven as that which we offer you. He heard theſe diſcourſes with patience; but the rocks of Thrace and Theſſaly are not more deaf and inſenſible to the plaints of deſpairing lovers, than Telemachus was to all theſe offers.

For my part, replied he, I am not affected with riches and pleaſures. What profits it to poſſeſs a greater extent of land, and to govern a greater number of men? The prince thereby but increaſes his troubles and leſſens his liberty. Even the wiſeſt and moſt moderate perſons find miſery enough in life, without adding to it the toils of governing intractable, reſtleſs, unjuſt, falſe and ungrateful men. When a man ſeeks to be the maſter of others for his own ſake, and regards nothing but his own authority, pleaſures and glory; he is impious, and a tyrant, and the ſcourge of the human race. When on the contrary he endeavours to govern them according to right maxims, and only for their own good, he is not ſo much their maſter as their guardian; he gets nothing by it but infinite trouble, and is far from deſiring to ſtretch his authority farther. The ſhepherd who does not prey upon his flock, who defends it againſt wolves at the hazard of his life, and watches both night and day to lead it into rich paſtures, has no deſire to increaſe the number of his sheep, nor to ſeize on thoſe of his neighbour; this were to increaſe his toils. Though I have never governed, added Telemachus, yet have I learnt from laws and wiſe legiſlators, how painful an office it is to rule cities and kingdoms. I am therefore contented with my barren Ithaca. Though it be ſmall and barren, I ſhall acquire ſufficient glory, if I reign over it with juſtice, piety and courage. My reign will even commence but too ſoon. The Gods grant that my father,

eſcaping

eſcaping the fury of the billows, may reign over it to the extremeſt old age, and that I may long learn under him how to ſubdue my paſſions, in order to know how to govern thoſe of a whole nation!

Telemachus then ſaid, Hear, ye aſſembled princes, what I think myſelf obliged to ſay to you for your own intereſt. If you give the Daunians a juſt king, he will govern them with juſtice and teach them how beneficial it is to preſerve their ſincerity, and never to uſurp the dominions of their neighbours; which they could never learn under the impious Adraſtus. While they are ſwayed by a wiſe and moderate prince, you will have nothing to apprehend from them. They will be indebted to you for the good king that you will have given them; they will be indebted to you for the peace and proſperity they will enjoy. Inſtead of attacking, they will continually bleſs you, and both the prince and the people will be the work of your hands. If on the contrary you divide their country among yourſelves, the evils which will enſue, and of which I tell you beforehand, are theſe: The Daunians driven to deſpair will begin the war again; they will juſtly fight for their liberty, and the Gods, who are enemies to tyranny, will fight for them. And if the Gods interfere, you will ſooner or later be confounded, and your proſperity will vaniſh like ſmoke. Counſel and wiſdom will be taken from your commanders, courage from your armies, and fertility from your lands. You will deceive yourſelves with falſe hopes, you will be raſh in your enterprizes, you will ſilence men of probity who tell you the truth, you will fall of a ſudden, and it will be ſaid of you, Are theſe the flouriſhing nations who were to give law to the whole earth? Lo! they fly before their enemies; they are the ſport of nations who trample them under their feet. Theſe are the doings of the Gods: this is what unjuſt, haughty and inhuman nations deſerve.

Again,

Again, consider that if you attempt to divide this conquest among you, you will unite all the neighbouring nations against you. Your confederacy, formed to defend the common liberty of Hesperia against Adrastus, will become odious; and you yourselves will be justly accused by all the world of aiming at universal tyranny. But supposing that you are victorious over the Daunians and all other nations, this victory will prove your destruction, and I will tell you in what manner. Consider that this enterprise will dissolve your union. As it is not founded on justice, you will have no rule to settle every claimant's pretensions among yourselves; every one will insist that his share of the conquest be proportioned to his power; not one of you will have authority enough over the rest to make a peaceable partition. Lo! the source of a war, of which your grandchildren will not see the end. Is it not better to be just and moderate, than to follow one's ambition through such a multitude of dangers and inevitable calamities? Are not a profound peace, its train of sweet and innocent pleasures, a happy plenty, the friendship of one's neighbours, the glory which is inseparable from justice, the authority which is acquired in rendering ourselves by our integrity the arbiter of all foreign nations; are not these, I say, more desirable blessings than the foolish vanity of an unjust conquest? O kings! O princes! you see that I have no interest in what I say; have regard therefore to one who loves you enough to contradict and displease you, by setting the truth before you.

While Telemachus was discoursing in this manner with an authority which they had never seen in any other, and all the astonished and suspenc~~ful~~ princes were admiring the wisdom of his counsels, there was heard a confused noise which spread itself through the camp, and reached even to the place where the assembly was held. A stranger, it was said, is just landed on this coast with a band of soldiers. This unknown person is of a lofty mien; every thing in him looks heroic;

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heroic; one eaſily perceives that he has ſuffered a long while, and that his great courage has rendered him ſuperior to all his ſufferings. The people of the country, who guard the coaſt, at firſt reſolved to repel him as an enemy that was come to invade them: But drawing his ſword with an intrepid air, he told them that he knew how to defend himſelf in caſe he were attacked, but that he deſired nothing but peace and hoſpitality. Upon which he held out an olive branch as a ſuppliant; he was heard; he deſired to be brought before thoſe who rule in this part of Heſperia, and is conducted hither to be examined by the aſſembled kings.

This was hardly ſaid, but the ſtranger entered with a majeſty which ſurpriſed the whole aſſembly. He might eaſily have been taken for the God of war, when he aſſembles his blood-thirſty troops in the mountains of Thrace. He began thus:

O ye ſhepherds of the people, who are undoubtedly aſſembled here to defend your country againſt its enemies, or to give life to the moſt righteous laws, hear a man whom fortune has perſecuted. May the Gods grant that you may never taſte the like diſtreſs! I am Diomed, king of Ætolia, who wounded Venus at the ſiege of Troy. The vengeance of that Goddeſs purſues me through the whole world. Neptune, who can refuſe nothing to the divine daughter of the ſea, gave me up to the rage of the winds and the billows, which have often dashed my ſhips in pieces againſt the rocks. Inexorable Venus has robbed me of all hopes of ever ſeeing again my kingdom, my family, and that grateful light of the country where I firſt beheld the day. No, I ſhall never ſee more what was deareſt in the world to me. I come, after various ſhipwrecks, to ſeek on theſe unknown ſhores a little repoſe and a ſafe retreat. If you fear the Gods, and eſpecially Jupiter who takes care of ſtrangers; if you have any ſenſe of pity, refuſe me not ſome barren corner of theſe ſpacious regions, ſome deſert, ſome ſandy ſpot, or ſteepy rocks,

where I and my companions may found a city which may at leaſt be a melancholy image of our loſt country. We only deſire ſome ſmall tract which is uſeleſs to you. We will live in peace and ſtrict friendſhip with you; your enemies ſhall be ours; we will eſpouſe all your intereſts, and deſire nothing but to live according to our own laws.

While Diomed was ſpeaking thus, Telemachus keeping his eyes fixed upon him, diſcovered all the different paſſions in his countenance. When Diomed began to mention his long ſufferings, he hoped that this majeſtic perſon would prove to be his father. As ſoon as he had declared that he was Diomed, Telemachus's countenance withered like a beautiful flower, blaſted by the cruel breath of the bitter north-winds. And at laſt Diomed's complaint of the implacable wrath of a Goddeſs melted his ſoul, by reviving his idea of the like calamities which his father and he had ſuffered; tears of grief and joy run down his cheeks, and he immediately fell upon Diomed's neck and embraced him.

I am, ſaid he, the ſon of Ulyſſes whom you formerly knew, and who was not unuſeful to you when you ſeized the famous horſes of Rheſus. The Gods have treated him as well as you without mercy. If there is truth in the oracles of Erebus, he is ſtill alive; but alas! he lives not for me. I have abandoned Ithaca in queſt of him, but I cannot find him, nor my way back to Ithaca. Judge by my diſtreſs of my pity for yours. The benefit of afflictions is to learn to ſympathize with others in their troubles. Though I am but a ſtranger here, yet have I the power, O mighty Diomed, (for notwithſtanding the miſeries which overwhelmed my country in my infancy, I have not been ſo ill educated as to be ignorant of your glory in battle;) I have the power, I ſay, O moſt invincible of all the Greeks next to Achilles, to procure you ſome relief. The princes here preſent are humane; they are ſenſible that there is no virtue, no true courage, no ſolid glory without humanity.

nity. Misfortune adds a new luſtre to the glory of the great. They are not perfect, till they have taſted of adverſity; their lives not affording examples of patience and fortitude. Virtue in diſtreſs melts every heart which has any relish for virtue. Leave the care therefore of your conſolation to us; ſince the Gods, in ſending you hither, confer a favour upon us, and we ought to think ourſelves happy in being able to ſoften your miſeries.

While he was ſpeaking, Diomed looked ſtedfaſtly and with aſtoniſhment upon him, and found his heart greatly affected. They embraced as if they had been long bound in the bands of a ſtrict friendship. O worthy ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes, ſaid Diomed, I perceive in you the ſweetneſs of his countenance, the grace of his ſpeech, the ſtrength of his eloquence, the nobleneſs of his ſentiments, and the wiſdom of his thoughts.

Philoctetes then embraced the great ſon of Tydeus, and they related to each other their diſaſtrous adventures. Philoctetes afterwards ſaid, You will without doubt be very glad to ſee the ſage Neſtor; he has juſt loſt Piſiſtratus the laſt of his children, and all that is now left him in life is a tearful path which leads him to the grave. Come and ſooth his grief; an unfortunate friend is fitter than any other to allay the anguish of his heart.

Hereupon they repaired to Neſtor's tent, whoſe mind and ſenſes were ſo depreſt by grief, that he hardly knew Diomed again. At firſt Diomed wept with him, and their interview redoubled the old man's ſorrow; but by degrees the preſence of this friend relieved his heart, and one might eaſily perceive that his woes were a little ſuſpended by the pleaſure of reciting his ſufferings, and of hearing in his turn what had happened to Diomed.

While they were diſcourſing together, the aſſembled kings and Telemachus were conſidering what they were to do. Telemachus adviſed them to give Diomed the country of Arpi, and to chooſe Polyda-

mas, who was of their nation, king of the Daunians. This Polydamas was a famous general whom Adraſtus, through jealouſy would never employ, leſt the ſucceſs of his arms, of which he hoped alone to have all the glory, should be attributed to this able commander. Polydamas had often told him in private, that he expoſed his life and the ſafety of the ſtate too much in this war againſt ſo many confederate nations, and had endeavoured to prevail on him to obſerve a more upright and moderate conduct towards his neighbours; but men who hate the truth, hate thoſe alſo who are bold enough to ſpeak it, and are not affected with their ſincerity, their zeal, or diſintereſtedneſs. The ſeducements of proſperity hardened Adraſtus's heart againſt the moſt wholeſome counſels. By not following them, he daily triumphed over his enemies; for haughtineſs, breach of faith and violence, continually made him victorious. The evils with which Polydamas had ſo long threatened him, did not happen. Adraſtus laughed at an apprehenſive wiſdom, which was perpetually foreſeeing inconveniencies. Polydamas became inſupportable to him; he was removed from all his poſts, and left to languish in ſolitude and poverty.

Polydamas was at firſt greatly dejected at this diſgrace; but it gave him what he wanted, by showing him the vanity of exalted ſtations. He became wiſe at his own expence; he rejoiced that he had been unfortunate; he learned by degrees to ſuffer, to live upon a little, calmly to nourish his ſoul with the truth, to cultivate ſecret virtues, which are of much greater worth than the glaring; in fine, to live without mankind. He dwelt in a deſert at the foot of mount Garganus, where an half-arched rock ſerved him for a houſe; a brook which fell from a mountain, ſlaked his thirſt, and ſome trees preſented him their fruits. He had two ſlaves, who tilled a little field, with whom he himſelf toiled with his own hands. The earth liberally rewarded him for his pains, and ſuffered him to want for nothing; he had

not

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not only fruits and pulſe in abundance, but all ſorts or fragrant flowers alſo. There he deplored the miſery of nations, which the mad ambition of a prince hurries on to their ruin. There he daily expected that the righteous Gods, notwithſtanding their forbearance, would crush the impious Adraſtus. The more his proſperity encreaſed, the nearer he thought he ſaw his inevitable fall; for imprudent meaſures attended with ſucceſs, and power ſcrewed up to the higheſt pitch of abſolute authority, are the forerunners of the downfall of kings and kingdoms. When he heard of Adraſtus's defeat and death, he diſcovered no joy that he had foreſeen it, nor that he was rid of the tyrant; he only grieved leſt he ſhould ſee the Daunians in ſervitude.

This was the man whom Telemachus propoſed to be advanced to the throne. He had for ſome time been acquainted with his courage and virtue; for Telemachus, according to Mentor's advice, was every where continually informing himſelf of the good and bad qualities of all perſons who were in any conſiderable poſt, not only among the confederate nations who ſerved in this war, but among the enemy alſo. His principal care in every place was to find out and ſift the men who had any particular talent or virtue.

The confederate princes were at firſt a little unwilling to place Polydamas on the throne. We have experienced, ſaid they, how formidable a king of the Daunians who underſtands and delights in war, is to his neighbours. Polydamas is a great commander, and may bring us into great dangers. But Telemachus replied, Polydamas indeed underſtands war, but he loves peace; and theſe are the two very things which we ought to wish for. A man who knows the calamities, dangers and difficulties of war, is much better qualified to avoid it than one who has no experience of them. Polydamas has learned to reliſh the bleſſings of a quiet life; he condemned the enterpriſes of Adraſtus, and foreſaw their fatal conſe-

quences. A weak and ignorant prince is more to be dreaded by you, than a man who will enquire into and determine every thing himſelf. A weak, ignorant and inexperienced prince will ſee only with the eyes of a paſſionate favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent, and ambitious miniſter. He will therefore blindly engage himſelf in war contrary to his inclinations; you will never be ſure of him, for he will never have it in his power to be ſure of himſelf; he will break his word with you, and will quickly reduce you to ſuch extremities, that you muſt deſtroy him, or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more ſafe, and at the ſame time more juſt and noble to make a faithful return to the confidence of the Daunians, and to give them a king worthy of commanding?

This ſpeech convincing the whole aſſembly, Polydamas was propoſed to the Daunians, who were impatiently waiting for an anſwer. When they heard the name of Polydamas, they replied, we now plainly perceive that the confederate princes deſign to deal ſincerely and to make an eternal peace with us, ſince they give us for our king a man ſo virtuous and ſo capable of governing. Had they propoſed to us a cowardly, an effeminate and ignorant perſon, we ſhould have thought that they only intended to depreſs us and to change the form of our government, and we ſhould ſecretly have retained a lively reſentment of ſo cruel and artful a conduct; but the choice of Polydamas is a proof of their real candour. The allies without doubt expect nothing from us but what is juſt and noble, ſince they give us a king who is incapable of doing any thing contrary to the liberty and glory of our country. We accordingly proteſt in the ſight of the righteous Gods, that rivers ſhall uproll to their ſources, before we ceaſe to love ſuch beneficent princes. May your lateſt poſterity be mindful of the benefit which we this day receive, and renew from generation to generation the peace of the golden age through the whole coaſt of Heſperia!

Telemachus

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Telemachus then propoſed to the Daunians the giving the fields of Arpi to Diomed, to ſettle a colony there. This new people, ſaid he, will be indebted to you for their eſtabliſhment in a country which you do not cultivate. Remember that all men ought to love each other; that the earth is too large for them; that you muſt have neighbours, and that it is beſt to have ſuch as may be obliged to you for their ſettlement. Pity the misfortunes of a prince who cannot return to his own country. Polydamas and he, being united together in the bands of juſtice and virtue, which alone are laſting, will maintain you in a profound peace, and render you formidable to all the neighbouring nations that may think of aggrandizing themſelves. You ſee, ye Daunians, that we have given your nation a king capable of raiſing its glory to the heavens; do you therefore on your part give, at our requeſt, a tract of land which is of no uſe to you, to a king who is worthy of all kind of ſuccour.

The Daunians replied, that they could refuſe Telemachus nothing, ſince he had procured them Polydamas for their king. Hereupon they went to ſeek him in his deſert, and to place him on the throne; having firſt given the fertile plains of Arpi to Diomed, to found a new kingdom there. The allies were over-joyed at this grant, becauſe this colony of Greeks might powerfully aſſiſt their party, if the Daunians ſhould ever attempt to renew the uſurpations of which Adraſtus had given an ill example.

And now all the princes prepared to take their leave of each other. Telemachus with tears in his eyes departed with his troop; having firſt tenderly embraced the valiant Diomed, the ſage and diſconſolate Neſtor, and the famous Philoctetes, the worthy inheritor of the arrows of Hercules.

End of the twenty-firſt Book.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTY-SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus arriving at Salentum is ſupriſed to ſee the country ſo well cultivated, and to find ſo little magnificence in the city. Mentor explains the reaſons of this change, points out the wrong meaſures which uſually hinder a ſtate from flouriſhing, and propoſes the conduct and government of Idomeneus as a model for him. Telemachus afterwards opens his heart to Mentor concerning his inclination to marry Antiope the daughter of that king. Mentor joins with him in commending her good qualities, and aſſures him that the Gods deſign her for him; but that at preſent he ought to think only of departing for Ithaca, and of freeing Penelope from the perſecutions of her ſuitors.

THE young ſon of Ulyſſes burnt with impatience to join Mentor again at Salentum, and to embark with him in order to return to Ithaca, where he hoped that his father might be arrived. When he approached Salentum, he was greatly aſtonished to ſee all the country round it, which he had left almoſt wholly waſte and deſert, cultivated like a garden, and full of diligent labourers. He knew that this muſt be

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be the work of the wiſe Mentor. As he afterwards entered the city, he obſerved that there were fewer traders in the luxuries of life, and much leſs magnificence. Telemachus was not pleaſed at this, for he was naturally fond of every thing which is ſplendid and polite; but he quickly changed his mind. He from afar beheld Idomeneus and Mentor coming towards him, and his heart was immediately tranſported with joy and tenderneſs Notwithſtanding his ſucceſs in the war againſt Adraſtus, he was apprehenſive that Mentor might be diſſatisfied with him, and, as he advanced, conſulted his eyes to ſee whether he had any thing to reproach him with.

Idomeneus immediately embraced Telemachus as his own ſon; Telemachus afterwards threw himſelf on Mentor's neck, and bedewed him with his tears. Mentor ſaid to him, I am ſatisfied with your conduct, you have committed great faults, but they have taught you to know and to be diffident of yourſelf. Men often reap more fruit from their errors than from their glorious actions. Great actions puff up the heart, and inſpire a dangerous preſumption; errors make a man enter into himſelf, and reſtore him the wiſdom which he loſt while he was ſucceſsful. What yet remains for you to do, is to praiſe the Gods, and not to court the praiſes of men. You have performed great things, but own the truth; you can hardly be ſaid to have performed them. Is it not true that the power to perform them was infuſed into you, like ſomething foreign to your nature? Were you not like to have ruined all by your paſſions and imprudence? Did you not feel that Minerva as it were transformed you into a perſon ſuperior to yourſelf, to make you her inſtrument of performing what you have done? She reſtrained all your failings, as Neptune, when he ſtills a ſtorm, reſtrains the angry billows.

While Idomeneus was eagerly asking queſtions of the Cretans who were returned from the war, Telemachus was thus liſtening to the wiſe counſels of Mentor. He afterwards turned his eyes with amazement

on every ſide, and ſaid to Mentor, here is a change of which I cannot comprehend the reaſon: Has any calamity befallen Salentum in my abſence? Whence comes it that one no longer ſees that magnificence which shone every where at my departure? I now ſee neither gold, nor ſilver, nor precious ſtones; the habits are plain; the buildings which are carrying on are leſs ſpacious and have fewer ornaments; arts languish, and the city is become a deſert.

Mentor replied with a ſmile, Did you obſerve the condition of the country round the city? Yes, anſwered Telemachus, I ſaw that tillage is every where eſteemed, and that the fields are cultivated. Which is preferable, added Mentor, a city proud of its marble, gold and ſilver, with an untilled and barren country, or a well-cultivated and fruitful country, with a city that is modeſt in its building and manners? A great city crowded with artiſts, who are employed in corrupting mens manners by adminiſtring to their luxury, and ſurrounded with a poor and ill-cultivated kingdom, reſembles a monſter, whoſe head is of an enormous bulk, and bears no proportion to its ſtarved and meagre body: It is the number of the inhabitants and the plenty of proviſions which conſtitute the true ſtrength and the true riches of a kingdom. Idomeneus has now innumerable ſubjects who are indefatigable in labour, and crowd the whole extent of his country, which is now but one city, and Salentum no more than the center of it. We have tranſported from the city into the country, men who were wanted in the country, and who were ſuperfluous in the city. We have moreover allured a great many foreigners into the kingdom. The more theſe people multiply, the more are the fruits of the earth multiplied by their labour; this calm, this gentle increaſe inlarges his kingdom more than a conqueſt. We have expelled from the city only ſuperfluous arts, which divert the poor from tilling the earth to ſatisfy their real wants, and corrupt the rich by plunging them into pomp and luxury; we have not done the

leaſt

leaſt prejudice to the liberal arts, nor to men who really have a genius to cultivate them. Thus is Idomeneus much more powerful than he was when you admired his magnificence. That dazzling luſtre concealed a weakneſs and indigence which would ſoon have overthrown his empire: he has now a greater number of ſubjects, and he ſubſiſts them with more eaſe. Theſe men, inured to labour, pain, and a contempt of life through their attachment to good laws, are all ready to fight in the defence of a country which they have cultivated with their own hands. And this kingdom which you think decayed, will ſoon be the wonder of Heſperia.

Remember, Telemachus, that there are two evils in the government of a nation, which are hardly ever cured. The firſt is an unjuſt and too violent a power in the prince; the ſecond is luxury, which corrupts the morals of the people. When kings accuſtom themſelves to know no law but their own abſolute will, and no longer curb their paſſions, they may do any thing; but by their being able to do any thing, they ſap the foundations of their power. They have no certain rules or maxims of government; every one ſtrives who ſhall flatter them moſt; they have no longer any ſubjects; nothing is left them but ſlaves, whoſe number daily decreaſes. Who will tell them the truth? Who will ſet bounds to the torrent? Every thing gives way; the wiſe fly, hide themſelves, and mourn in private. Nothing but a ſudden and violent revolution can reduce this overflowing power into its natural channel, and the meaſures which might circumſcribe, often irrecoverably deſtroy it. Nothing is ſo near a fatal fall as authority ſtretched too far. It reſembles an over-ſtrained bow, which at length ſnaps of a ſudden, unleſs it be ſlackened; but who will preſume to ſlacken it? The very ſoul of Idomeneus was ſeduced by the allurements of this power; he had been dethroned but not undeceived. The Gods were forced to ſent us hither, to put him out of conceit with this blind and exceſſive power, which does not

befit men; and a ſort of miracles moreover were neceſſary to open his eyes.

The other almoſt incurable evil is luxury. As too much power poiſons princes, ſo luxury poiſons a whole nation. It is ſaid that luxury feeds the poor at the expence of the rich, as if the poor could not get their bread more uſefully by multiplying the fruits of the earth, without debauching the rich by the refinements of voluptuouſneſs. A whole nation habituates itſelf to look upon the moſt ſuperfluous things as the neceſſaries of life; new neceſſaries are daily invented, and men can no longer live without things which were unknown thirty years before. This luxury is called a good taſte, the perfection of arts, and the politeneſs of the nation. This vice, which is the ſource of an infinite number of others, is commended as a virtue, and ſpreads its contagion from the prince down to the very dregs of the people. The near relations of the king imitate his magnificence; the nobility that of the king's relations; the middle ſort ſtrive to come up to the nobility, (for where is the man who forms a right judgment of himſelf?) and the loweſt deſire to paſs for the middle ſort. Thus every one lives above his circumſtances; ſome through oſtentation, and to glory in their riches; others through a falſe ſenſe of ſhame, and to conceal their poverty: Even thoſe who are wiſe enough to condemn ſo great a diſorder, are not enough ſo to dare to be the firſt to riſe up againſt it, and to ſet contrary examples. A whole nation is ruined, and all conditions of men confounded. The deſire of getting money to ſupport a vain expence, corrupts the pureſt minds; to be rich is the only thing that is minded, and to be poor is infamous. Let a man be learned, wiſe, virtuous; let him inſtruct mankind, win battles, ſave his country, ſacrifice all his own intereſts; yet will he be deſpiſed, if his talents are not ſet off with pomp and ſhow. Even they who have not money, endeavour to ſeem to have it, and ſpend as if they really had it: they borrow, they cheat,

cheat, they uſe a thouſand artifices to procure it. But who will cure theſe evils? The taſte and cuſtoms of a whole nation muſt be changed, and new laws muſt be enacted. And who can attempt this but a king who is ſo much of a philoſopher, and ſo prudent, as to put out of countenance, by the example of his own moderation, all thoſe who are fond of oſtentatious expences, and to encourage the wiſe, who would be very glad to be authoriſed in a laudable frugality?

Telemachus hearing this diſcourſe, was like a man coming out of a profound ſleep. He felt the truth of theſe words, and they were engraved on his heart, as a skilful ſtatuary imprints what features he pleaſes on the marble, and gives it ſoftneſs, life and motion. Telemachus made no reply; but revolving what he had heard in his mind, he ſurveyed the alterations which had been made in the city, and at length thus addreſſed himſelf to Mentor.

You have made Idomeneus the wiſeſt of all kings; I neither know him nor his ſubjects again. Nay, I confeſs that what you have done here is infinitely greater than the victories which we have obtained. Chance and ſtrength have a great part in the ſucceſſes of war; we muſt ſhare the glory of battles with our ſoldiers; but all you have done proceeds from a ſingle head: You alone muſt have ſtruggled againſt a king and all his people in order to reform them. The ſucceſſes of war are always fatal and odious; here all is the work of an heavenly wiſdom, all is calm, all is innocent, all is lovely, all diſcovers an authority more than human. When men thirſt for glory, why do they not ſeek it by thus applying themſelves to do good? O what wrong notions have they of ſolid glory, ſince they expect to obtain it by ravaging the earth and by ſhedding human blood! Mentor's countenance ſhewed that he was exceedingly glad to ſee Telemachus form ſo true a judgment of victories and conqueſts, at an age when it was ſo natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had acquired.

After

After this Mentor added, All that you see here is indeed laudable and good; but know that it is possible to do yet better. Idomeneus curbs his passions, and applies himself to govern his people with justice; but he still commits a great many errors, which are the unhappy consequences of his former errors. When men desire to forsake evil, the evil still seems to pursue them; they long retain bad habits, a weakness of nature, inveterate errors, and almost incurable prejudices. Happy they who never strayed! they may do good to a greater perfection. The Gods, Telemachus, require more of you, than of Idomeneus, because you have known the truth from your youth, and have never been delivered up to the seducements of too great a prosperity.

Idomeneus, continued Mentor, is wise and knowing; but he applies himself too much to particulars, and does not sufficiently consider the whole of his affairs to form judicious schemes. The art of a king, who is set over other men, does not consist in doing all himself; it is gross vanity to hope to do this, or to endeavour to persuade the world that one is capable of it. A king ought to govern by choosing and guiding those who govern under him; he must not descend to particulars, for that is doing the office of his agents; he ought only to make them give him an account, and to know enough to examine that account with judgment. He is an admirable governor, who chooses and employs those who govern, according to their respective talents. The highest degree and perfection of government consists in governing those who govern: they must be watched, tried, checked, reproved, encouraged, promoted, degraded, removed from one post to another, and always kept in dependance. A prince who pries into every thing himself, betrays a mistrustful narrow soul, he abandons himself to jealousy about trifles, which consumes the time and the freedom of mind which are necessary for affairs of importance. To form great designs the soul must be free and composed; it must

think.

think at its eaſe, and be entirely diſengaged from all knotty and difficult affairs; a mind exhauſted by particulars, reſembles the lees of wine which have neither ſtrength nor flavour. Governors who deſcend to particulars, are always determined by the preſent, without extending their views to remote futurity; they are continually borne away by the affairs of the day, which being the only object of their thoughts, makes too great an impreſſion upon and cramps their minds; for men never form a right judgment of things unleſs they compare them all together, and range them in a certain order, that they may have connection and proportion. Not to obſerve this rule of government is to reſemble a muſician, who ſhould content himſelf with finding out melodious ſounds, and ſhould give himſelf no trouble to combine and make them harmonize with each other, in order to compoſe a ſweet and ravishing piece of muſic. It is alſo to reſemble an architect, who thinks he does every thing when he heaps together large columns and a great number of well-wrought ſtones, without attending to the order and proportion of the ornaments of his edifice. When he is building the ſaloon, he does not foreſee that there muſt be a ſuitable ſtaircaſe; when he is at work on the body of the ſtructure, he never dreams of the court-yard nor the gate; his work is only a confuſed jumble of magnificent parts, which are not made to fit each other. This performance, inſtead of doing him an honour will be an eternal monument of his ſhame; for it is a proof that the workman had not a ſufficient reach of thought to take in at once the general deſign of his whole work, which is the character of a bounded and ſubordinate genius. When a man is born with a mind thus limited to particulars, he is only fit to execute under another. Be aſſured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony like muſic, and juſt proportions like architecture.

If

If you will give me leave to go on with my compariſon from theſe arts, I will convince you what indifferent capacities thoſe men have who deſcend to all the particular parts of government. A perſon in a concert who ſings only particular things, though he ſings them perfectly well, is no more than a ſinger; he who conducts the whole concert, and at once regulates its ſeveral parts, he alone is the maſter of muſic. In like manner he who forms the columns, or raiſes a ſide of the edifice, is no more than a maſon; but he who deſigned the whole building, and has all its proportions in his mind, he alone is the architect. Thus they who toil, who diſpatch and tranſact the moſt buſineſs, are thoſe who have the leaſt ſhare in the government; they are but the under-workmen. The true genius that directs the ſtate, is he who does nothing himſelf, and yet cauſes every thing to be done; who thinks, who contrives, who dives into the future, who reviews the paſt, who orders and proportions every thing, who makes early preparations, who continually bears up againſt and ſtruggles with fortune, as a ſwimmer againſt a torrent of water, and who ſtudies night and day to leave nothing to chance.

Do you think, Telemachus, that a great painter aſſiduouſly toils from morning to night, that he may diſpatch his works the ſooner? No, ſuch conſtraint and drudgery would damp the fire of his imagination; his genius would work no longer! every thing muſt be ſtruck off irregularly and by ſtarts, as his fancy leads and his ſpirit prompts him. Do you think he ſpends his time in grinding colours, and in making pencils? No, that is the buſineſs of his ſcholars. He reſerves himſelf for thought and deſign; he only ſtudies to ſtrike bold ſtrokes, which may give a noble air, and life and paſſion to his figures; his head is full of the thoughts and ſentiments of the heroes he deſigns to repreſent; he tranſports himſelf to their times, and puts himſelf in all the circumſtances in which

which they have been: To this kind of enthuſiaſm he muſt join the curb of judgment, that the whole may be true, correct and proportionable. Do you think, Telemachus, that leſs elevation of genius and efforts of thought are required to make a great king than to make a good painter? conclude therefore that the buſineſs of a king ought to be to think, to form great deſigns, and to chooſe perſons proper to execute them under him.

Telemachus replied, I comprehend methinks all you ſay; but if things were thus, a king not entering into particulars himſelf would often be impoſed upon. You are miſtaken, anſwered Mentor; a general knowledge of government prevents their being impoſed upon. Men who obſerve no maxims in affairs, and who have no true diſcernment of men, are always groping as it were in the dark, and it is a chance if they are not impoſed upon. They do not well know what they look for, nor which way they ought to direct their ſteps; their knowledge extends only to miſtruſt, and they ſooner miſtruſt men of probity who contradict them, than traitors who flatter them. On the contrary, they who have certain principles to govern by and a knowledge of men, know what they are to expect of them, and the means of coming at it: They know, at leaſt in general, whether the perſons they employ are proper inſtruments for their deſigns, and whether they enter enough into their views to hit the mark they aim at. Beſides, as they do not burden themſelves with the weight of particulars, their minds are more at liberty to ſurvey at one view the whole of the work, and to obſerve if it tends towards their principal deſign; if they are deceived, it hardly ever is in eſſentials. Again, they are above the little jealouſies which denote a narrow mind and a groveling ſoul. They know that it is not poſſible to avoid being deceived in important affairs, ſince they are obliged to make uſe of men, who are ſo often deceitful. More is

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loſt by the irreſolution which ariſes from diffidence, than by ſuffering one's ſelf to be a little impoſed upon. Happy the man who is impoſed upon only in things of little conſequence; the more important may go on well, and a great man ought only to be in pain about them. Deceit muſt be ſeverely punished when it is diſcovered, but one muſt expect to meet with ſome deceit, if one would not really be deceived. A mechanic ſees every thing in his shop with his own eyes, and does every thing with his own hands; but a king can neither do nor ſee every thing in a large kingdom. He ought to do nothing but what nobody elſe can do under him, nor ought he to ſee any thing but what concerns the deciſion of important affairs.

In fine, Mentor ſaid to Telemachus, the Gods love you, and deſign you a reign of wiſdom. Every thing you ſee here is done leſs for Idomeneus's glory, than for your inſtruction. All the wiſe inſtitutions which you admire at Salentum, are but a shadow of what you will hereafter do in Ithaca, if your virtues correſpond to your high deſtiny. It is time for us to think of departing hence. Idomeneus keeps a ship ready for our return.

Hereupon Telemachus, though with ſome difficulty, opened his heart to his friend concerning an attachment which made him loth to leave Salentum. You will cenſure me perhaps, ſaid he, for too eaſily conceiving paſſions in the places where I go; but my heart would continually reproach me, should I not tell you that I love Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. This, my dear Mentor, is not ſuch a blind paſſion as you cured me of in the iſle of Calypſo. I have been thoroughly ſenſible of the depth of the wound I received from love when I was with Eucharis; I cannot yet pronounce her name without diſorder, nor have time and abſence been able to efface it. This fatal experience teaches

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me to be diffident of myſelf. But what I feel for Antiope is quite another thing. It is not the phrenzy of love, it is judgment, it is eſteem, it is conviction. How happy ſhould I be in paſſing my life with her! If ever the Gods reſtore me my father, and permit me to chooſe a wife, Antiope ſhall be mine. What charms me in her, is her ſilence, her modeſty, her reſerve, her aſſiduity in labour, her induſtry in works of wool and embroidery, her application to the management of her father's houſe ſince the death of her mother, her contempt of gaudy apparel, her evident forgetfulneſs or rather ignorance of her beauty. When Idomeneus bids her lead the dance of the young Cretans maidens to the melody of flutes, ſhe is attended with ſo many graces that one would take her for the ſmiling Venus; when he takes her with him to hunt in the foreſts, ſhe ſeems as majeſtic, and as skilful in handling a bow, as Diana in the midſt of her nymphs: ſhe alone is ignorant of it, while all the world admires it. When ſhe enters the temple of the Gods, and carries the ſacred offerings in baskets on her head, one would think that ſhe herſelf were the Divinity which inhabits the temple. With what awe and what devotion do we ſee her offer ſacrifices, and deprecate the wrath of the Gods, when any crime is to be expiated, or any dreadful omen to be averted! In fine, when one ſees her with a company of maidens, holding a golden needle in her hand, one thinks that ſhe is Minerva herſelf, who has aſſumed an human form here on the earth, and is teaching the polite arts to men. She encourages others to work; ſhe ſweetens their toils and wearineſs by the charms of her voice, when ſhe ſings all the marvellous hiſtories of the Gods; and ſhe excels the moſt exquiſite paintings by the delicacy of her embroideries. Happy the man whom gentle Hymen joins with her! He will have nothing to fear but to loſe and ſurvive her. I here call

call the Gods to witneſs, my dear Mentor, that I am ready to depart; I ſhall love Antiope as long as I live, but ſhe ſhall not one moment retard my return to Ithaca. Were another to poſſeſs her, I ſhould paſs the reſt of my days in bitterneſs and ſorrow; but I will leave her, though I know that abſence may cauſe me to loſe her. I will not ſpeak to her nor her father of my love; for I ought to ſpeak of it to you only, 'till Ulyſſes, re-ſeated on his throne, gives me his conſent to do it. You may hereby know, my dear Mentor, how different this attachment is from the paſſion with which you ſaw me blinded for Eucharis.

Mentor replied, I grant, Telemachus, that there is a difference. Antiope is gentle, ingenuous, prudent; her hands diſdain not labour: ſhe foreſees things long before they happen, ſhe provides for every thing, ſhe knows how to be ſilent, and to do things regularly without being in a hurry; ſhe is always employed, but never in a confuſion, becauſe ſhe does every thing at a proper time. The good order of her father's houſe is her glory, and adorns her more than her beauty. Though ſhe has the care of every thing, and is charged with the office of reproving, denying, ſaving, (things which make almoſt all women hated) yet has ſhe made herſelf the delight of the whole houſe; becauſe they find in her neither paſſion, nor obſtinacy, nor levity, nor humour, as in other women. With a ſingle glance ſhe makes herſelf underſtood. and they are afraid to diſpleaſe her; ſhe gives preciſe orders, ſhe commands nothing but what may be done, ſhe reproves with gentleneſs, and encourages when ſhe reproves. Her father's heart reſts itſelf upon her, as a traveller, fainting with the heat of the ſun, reſts himſelf upon the tender graſs in the ſhade. You are in the right, Telemachus; Antiope is a treaſure worthy to be ſought after in the remoteſt countries. Her mind, no more than her

her body, is never decked with vain and gaudy ornaments; her fancy, though lively, is reſtrained by her judgment; she does not ſpeak but when it is neceſſary; and when she opens her mouth, ſoft perſuaſion and native graces flow from her lips. When she ſpeaks, every body is ſilent, and she blushes at it; she can hardly help ſuppreſſing what she deſigned to ſay, when she perceives that she is liſtened to with ſo much attention; we have ſcarcely heard her ſpeak.

Do you remember, Telemachus, when her father one day ſent for her? She appeared with downcaſt eyes, was covered with a large veil, and ſpoke no more than was neceſſary to appeaſe Idomeneus's anger, who was going to chaſtiſe one of his ſlaves with ſeverity. She at firſt joined in his reſentment, then she calmed him, at length she intimated what might be alledged in the wretch's excuſe, and without making the king ſenſible that he was too much tranſported, she inſpired into him ſentiments of juſtice and compaſſion. Thetis, when she ſooths old Nereus, does not more gently calm the angry billows. In this manner will Antiope, without aſſuming any authority, or taking any advantage from her charms, one day manage the heart of her husband, as she now touches her lyre, when she would draw forth its ſweeteſt melody. Once again, Telemachus, I own that your affection for her is reaſonable; the Gods deſign her for you; you love her with a rational paſſion, but you muſt wait 'till Ulyſſes gives her to you. I commend you for not diſcovering your ſentiments to her; but know that if you had by any indirect means acquainted her with your deſigns, she would have rejected them, and have ceaſed to eſteem you. She will never promiſe herſelf to any body; she will leave her father to diſpoſe of her, and will take for an husband none but a man who fears the Gods, and diſcharges all his duties. Have you not obſerved

ſerved as well as I, that she leſs frequently appears, and that she oftener bends her eyes on the ground ſince your return? She knows all your ſucceſs in the war; she is not ignorant of your birth, of your adventures, or of any qualification which the Gods have beſtowed upon you! it is this that makes her ſo shy and reſerved. Let us go, Telemachus, let us go to Ithaca; I have nothing more to do but to conduct you to your father, and to put you in a condition to obtain a bride worthy of the golden age: Were she a shepherdeſs on the frigid Algidus, inſtead of the daughter of a king of Salentum, you would be the happieſt of men in poſſeſſing her.

End of the Twenty-ſecond Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTY-THIRD.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus fearing the departure of his two gueſts, propoſes ſeveral intricate affairs to Mentor, aſſuring him that he could not ſettle them without his aſſiſtance. Mentor tells him how he ought to act, and perſiſts in his reſolution to carry Telemachus home. Idomeneus again attempts to detain them by exciting the paſſion of the latter for Antiope: he engages them in a hunting match, at which he orders his daughter to be preſent. She would have been torn in pieces by a wild boar, but for Telemachus who reſcues her. He is afterwards very unwilling to forſake her, and to take leave of the king her father; but being encouraged by Mentor, he overcomes his reluctance, and embarks for his native country.

IDOMENEUS, who feared the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, made it his whole ſtudy to retard it. He repreſented to Mentor that he could not without him adjuſt a diſpute that was riſen between Diophanes, a prieſt of Jupiter Conſervator, and Heliodorus, a prieſt of Apollo, concerning the preſages which are drawn from the flight of birds and

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and the entrails of victims. Why, ſaid Mentor, would you intermeddle in things ſacred? Leave the deciſions of them to the Etrurians, who have the tradition of the moſt ancient oracles, and are inſpired, that they may be the interpreters of the Gods. Uſe your authority only to ſtifle theſe diſputes in their birth. Show neither partiality nor prejudice; content yourſelf with ſupporting the deciſion when it is made. Remember that a king is to be ſubject to religion, and is never to take upon him the regulation of it: Religion comes from the Gods, and is above kings. If kings meddle with religion, inſtead of protecting they enſlave it. Kings are ſo powerful, and other men ſo weak that every thing will be in danger of being changed, according to the fancy of princes, if they ſhould be permitted to concern themſelves in queſtions relating to things ſacred. Leave therefore the free deciſion of them to the favourites of the Gods, and confine yourſelf to the quelling of thoſe who ſhall not conform to their determination when it is made.

Idomeneus afterwards complained of the perplexity he was in, with regard to a great number of lawſuits between divers private perſons, which he was importuned to determine. Decide, replied Mentor, all new queſtions, which may be the foundations of general maxims, and become precedents of law; but never burthen yourſelf with trying private cauſes: they would come and beſiege you in crowds. You would be the only judge of all your people. All the other judges, who are under you, would become uſeleſs; you would be overburthened; trifling affairs would take you off from the important, and yet you would not be ſufficient to adjuſt all the particulars of the trifling. Take care therefore not to plunge yourſelf into this perplexity; refer the cauſes of private perſons to the ordinary judges; do nothing but what nobody elſe can do to eaſe you, and you will then diſcharge the real functions of a king.

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I am alſo importuned, ſaid Idomeneus, to interfere in certain marriages. The perſons of diſtinguished birth, who attended me in all my wars, and who loſt large eſtates in my ſervice, aim at a ſort of recompenſe by marrying certain rich maidens; and I need but ſpeak one word to procure theſe fortunes for them.

It is true, replied Mentor, that it would coſt you but one word; but this word itſelf would coſt you too dear. Would you deprive fathers and mothers of the liberty and ſatisfaction of chooſing their ſons-in-law, and conſequently their heirs? This were to bring all families into the ſevereſt ſlavery. You would make yourſelf anſwerable for all the domeſtic evils of your ſubjects. Marriage is full enough of thorns without this addition of bitterneſs. If you have faithful ſervants to reward, give them uncultivated lands; to theſe add rank and honours in proportion to their condition and ſervices. Add likewiſe, if neceſſary, ſome money ſaved out of the funds appointed for your own expences: But never pay your debts by ſacrificing young maidens of fortune contrary to the inclination of their families.

Idomeneus ſoon paſt from this queſtion to another. The Sibarites, ſaid he, complain of our uſurping ſome lands that belong to them, and of our giving them as grounds to be cultivated to the ſtrangers whom we have lately allured hither. Shall I yield to theſe people? If I do, every one will think that he needs only to form pretenſions upon us to have what he claims.

It is not reaſonable, replied Mentor, to believe the Sibarites in their own cauſe, neither is it reaſonable to believe you in yours. Who then muſt decide the matter, replied Idomeneus? Neither of the two parties, continued Mentor. A neighbouring people whom neither ſide can ſuſpect of partiality, muſt be choſen as an umpire; ſuch are the Siponines, who have no intereſt oppoſite to yours. But am I obliged, rejoined Idomeneus, to be determined by an umpire? Am I not a king? Muſt a ſo-

vereign ſubmit himſelf to foreigners as to the extent of his dominions?

Mentor thus reſumed the diſcourſe. Since you perſiſt in keeping the lands, you muſt neceſſarily believe that your title to them is good. The Sibarites, on the other ſide, abate nothing of their pretenſions, and maintain that their right is inconteſtable. In this oppoſition of opinions an arbitrator choſen by both parties muſt make up the difference, or the fate of arms decide it; there is no medium. Were you to go into a republic, where there are neither magiſtrates nor judges, and where every family ſhould think it had a right to do itſelf juſtice by violence againſt all the pretenſions of its neighbours; you would deplore the miſery of ſuch a nation, and be ſtruck with horror at its dreadful diſorders, where all families would arm themſelves one againſt another. Do you think the Gods would with leſs horror behold the whole world, which is the univerſal commonwealth, ſhould every nation, which is but as a large family, think it had a right to do itſelf juſtice by violence, as to all the pretenſions it had upon other neighbouring nations? A private man, who poſſeſſes a field by inheritance from his anceſtors, cannot maintain himſelf in it but by the authority of the laws and the decree of the magiſtrates; he would be ſeverely puniſhed as a ſeditious perſon, ſhould he attempt to maintain by force what juſtice has given him. And do you think that kings may immediately make uſe of violence to ſupport their pretenſions, without having firſt tried all the ways of gentleneſs and humanity? Is not juſtice much more ſacred and inviolable in kings with regard to whole countries, than in private families with regard to a few plough'd fields? Is a man unjuſt, and a robber, who ſeizes a few acres of land? And is he juſt, and an hero, who ſeizes whole provinces? If men are prejudiced, if they are deceived and blinded in the trifling concerns of private perſons, ought they not to be much more afraid of

of being deceived and blinded in the great concerns of ſtate? Shall a man rely upon his own judgment in an affair wherein he has ſo much reaſon to miſtruſt it? Will he not dread being miſtaken in caſes, wherein the error of a ſingle perſon has ſuch terrible conſequences? The miſtake of a prince whoſe pretenſions are ill-grounded, often occaſions devaſtations, famines, maſſacres, loſſes, and depravation of manners, whoſe fatal effects extend to the remoteſt ages. Should not a king, who is continually ſurrounded with crowds of flatterers, fear his being flattered on theſe occaſions? If he agrees upon an umpire to decide the difference, he gives a proof of his equity, ſincerity and moderation, and publiſhes the ſolid reaſon on which his cauſe is founded. The appointed umpire is a friendly mediator, and not a ſevere judge. His deciſions are not blindly ſubmitted to, but a great deference is paid to him. He does not pronounce ſentence like a ſupreme judge; but he makes propoſitions, and ſome things are given up by his advice for the preſervation of peace. If a war happens, notwithſtanding all the pains which a prince takes to preſerve peace, he then at leaſt has on his ſide the teſtimony of his conſcience, the eſteem of his neighbours, and the juſt protection of the Gods. Idomeneus was affected by this diſcourſe, and conſented that the Sipontines ſhould be mediators between him and the Sibarites.

The king then perceiving that all his attempts to detain the two ſtrangers were in vain, tried to hold them by a ſtronger tie. He had obſerved that Telemachus loved Antiope, and he hoped to detain him by that paſſion. With this view he ordered her to ſing at ſeveral entertainments; ſhe did it that ſhe might not diſobey her father, but with ſuch a reſerved and melancholy air, that one eaſily ſaw the pain ſhe ſuffered by her obedience. Idomeneus went ſo far as to bid her ſing the victory gained over the Daunians and Adraſtus; but ſhe could not prevail on herſelf to ſing the praiſes of Telemachus; ſhe

excuſed herſelf in a reſpectful manner, and her father did not think fit to conſtrain her. Her ſweet and ravishing voice went to the very ſoul of the young ſon of Ulyſſes; he was quite tranſported. Idomeneus, whoſe eyes were fixed upon him, took a pleaſure in obſerving his tranſport; but Telemachus ſeemed as if he did not apprehend the king's deſigns. He could not help being moved on theſe occaſions; but his reaſon prevailed over his love, and he was no longer the ſame Telemachus whom a tyrannical paſſion had formerly enſlaved in the iſland of Calypſo. While Antiope was ſinging, he would obſerve a profound ſilence; as ſoon as she had done, he would turn the converſation on ſome other ſubject.

The king not being able this way to ſucceed in his deſign, reſolved at laſt to have a great hunting-match, and ordered his daughter to partake of the diverſion. Antiope wept, being unwilling to go to it; but her father's command muſt be obeyed. She mounts a foaming fiery ſteed, like thoſe which Caſtor broke for battle; she manages him with eaſe; a troop of young virgins with eager joy attend her; and she appears in the midſt of them, like Diana in the foreſt. The king ſees her, and cannot tire his eyes with the ſight, which makes him forget all his paſt misfortunes. Telemachus ſees her alſo, and is more ſtruck with Antiope's modeſty, than with her dexterity and all her graces.

The dogs chaced a wild boar of an enormous bulk, and furious as that of Calydon. His lengthful briſtles were hard, and ſtood upright like darts; his glaring eyes were red and fiery; his breath was heard from afar, like the murmurs of ſeditious winds, when Æolus recalls them to his cave to ſtill the ſtorms: his tusks, long and crooked as the keen ſcythe of the mower, cut the trunks of the trees. All the dogs, that ventured to approach him, were torn in pieces. The boldeſt hunters were afraid to overtake him in their purſuit. Antiope, as ſwift in the

the chace as the winds, was not afraid to approach and attack him. She hurls a javelin at him, which pierces him above the shoulder; the blood of the fierce animal gushes out like a torrent, and makes him more outrageous. He turns towards her who has wounded him. Upon which Antiope's courſer, notwithſtanding his great courage, trembles and ſtarts back. The monſtrous boar rushes againſt him, like ponderous engines which shake the walls of the ſtrongeſt cities. The courſer ſtaggers, and is thrown down. Antiope lies on the earth, incapable of avoiding the fatal gripe of the fangs of the exaſperated boar. But Telemachus, ſeeing Antiope's danger, had already leapt from his horſe; he, ſwifter than lightning, darts between the fallen ſteed and the boar, which was going to revenge his blood; he holds a lengthful ſpear in his hand, and buries it almoſt entirely in the flank of the terrible animal, which falls raging on the ground.

Telemachus immediately cuts off his head, which is ſtill terrible when nearly viewed, and which aſtoniſhes all the hunters. He preſents it to Antiope; she blushes, and conſults her father with her eyes, who after his fright is tranſported with joy to ſee her out of danger; and makes her a ſign to accept of the preſent. As she took it, she ſaid to Telemachus, I thankfully receive from you a more valuable gift; for I owe you my life. She had hardly ſpoken, but she feared that she had ſaid too much; she looked on the ground, and Telemachus, who perceived her confuſion, ventured to ſpeak only theſe words: Happy the ſon of Ulyſſes in preſerving ſo precious a life! but ſtill more happy, could he paſs his with you! Antiope, without replying, immediately rejoined the troop of her youthful companions, and mounted her ſteed again.

Idomeneus would that moment have promiſed Telemachus his daughter, but he hoped to enflame his paſſion the more by leaving him in ſuſpence, and even imagined that he should detain him longer at

Salentum by his desire to insure his marriage. Thus reasoned Idomeneus within himself: but the Gods deride the wisdom of men. What was to detain Telemachus, was the very thing which hastened his departure; what he began to feel, gave him reason to be diffident of himself. Mentor redoubled his assiduity to inspire him with an impatience to return to Ithaca; he urged Idomeneus at the same time to let him go; the vessel was now ready. Thus Mentor, who regulated every moment of Telemachus's life, in order to raise him to the highest pitch of glory, did not let him stay in any place longer than was necessary to exercise his virtue, and to make him gain experience.

Mentor had taken care to order the vessel to be got ready as soon as Telemachus arrived; but Idomeneus, who beheld it equipping with great reluctance, fell into a deadly melancholy and a deplorable state of grief, when he saw his two guests, from whom he had received so much assistance, going to forsake him. He shut himself up in the most private parts of his house, where he eased his heart by sighs and tears; he forgot his food; no slumbers soothed his smarting grief; he withered, he pined away with his uneasiness, like a large tree, which hides the earth with the shade of its spreading branches, whose trunk a worm begins to gnaw in those curious canals, through which the sap for its nourishment flows: As this tree, I say, which the winds could never shake, which the fertile earth delights to nourish in her bosom, and the axe of the woodman always respected, continually languishes without any apparent cause of its malady, and withers, and is despoiled of its leafy honours, and is but a trunk overspread with cloven bark, and sapless branches; so Idomeneus appeared in his grief.

Telemachus was moved, but afraid to speak to him. He dreaded the day of their departure; he sought for pretences to put it off, and would have remained a long while in this uncertainty, had not Mentor

Mentor ſaid to him, I am very glad to ſee you ſo altered. You were naturally obdurate and haughty; your heart uſed to be touched only with your own inconveniency and your own intereſts; but you are at length become a man, and begin by the experience of your own misfortunes to compaſſionate thoſe of others. Without this ſympathy, a man has neither goodneſs, nor virtue, nor a capacity to govern others; but he muſt not carry it too far, nor ſink into the weakneſſes of friendship. I would willingly ſpeak to Idomeneus to prevail on him to conſent to your departure, and would ſpare you the confuſion of ſo irkſome a converſation; but I would not have a vicious modeſty and sheepiſhneſs tyrannize over your ſoul. You muſt accuſtom yourſelf to blend reſolution and firmneſs of mind with the warmth and ſoftneſſes of friendship; you muſt be afraid of grieving men unneceſſarily; you muſt ſympathize with them in the troubles which you cannot help occaſioning, and ſoften as much as you can the ſtroke from which it is impoſſible to exempt them entirely. It is in order to ſoften it, replied Telemachus, that I ſhould rather chooſe that Idomeneus ſhould be informed of our departure by you than by me.

Mentor immediately anſwered, you are miſtaken, my dear Telemachus; you are naturally like the children of kings, who are bred up in purple, and inſiſt that every thing be done in their own way, and that all nature be obedient to their humour, and yet have not reſolution enough to oppoſe any one to his face. It is not that they have any regard for men, or that they are tender of grieving them through any principle of goodneſs; but it is for their own eaſe; they do not care to ſee ſorrowful and diſcontented faces about them. The diſtreſs and miſeries of mankind give them no concern, provided they are not under their eyes. If they hear them mentioned, the diſcourſe is grating and ſaddens them; to pleaſe them they muſt continually be told that every thing goes well; while they are purſuing

their pleaſures, they do not care to ſee or hear any thing which may interrupt their mirth. If there is a neceſſity to reprove, chaſtiſe, or undeceive any one, or to thwart the pretenſions and unreaſonable paſſions of ſome troubleſome perſon, they will always commiſſion others, rather than ſpeak themſelves with mildneſs and reſolution on theſe occaſions: they would ſuffer the moſt unreaſonable favours to be extorted from them, and cauſe the moſt important affairs to miſcarry, for want of courage to determine contrary to the ſentiments of thoſe with whom they have every day to do. This weakneſs, which is perceived in them, prompts all men to ſtudy to make their advantage of it; they teaze, they ſolicit, they tire them; and by tiring them obtain their ends. They at firſt flatter and praiſe them, in order to ingratiate themſelves; but as ſoon as they have gained their confidence, and are ſeated near them in places of power, they lead them whither they pleaſe, and impoſe their yoke upon them. They groan beneath it, and often try to shake it off, but they wear it as long as they live. They are ſolicitous not to ſeem to be governed, and yet they always are ſo; nay, they cannot do without it; for they reſemble feeble vines, which not being able to ſupport themſelves, creep around the trunk of ſome large tree.

I will not ſuffer you, Telemachus, to be guilty of a failing, which unfits a man for government. You, who are of ſo tender a diſpoſition as to be afraid to ſpeak to Idomeneus, will not feel his grief the moment you are got out of Salentum. It is not his grief which affects you, it is his preſence which confounds you. Go, ſpeak to Idomeneus yourſelf: learn on this occaſion to be tender-hearted and reſolute at the ſame time. Tell him how ſorry you are to leave him, but tell him alſo with a peremptory tone how neceſſary your departure is.

Telemachus did not dare either to oppoſe Mentor, or to go to Idomeneus; he was aſhamed of his fears, but

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but had not courage to overcome them; he paused, he took a step or two, and immediately returned, to alledge to Mentor some new reason of delay: but a single look of Mentor deprived him of his speech, and made all his fair pretences vanish. Is this then, said Mentor with a smile, the vanquisher of the Daunians, the deliverer of the great Hesperia, and the son of the wise Ulysses, who is after him to be the oracle of Greece? He dares not tell Idomeneus, than he can no longer put off his return to his own country, to see his father again! O ye people of Ithaca, how unhappy will ye one day be, if you have a king who is a slave to a criminal modesty, and who sacrifices his most important affairs to his weaknesses in the veriest trifles! See, Telemachus, what difference there is between valour in battle, and courage in business: You were not afraid of Adrastus's arms, and yet you fear Idomeneus's grief. This is what dishonours princes who have performed the greatest actions; having shewn themselves to be heroes in war, they shew themselves to be the lowest of mankind in common occurrences, wherein others support themselves with vigour.

Telemachus feeling the truth of these words, and stung with this reproach, hurried away without giving his passions time to speak. But as soon as he entered where Idomeneus was sitting with downcast, languid, and sorrowful eyes, they were afraid of and durst not look at each other; they understood one another without speaking a word; each feared that the other would break the silence, and they both began to weep. At length Idomeneus, prompted by his excess of sorrow, cried out, What profits it to pay one's court to virtue, if she so ill requites her lovers? I am made sensible of my weakness, and then deserted! Well! I shall soon relapse into all my former misfortunes. Let no man talk to me of governing well; no, I am incapable of it. I am sick of mankind. Whither would you go, Telemachus? Your father is no more, you seek him in vain;

Ithaca is become the prey of your enemies; they will deſtroy you, if you return thither. Some one of them has married your mother. Stay here, you ſhall wed my daughter, and be my heir; you ſhall reign after me: Nay, during my life you ſhall have an abſolute power here; my confidence in you ſhall be unbounded. But if you are unmoved by all theſe advantages, at leaſt leave me Mentor, who is my only reſource. Speak, anſwer me, harden not your heart, pity the moſt wretched of men. How! ſilent! Ah! I feel how cruel the Gods are to me; I have even a quicker ſenſe of it than I had in Crete, when I ſlew my own ſon.

At length Telemachus replied with a diſordered and timorous voice, I am not at my own diſpoſal, Deſtiny recalls me to my country. Mentor, who is endued with the wiſdom of the Gods, commands me in their name to depart: What would you have me do? Shall I renounce my father, my mother, my country, which ought to be yet dearer to me than they? As I am born to be a king, I am not deſigned for a life of pleaſure and repoſe, nor to follow my own inclinations. Your kingdom is richer and more powerful than that of my father; but I ought to prefer that which the Gods have allotted me to that which you have the goodneſs to offer me. I ſhould think myſelf happy, were Antiope my wife, without any hopes of your kingdom: but to render myſelf worthy of her, I muſt go where my duty calls me, and it muſt be my father who demands her of you. Did you not promiſe to ſend me back to Ithaca? Was it not upon this promiſe that I, with the allies, fought for you againſt Adraſtus? It is time for me to think of repairing my domeſtic misfortunes. The Gods who gave me to Mentor, gave Mentor alſo to the ſon of Ulyſſes, that he might fulfill the decrees of fate. Would you have me loſe Mentor, after having loſt every thing elſe? I have now neither eſtate, nor place of retreat, nor father, nor mother, nor any certain country; nothing is left

left me but a wise and virtuous man, who is the most precious gift of Jupiter. Do you yourself judge if I can renounce him, and consent that he should forsake me. No, I would sooner die. Take my life, my life's a trifle, but take not Mentor from me.

As Telemachus spoke, his voice grew stronger, and his fears vanished. Idomeneus knew not what to answer, nor could he consent to what the son of Ulysses said. When he could no longer speak, he endeavoured at least by his looks and his gestures to move his pity. The same moment he saw Mentor appear, who made him this serious address:

Do not grieve; we quit you, but the wisdom which presides in the council of the Gods will remain with you; believe that you are very happy, in that Jupiter has sent us hither to save your kingdom, and to reclaim you from your errors. Philocles, whom we have restored to you, will serve you faithfully. The fear of the Gods, a taste for virtue, a love of the people, and compassion for the miserable, will always possess his heart. Hearken to him, and employ him with confidence and without jealousy. The greatest service which you can receive from him, is to oblige him to tell you of all your failings without any softenings. The greatest fortitude of a good king consists in his seeking for real friends, who may point out his mistakes to him. If you are endued with this fortitude, our absence will be no prejudice to you, and you will live happy; but if flattery, which insinuates like a serpent, again finds the way to your heart, and makes you mistrust disinterested counsels, you are ruined. Do not suffer yourself to be dejected by grief; but exert yourself in the pursuit of virtue. I have told Philocles every thing which he ought to do to assist you, and never to abuse your confidence; I can answer for him. The Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to Telemachus; every one ought courageously to follow where his destiny leads; it profits not to grieve. Should you ever want my assistance, after

I have reſtored Telemachus to his father and his country, I will viſit you again: And what could I do that would afford me a more ſenſible pleaſure? I ſeek not riches nor power on the earth? I would only aſſiſt thoſe who ſeek after juſtice and virtue. Can I ever forget the marks of confidence and friendship which you have shewn me?

At theſe words Idomeneus became of a ſudden quite another man; he felt that his ſoul was calmed, as Neptune with his trident calms the angry waves and the moſt lowring tempeſts: There remained only a gentle peaceful ſorrow, which was rather a concern and a ſenſe of fondneſs than anguish. Courage, confidence, virtue, and a reliance on the aſſiſtance of the Gods began to revive within him.

Well then, ſaid he, my dear Mentor, I muſt loſe every thing, and not be diſcouraged! At leaſt be mindful of Idomeneus, when you arrive at Ithaca, where your wiſdom will crown you with happineſs; do not forget that Salentum is the work of your hands, and that you there left an unhappy king, whoſe only hope is in you. Go, worthy ſon of Ulyſſes, I detain you no longer; I am far from oppoſing the Gods, who lent me ſo great a treaſure. Go, Mentor, alſo, thou greateſt and wiſeſt of mortals, (if humanity can indeed perform what I have ſeen in you, and if you are not ſome Deity who have borrowed this form to inſtruct weak and ignorant mankind) go, be a guide to the ſon of Ulyſſes, more happy in the poſſeſſion of you, than in being the vanquisher of Adraſtus. Go both; I dare ſay no more, excuſe my ſighs. Go, live, be happy together; nothing in the world is left me now but the remembrance of having enjoyed you here. O happy, thrice happy days! days of whoſe value I was not ſufficiently ſenſible! O days which are too ſwiftly fled, you will never return! Never will my eyes behold again what they ſee now!

Mentor laid hold of this moment to get away; he embraced Philocles, who bedeweed him with his tears without

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without being able to ſpeak. Telemachus would have taken hold of Mentor's hand to get out of thoſe of Idomeneus; but Idomeneus advancing towards the port, interpoſed between Mentor and Telemachus; he gazed upon them, he ſighed, he began to ſpeak ſome broken words, but could utter none diſtinct.

And now a confuſed murmur is heard on the ſhore, which is crowded with mariners; the cordage is ſtretched, the ſails are hoiſted, a favourable gale begins to blow. Telemachus and Mentor take leave of the king, who holds them along while locked in his arms, and purſues them as far as he can with his eyes.

End of the Twenty-third Book.

THE

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, SON of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTY-FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

During their voyage, Telemachus gets Mentor to explain to him ſeveral difficulties concerning government; among others thoſe of knowing men, in order to employ only the good, and not to be impoſed upon by the bad. Towards the end of their converſation a calm obliges them to put in at an iſland where Ulyſſes was juſt landed. Telemachus ſees him there, and talks to him without knowing him. But having ſeen him embark, he feels a ſecret uneaſineſs of which he cannot conceive the cauſe. Mentor explains it to him, comforts him, aſſures him that he will ſoon be with his father again, and makes a trial of his piety and patience, by putting off his departure, to offer a ſacrifice to Minerva. At laſt the Goddeſs, concealed under the figure of Mentor, reſumes her own form and diſcovers herſelf. She gives Telemachus her laſt inſtructions, and diſappears. Telemachus departs, arrives at Ithaca, and finds his father in the houſe of the faithful Eumæus.

THE ſails already ſwell, the anchors are weighed, the land ſeems to fly, and the skilful pilot deſcries at a diſtance the mountains of Leucate,

cate, which hides its head in whirling ſtorms of freezing ſnow, and the Acroceraunian hills, which ſtill uplift their haughty brows to heaven, though they have ſo often been ſhattered by thunder.

During this voyage Telemachus ſaid to Mentor, I now underſtand the maxims of government which you have explained to me. At firſt they appeared to me like a dream, but their obſcurity gradually vaniſhed, and I now view them in a clear light. So all objects look dark at the firſt dawnings of Aurora in the morning, but afterwards ſeem to come as it were out of a chaos, when the light, which inſenſibly increaſes, diſtinguiſhes them, and reſtores them, to uſe the expreſſion, their figures and natural colours. I am thoroughly convinced that the eſſential point of government is to diſcern the different characters of men, in order to chooſe and employ them according to their reſpective talents; but I am ſtill at a loſs to know how one may obtain ſuch an inſight into mankind.

Hereupon Mentor replied, You muſt ſtudy men in order to know them; and to know them, you muſt often ſee and have an intercourſe with them. Kings ought to converſe with their ſubjects, to make them ſpeak, to conſult them, to try them by little employments of which they ſhould make them give an account, in order to ſee if they are capable of higher functions. How, my dear Telemachus, did you in Ithaca acquire your ſkill in horſes? It was by often ſeeing them, and by taking notice of their faults and perfections in the company of perſons of experience. In the ſame manner ſpeak frequently of men's good and bad qualities with other wiſe and virtuous men, who have long ſtudied their characters, and you will inſenſibly learn the turn of their minds, and what may be expected from them. Who taught you to know the good and the bad poets? It was frequently reading and reflecting upon them with men who had a taſte for poetry. Who procured you judgment in muſic? It was the ſame application

cation in obſerving skilful muſicians. How can any one expect to govern men well, if he does not know them? and how can he know them, if he does not converſe with them? It is not converſing with them, to ſee them in public, where nothing is ſaid on either ſide but what is indifferent, and prepared with art. The buſineſs is to ſee them in private, to draw out to view all the ſecret ſprings of their hearts, to probe them on all ſides, to ſound them in order to diſcover their maxims. But to form a right judgment of men, it is neceſſary to begin by knowing what they ought to be; it is neceſſary to know what real and ſolid merit is, in order to diſtinguish thoſe who have it from thoſe who have it not. Men are continually talking of virtue and merit, without knowing preciſely what merit and virtue are. They are only fair words and indefinite terms in the mouths of the generality of mankind, who take a pride in talking of them eternally. It is neceſſary to have certain principles of juſtice, reaſon, and virtue, to know who are reaſonable and virtuous. It is neceſſary to underſtand the maxims of a wiſe and good government, to know men who are furniſhed with them, and thoſe who depart from them through a falſe ſubtility. In a word, to meaſure ſeveral bodies, it is neceſſary to have a fixed meaſure; to form a judgment of men's minds, it is likewiſe neceſſary to have conſtant principles which may be the ſtandard of all our judgments. It is neceſſary to know preciſely what is the end of human life, and what end we ought to propoſe to ourſelves in the government of men. Now this ſole this eſſential end is never to covet power and grandeur for one's own ſake, for this ambitious purſuit would only tend to gratify a tyrannical pride; but a man ought to ſacrifice himſelf to the infinite toils of government, to make men virtuous and happy: he otherwiſe walks in darkneſs and at random as long as he lives: he drives like a ſhip on the open ſea, that has no pilot, that

that does not consult the stars, nor know any of the neighbouring coasts; he cannot but be wrecked.

Princes many times, for want of knowing wherein true virtue consists, know not what they ought to look for in men. True virtue has something of harshness for them; it seems to them too austere and too independant; it affrights and sours them; they incline to flattery. From that moment they can no longer find either sincerity or virtue; from that moment they pursue an empty phantom of vain glory, which renders them unworthy of the true, and they soon habituate themselves to think that there is no true virtue in the world. For the good do indeed discern the wicked; but the wicked do not discern the good nor can they believe that there are any. Such princes suspect every body alike; they hide themselves, they shut themselves up, they are jealous on the most trifling occasions, they dread mankind and make themselves dreaded by them. They shun the light, and dare not appear in their natural colours. Though they would not be known, they always are so; for the malicious curiosity of their subjects pries into and guesses every thing, but they themselves know nobody. The selfish crew which besets them, is overjoyed to see them inaccessible. A king who is inaccessible to men, is inaccessible to truth also. They blacken by infamous tales, and remove every thing from him which might open his eyes. Such kings pass their lives in a savage inhuman grandeur; they are continually afraid of being imposed upon, and yet they always unavoidably are and deserve to be so. When a man converses only with a small number of persons, he necessarily imbibes all their passions and prejudices: And even virtuous men have their failings and prepossessions. Besides, one is at the mercy of tale-bearers, a base malicious tribe, who feed upon venom, who poison the most innocent things and magnify the least, who invent the evil rather than cease to injure, and who for their own interest play upon the jealousy and base curiosity of a weak and suspicious prince.

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Get a knowledge therefore, my dear Telemachus, get a knowledge of men; ſift them, make them ſpeak of one another, try them by little and little; deliver yourſelf up to none; profit by your own experience when you have been miſtaken in your judgment, (for you will ſometimes be miſtaken) and thereby learn not raſhly to judge well or ill of any man. The wicked are too deep diſſemblers not to impoſe upon the good by their diſguiſes; but your paſt miſtakes will be uſeful leſſons of inſtruction. When you find a man of ability and virtue, employ him with confidence; for men of integrity are pleaſed to ſee others conſcious of their uprightneſs: they prefer eſteem and confidence to riches: but do not ſpoil them by entruſting them with an unbounded power. Many a man would have continued virtuous, who is no longer ſo, becauſe his maſter has given him too much wealth and power. A prince, who is ſo beloved of the Gods as to find in a whole kingdom two or three real friends of a ſteady wiſdom and integrity, quickly finds by their means other perſons who are like them, to fill inferior poſts; by the men of virtue in whom he confides, he learns what he could not of himſelf diſcern in his other ſubjects.

But is it right, ſaid Telemachus, to make uſe of ill men when they have talents for buſineſs, as I have often heard it is? One is often, ſaid Mentor, under a neceſſity to make uſe of them. In a convulſed and diſordered ſtate one often finds unjuſt and crafty men who are already in authority; they are poſſeſſed of important poſts which cannot be taken from them; they have inſinuated themſelves into the confidence of certain perſons of influence with whom one muſt needs keep well: nay, one muſt keep well with the villains themſelves, becauſe they are to be feared, and have it in their power to throw every thing into confuſion. It is highly neceſſary therefore to make uſe of them for a time; but it is neceſſary, alſo to have in view the rendering them by degrees

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unneceſſary. As for a real and intimate confidence, take care never to repoſe it in them; for they may abuſe it, and hold you faſt whether you will or not by your ſecrets, a chain harder to be broken than any chains of iron. Employ them in temporary negotiations, treat them kindly, and engage them to be faithful to you by their paſſions themſelves, for you have no other hold of them, but never admit them into your ſecret counſels. Always have ſome ſpring ready to put them in motion whenever you pleaſe, but never give them the key either of your heart or your affairs. When your kingdom is quiet, ſettled, and governed by wiſe and upright men, on whom you can depend, the wicked men, whom you were conſtrained to make uſe of, become uſeleſs by degrees. You muſt not then however ceaſe to treat them kindly, for it is never allowable to be ungrateful even to the wicked; but at the ſame time that you treat them kindly, you muſt endeavour to make them virtuous. It is neceſſary to wink at certain human frailties in them; but you muſt however by degrees aſſume more authority, and check the growth of evils which they would commit openly, were they ſuffered to go on. After all, the doing good by wicked inſtruments is an evil; and though this evil is often inevitable, we muſt proceed gradually to put an entire ſtop to it. A wiſe prince, who aims only at good order and juſtice, will in time be able to do without corrupt and treacherous men; he will find good men enough who have ſufficient abilities to ſerve him.

But it is not enough to find good ſubjects in a nation; it is neceſſary to make others ſo. That, anſwered Telemachus, muſt needs be very difficult. Not at all, replied Mentor; your diligence in ſeeking for able and virtuous men, in order to prefer them, excites and ſpurs on all perſons of abilities and ſpirit; every one exerts himſelf. How many men are there who languiſh in idleneſs and obſcurity, who would become great men, were they ſpurred on

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to induſtry by emulation and hopes of ſucceſs! How many men are there whom indigence and an impoſſibility of riſing by virtue, attempt to raiſe themſelves by vice! If therefore you annex rewards and honours to genius and virtue, what numbers of your ſubjects will of themſelves become eminent and virtuous! But how many will you render ſo, by making them riſe ſtep by ſtep from the loweſt employments to the higheſt? you will exerciſe their talents; you will prove the extent of their genius, and the ſincerity of their virtue. The men who arrive at the higheſt poſts, will have been trained up under your eyes in the inferior. You will have followed them all your life ſtep by ſtep, and will form your judgment of them, not by their words, but by the whole courſe of their actions.

While Mentor was reaſoning thus with Telemachus, they perceived a Phæacian veſſel that had put in at a little iſland, which was deſert, wild, and ſurrounded with frightful rocks. The winds at the ſame time were hushed, the gentle Zephirs themſelves ſeemed to hold their breath, the ſea was become as ſmooth as a mirror, the flagging ſails could no longer animate the veſſel, and the efforts of the weary rowers were vain; it was neceſſary therefore to land in this iſland, which was rather a rock than earth proper to be inhabited by men. In leſs calm weather it would have been impoſſible to have landed there without the utmoſt danger. The Phæacians, who were waiting for a wind, did not ſeem leſs impatient than the Salentines to proceed in their voyage. Telemachus advances towards them on theſe rocky ſhores, and immediately asks the firſt man he meets, if he had not ſeen Ulyſſes king of Ithaca in king Alcinous's palace.

The perſon to whom he accidentally addreſt himſelf was not a Phæacian, but an unknown ſtranger, of a majeſtic, but melancholy and dejected air. He ſeemed thoughtful, and at firſt hardly heard Telemachus's queſtion; but at length he anſwered, You

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are not miſtaken, Ulyſſes was entertained in king Alcinous's palace, a place where Jupiter is revered, and hoſpitality practiſed; but he is not there now; you would ſeek him there in vain; he is departed in order to reviſit Ithaca, if the appeaſed Deities will at length ſuffer him to ſalute his houſhold Gods again.

This ſtranger had hardly ſpoken theſe words in a melancholy manner, but he rushed into a thick grove on the top of a rock, whence he ſtedfaſtly viewed the ſea, flying from every one he ſaw, and ſeeming uneaſy at not being able to proſecute his voyage. Telemachus looked ſtedfaſtly upon him, and the more he looked the more he was moved and aſtoniſhed. This ſtranger, ſaid he to Mentor, anſwered me like one who does not much attend to what is ſaid to him, and who is oppreſt with grief. I pity the unfortunate, ſince I have been ſo myſelf, and I feel that my heart is concerned for this man, without knowing why He was not over-civil to me, hardly vouchſafing to hear and anſwer me; and yet I cannot help wiſhing that his miſeries were at an end.

Mentor replied with a ſmile, Lo the uſe of the evils of life; they ſoften the hearts of princes, and make them feel the woes of others. When they have taſted only of the ſweet poiſon of proſperity, they fancy themſelves Gods; they will have mountains become plains, to gratify them; they eſteem mankind as nothing, and make all nature their ſport. When they hear of ſuffering, they know not what it means; it is a dream to them; they have never ſeen the diſtance between good and evil: misfortune alone can teach them humanity, and change their hearts of ſtone into hearts of flesh. They then find that they are men, and that they ought to be tender of others who are like them. If a ſtranger excites ſo much pity, becauſe he is a wanderer on this ſhore like you; how much more compaſſion ought you to have for the people of Ithaca, when you hereafter

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ſee them ſuffer! This people, whom the Gods will commit to your care, as a flock is committed to a shepherd, will perhaps be rendered miſerable by your ambition, or pride, or imprudence; for the people ſuffer only through the faults of princes, who ought to be watchful to prevent their ſufferings.

While Mentor was ſpeaking thus, Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief and trouble, and at length replied with ſome emotion: if all theſe things are true, the condition of a king is very unhappy; he is the ſlave of all whom he ſeems to command; he is not ſo much born to command as to ſerve them; he owes himſelf entirely to them; he is burdened with all their wants; he is the ſervant of all the people, and of every one in particular; he muſt accommodate himſelf to their weakneſſes, and correct them like a father, that he may render them wiſe and happy. The authority which he ſeems to have, is not his own; he can do nothing for his own glory or pleaſure; his authority is that of the laws; he muſt obey them, in order to be an example to his ſubjects. Properly ſpeaking, he is only the guardian of the laws, to make them reign; he muſt watch and toil to maintain them; he has the leaſt freedom and tranquility of any man in his kingdom; he is a ſlave, who ſacrifices his own repoſe and liberty for the liberty and happineſs of the public.

It is true, replied Mentor, that a king is a king only to take care of his people, as a ſhepherd takes care of his flock, or a father of his family. But do you think my dear Telemachus, that he is unhappy in being obliged to do good to ſuch multitudes? He corrects the wicked by puniſhments, he encourages the good by rewards, and repreſents the Gods in thus conducting all the human race to virtue. Has he not glory enough in cauſing the laws to be obſerved? That of placing him above the laws is a falſe glory, which inſpires nothing but horror and contempt. If he is wicked, he cannot but be

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unhappy; for he can find no peace in his paſſions and vanity. If he is virtuous, he muſt needs taſte the pureſt and moſt ſolid of all pleaſures, in toiling in the ſervice of virtue, and in the expectation of an eternal recompence from the Gods.

Telemachus, who had a ſecret uneaſineſs in his heart, ſeemed as if he had never underſtood theſe maxims, though his mind was well ſtored with them, and he had himſelf taught them to others. A melancholy humour inſpired him contrary to his real ſentiments, with a ſpirit of contradiction and ſubtilty, to oppoſe the truths which Mentor explained. To theſe arguments Telemachus oppoſed the ingratitude of men. What! ſaid he, take ſo much pains to win the affections of men, who perhaps will never love you, and to do good to wretches who will make uſe of your benefits to your prejudice!

Mentor made him a calm reply: We muſt expect men to be ungrateful, and yet we muſt do good to them: we muſt ſerve them leſs for their own ſakes, than for the love of the Gods who command it. The good which a man does is never loſt: if men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it. Beſides, if the multitude is ungrateful, there are always ſome virtuous perſons who are affected with your virtue: nay, the multitude itſelf, fickle and capricious as it is, never fails ſooner or later to do a ſort of juſtice to real virtue. But would you prevent the ingratitude of men? Do not labour ſolely to make them powerful, rich, formidable in arms, happy in their pleaſures: this glory, this abundance, theſe pleaſures corrupt them; they will only be the more wicked for them, and conſequently the more ungrateful; it is making them a fatal preſent, it is offering them a delicious poiſon: But apply yourſelf to reform their manners, and to inſtill into them juſtice, ſincerity, a fear of the Gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and diſintereſtedneſs. By making them good you will hinder them from being ungrateful, and confer virtue, a real good, upon them;

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them; and virtue, if it be real, will for ever attach them to him who has inſtilled it into them. Thus by conferring the real good upon them, you will do good to yourſelf, and will have nothing to fear from the ingratitude. Is it any wonder that men are ungrateful to princes who never taught them any thing but injuſtice, unbounded ambition, a jealouſy of their neighbours, inhumanity, haughtineſs and treachery? The prince should expect nothing from them but what he has taught them to do. But on the contrary, if he endeavoured by his own example and authority to render them virtuous, he would find the fruits of his labour in their virtues, or at leaſt he would find in his own and in the friendſhip of the Gods, wherewithal to comfort himſelf under all his diſappointments.

This diſcourſe was hardly ended, when Telemachus haſtened towards the Phæacians, whoſe ship was anchored on the shore. He addreſſed himſelf to an old man amongſt them, and asked him whence they came, whither they were bound, and if they had not ſeen Ulyſſes. The old man replied, we come from our own iſland, which is that of the Phæacians; we are going to Epirus for merchandize; and Ulyſſes, as you have already been told, came into our country but is departed from it.

Telemachus immediately added, Who is that melancholy man who ſeeks the moſt ſolitary places, while he waits for the departure of your veſſel? He is, replied the old man, a ſtranger that is unknown to us. But it is ſaid that his name is Cleomenes; that he was born in Phrygia; that an oracle foretold his mother before his birth that he would be a king, provided he did not remain in his own country; and that if he did remain there, the wrath of the Gods would fall on the Phrygians in a dreadful peſtilence. As ſoon as he was born, his parents delivered him to certain mariners, who carried him to the iſland of Lesbos, where he was privately brought up at the expence of his country, which had ſo great an intereſt

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reſt to keep him at a diſtance. He ſoon grew tall, robuſt, handſome, and expert in all exerciſes of the body. He even applied himſelf with great taſte and genius to the ſciences and the liberal arts; but he was not ſuffered to ſtay in any country. The prediction concerning him became famous; he was preſently known wherever he went, and kings were every where afraid that he would wreſt their crowns from them. Thus has he been a wanderer from his birth, and can find no part of the world, where he may have the liberty to ſettle. He has often travelled into nations the moſt remote from his own; but he hardly arrives in any city before his birth and the oracle concerning him are diſcovered. He in vain hides himſelf, and chooſes in every place ſome obſcure kind of life; his talents for war, letters, and the moſt important affairs ſhine forth, they ſay, whether he will or not; there always offers in every country ſome unforeſeen occaſion which gets the better of him, and makes him known to the public. His merit is the cauſe of his misfortune; it makes him feared, and excludes him from all places where he attempts to reſide. It is his fate to be every where eſteemed, beloved, admired, but expelled from all the known countries in the world. He is not young, and yet has he not hitherto been able to find any coaſt, either of Aſia or Greece, where they would ſuffer him to live in peace. He ſeems to have no ambition, and does not aim at greatneſs; he would be very happy, had not the oracle promiſed him a crown. He deſpairs of ever ſeeing his country again; for he knows that he ſhould carry nothing but mourning and tears into every family. A crown itſelf, the cauſe of his ſufferings, ſeems not deſirable to him; he purſues it contrary to his own inclinations, through a ſad fatality, from kingdom to kingdom, and it ſeems to fly before him, in order to mock this unhappy man even to his old age. Fatal gift of the Gods, which clouds his brighteſt days, and cauſes him nothing but pain, at a time when

feeble man needs nothing but reſt! He is going, he ſays, to Thrace in queſt of ſome ſavage lawleſs people, whom he may aſſemble, civilize, and govern for ſome years; after which, the oracle being accomplished, the moſt flouriſhing kingdoms will have nothing to apprehend from him. He deſigns then to retire to ſome village of Caria, where he will devote himſelf to agriculture, of which he is paſſionately fond. He is a wiſe and ſober man, who fears the Gods, who has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and who knows how to live in peace with them without eſteeming them. This is what is reported of this ſtranger, of whoſe fortunes you deſired me to inform you.

During this converſation, Telemachus was continually turning his eyes towards the ſea, which began to be in motion. The winds raiſed the waves, which beat againſt the rocks, and whitened them with their foam. The ſame inſtant the old man ſays to Telemachus, I muſt go; my companions cannot wait for me. As he ſpeaks theſe words, he runs to the ſhore; the Phœacians embark, and nothing is heard but the confuſed clamours of the mariners, who were eager and impatient to be gone.

The ſtranger, who was called Cleomenes, had ſtrayed ſome time up and down the iſland, climbing up to the tops of all the rocks, and from thence taking a melancholy ſurvey of the vaſt expanſe of the ſea. Telemachus had not loſt ſight of him, nor ceaſed to watch his ſteps. His heart was moved for a virtuous, wandering, unhappy man, who was born to perform the greateſt actions, and was made, far from his native country, the ſport of rigorous fortune. I perhaps, ſaid he to himſelf, may ſee Ithaca again; but this Cleomenes can never return to Phrygia. An inſtance of a man more unhappy than himſelf alleviated Telemachus's grief.

At length this man ſeeing the veſſel ready, deſcended from the craggy rocks with as much ſpeed and agility, as Appollo in the foreſts of Lycia, having tied

tied his flaxen locks together, flies over the precipices, when he purſues the ſtags and wild boars with his arrows. And now this unknown perſon is on board the ſhip, which cleaves the briny wave, and flies from the land.

Hereupon a ſecret impreſſion of ſorrow is made on Telemachus's heart; he grieves without knowing why; tears trickle from his eyes, and nothing is ſo pleaſant to him as to weep. At the ſame time he ſees all the Salentine mariners on the ſhore, lying faſt aſleep on the graſs; they were tired and quite ſpent; gentle ſleep had inſinuated itſelf into their limbs, and all the humid poppies of the night had been ſhed upon them, by Minerva's power, in the middle of the day. Telemachus is ſurprized to ſee this univerſal drowſineſs of the Salentines, while the Phæacians had been ſo watchful and diligent to improve a favourable wind; but he is more intent on viewing the Phæacian ſhip, which was ready to diſappear in the midſt of the waves, than to go and awake the Salentines. Amazement and ſecret anguiſh faſten his eyes on the departed bark, of which he now ſees nothing but the ſails, which look a little white in the azure waves; he does not even hear Mentor who ſpeaks to him; he is quite beſide himſelf, and tranſported like the prieſteſſes of Bacchus, when they hold the Thyrſus in their hands, and make the banks of Hebrus and the mountains of Rhodope and Iſmarus ring with their frantic howlings.

At length he recovers a little from this kind of inchantment, and tears again begin to ſtream from his eyes. Whereupon Mentor ſays to him: I am not ſurpriſed, my dear Telemachus, to ſee you weep; the cauſe of your ſorrow, which is unknown to you, is not unknown to Mentor; it is nature that ſpeaks and works in you; it is ſhe that melts your heart. The ſtranger, who excited ſuch lively emotions in you, is the great Ulyſſes. What the old Phæacian told you of him under the name of Cleomenes, is only a fiction, the more ſecurely to conceal your fa-

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ther's return to his kingdom. He is going directly to Ithaca; he is already near the port, and at length ſees that ſo long wished for place again. Your eyes have ſeen him, as it was formerly foretold that you should, but without knowing him; you will quickly ſee him again, and know him, and he will know you. But at preſent the Gods do not permit you to know each other out of Ithaca. His ſoul was not leſs moved than yours; he is too wiſe to diſcover himſelf to any mortal, where he might be expoſed to the treachery and inſults of the cruel ſuitors of Penelope. Ulyſſes, your father, is the wiſeſt of all men; his heart is like a deep well; his ſecrets cannot be drawn out of it. He loves truth, and never ſays any thing that wounds it; but he ſpeaks it only when it is neceſſary; wiſdom, like a ſeal, always keeps his lips shut againſt all uſeleſs words. How was he moved when he ſpoke to you! What violence did he do to himſelf, that he might not be known! What did he not ſuffer in ſeeing you! It was that which made him ſad and dejected.

During this ſpeech, Telemachus being greatly moved and troubled could not help shedding floods of tears, and his ſobbings hindered him a long while from making a reply. At length he cried out, Ah! my dear Mentor, I felt I know not what in this ſtranger which attracted me to him, and moved all my bowels within me. But why, as you knew him, did you not tell me that it was Ulyſſes before his departure? Why did you let him go without ſpeaking to him, and without ſeeming to know him? Pray what myſtery is this? Shall I be wretched for ever? Will the angry Gods punish me with thirſt like Tantalus, whom a deluſive ſtream derides by its flight from his greedy lips. O Ulyſſes! Ulyſſes! art thou gone for ever? Perhaps I shall never ſee him more: Perhaps Penelope's lovers may cauſe him to fall into the ſnares which they laid for me! Had I went with him, I should at leaſt have died with him. O Ulyſſes! Ulyſſes! if ſtorms do not throw you on the rocks again,

again, (for I have every thing to apprehend from adverſe fortune) I tremble leſt on your arrival at Ithaca you ſhould meet as dreadful a fate as Agamemnon did at Mycenæ. But why, my dear Mentor, did you envy me my happineſs! I had now embraced him, I had now been with him in the port of Ithaca, we had been fighting to vanquish all our enemies!

Mentor replied with a ſmile, See, my dear Telemachus, the temper of mankind. You are now in the greateſt diſtreſs, becauſe you have ſeen your father without knowing him; and yet what would you not have given yeſterday to have been aſſured that he was not dead? To day you are aſſured of it by your own eyes, and this aſſurance, which ought to overwhelm you with joy, fills you with anguish. Thus does the ſickly ſoul of mortals eſteem as nothing what is moſt deſired, as ſoon as it poſſeſſes it, and is ingenious in tormenting itſelf with regard to what it does not yet poſſeſs. It is to exerciſe your patience that the Gods keep you thus in ſuſpence. You look upon this as loſt time, but know that it is the moſt uſeful of your whole life; for it exerciſes you in a virtue which is the moſt neceſſary in thoſe who are to command. It is neceſſary to be patient, in order to become maſter of one's ſelf and others. Impatience, which ſeems ſtrength and vigour of ſoul, is nothing but weakneſs and an inability of bearing pain. He that cannot wait and ſuffer, is like a man who cannot keep a ſecret; they both want a firmneſs of ſoul to contain themſelves, like a charioteer in a race whoſe hand is not ſtrong enough, when it is needful, to ſtop his fiery courſes: they no longer obey the reins, they ruſh down a precipice, and the feeble driver, with whom they run away, is daſhed in pieces by his fall. So an impatient man is hurried by his fierce and unconquerable deſires into an abyſs of miſeries. The greater his power is, the more fatal to himſelf is his impatience. He waits for nothing, he does not allow himſelf time to weigh any

any thing, he breaks through all things to gratify himſelf; he tears off the branches to gather the fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the doors rather than ſtay 'till they are opened to him; he will needs reap when the wiſe husband-man ſows; every thing which he does in a hurry and out of ſeaſon is ill-done, and cannot laſt longer than his fickle deſires. Such are the mad projects of man who thinks he can do every thing, who gives himſelf up to his impetuous deſires, and abuſes his power. It is to teach you to be patient, my dear Telemachus, that the Gods do ſo much exerciſe your patience, and ſeem to mock you in the vagrant life wherein they always keep you in doubt. The good which you hope for shows itſelf to you, and flies away like an empty dream, which a man's awaking cauſes to vaniſh, to teach you that the very things which you think you hold faſt in your hands may ſlip away in an inſtant. The wiſeſt leſſons of Ulyſſes will not be ſo uſeful to you as his long abſence, and the hardſhips you ſuffer in queſt of him.

Mentor afterwards reſolved to put Telemachus's patience to a laſt and yet ſeverer trial. The moment the youth was running to urge the mariners to haſten their departure, Mentor ſtopped him on a ſudden, and engaged him to offer a great ſacrifice to Minerva on the ſhore. Telemachus readily executes what Mentor deſires. Two altars of turf are erected, the incenſe ſmokes, and the blood of the victims ſtreams around. Telemachus ſends up tender ſighs to heaven, and acknowledges the powerful protection of the Goddeſs. As ſoon as the ſacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring grove, where he ſuddenly perceived that the face of his friend aſſumed a new form. The wrinkles of his brow diſappear, as ſhades vaniſh when Aurora with her roſy fingers opens the gates of the eaſt, and enflames all the horizon. His hollow and ſevere eyes are changed into eyes of a celeſtial azure, and filled with a divine fire. His white and uncouth beard diſappears.

Noble

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Noble and majeſtic features, tempered with ſweetneſs and grace, preſent themſelves to the dazzled eyes of Telemachus. He ſees a woman's viſage with a complection more beautiful than a tender flower juſt unfolded to the ſun; the whiteneſs of the Lilly is there blended with the crimſon of the opening roſe. Eternal youth blooms on her face, with a plain unaffected majeſty. An ambroſial odour is diffuſed from her flowing treſſes. Her veſtments gliſter like the lively colours with which the riſing ſun paints the dusky vaults of heaven, and gilds the clouds. The Goddeſs does not touch the earth with her feet, but glides with eaſe through the air, as a bird cleaves it with his wings. In her puiſſant hand she holds a glittering ſpear, that would terrify the moſt warlike cities and nations; nay, Mars himſelf would tremble at it. Her voice is ſweet and mild, but ſtrong and inſinuating; all her words are darts of fire, which pierce the very ſoul of Telemachus, and make him feel a pleaſing kind of pain. On her helmet is ſeen the ſolitary bird of Athens, and on her breaſt glitters the formidable Ægis. By theſe marks Telemachus knows Minerva.

O Goddeſs! ſaid he, it is you yourſelf then who have deigned to conduct the ſon of Ulyſſes for the ſake of his father! — He would have proceeded, but his voice failed him, and his lips vainly endeavoured to expreſs the thoughts which impetuouſly ruſhed from the bottom of his heart. The preſence of the Goddeſs overpowered him, and he was like a man who is ſo much oppreſt in a dream as to loſe his breath, and who by the painful agitations of his lips cannot form a ſingle word.

At length Minerva ſpoke theſe words: Son of Ulyſſes, hear me for the laſt time. I have never inſtructed any mortal with ſo much care as you; I have led you by the hand through ſhipwrecks, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils which can try the heart of man. I have ſhewn you by ſtriking examples the true and falſe maxims of government.

Your

Your faults have not been leſs uſeful to you than your misfortunes: For where is the man that can govern wiſely, if he has never ſuffered, and never profited by the ſufferings into which his faults have plunged him? You like your father have filled the earth and the ſeas with your diſaſtrous adventures. Go, you are now worthy to tread in his ſteps. You have but a short and eaſy paſſage to Ithaca, where he is this moment arrived; aſſiſt him in fight, obey him like the meaneſt of his ſubjects, and be an example to others. He will give you Antiope for your wife, and you will be happy with her; becauſe you ſought for beauty leſs than for wiſdom and virtue. When you come to reign, place all your glory in renewing the golden age; hear every body; believe a few; be ſure not to rely too much on yourſelf; be afraid of being deceived, but never be afraid to let others ſee that you have been deceived; love your people, and uſe all means of winning their love. Fear is neceſſary when love is wanting; but like the moſt violent and dangerous medicines, it ſhould always be uſed with reluctance. Always conſider at a diſtance all conſequences of what you deſign to undertake; be careful to foreſee the moſt terrible evils, and know that true courage conſiſts in facing and deſpiſing dangers when they become neceſſary. He that will not look upon them, has not courage enough to bear the ſight of them with tranquillity; he who ſurveys them all, who avoids all thoſe which may be avoided, and who calmly encounters the reſt, he alone is wiſe and magnanimous. Fly luxury, pomp and extravagance; place your glory in ſimplicity; let your virtues and good deeds be the ornaments of your perſon and palace; let them be the guards which ſurround you, and let every body learn of you wherein true honour conſiſts. Never forget that kings do not reign for their own glory, but for the good of their people. The good which they do, deſcends to the lateſt ages; the evil which they do, multiplies from generation to generation even to remoteſt poſterity:

One

One bad reign is often the cauſe of ages of calamity. Be particularly upon your guard againſt your own humour, an enemy which you will carry every where with you as long as you live, which will intrude into your counſels, and betray you if you liſten to her. Humour makes a man loſe the moſt important opportunities; she gives him the deſires and averſions of a child to the prejudice of his greateſt concernments; she cauſes his moſt weighty affairs to be decided by the moſt trifling reaſons; she obſcures his talents, debaſes his courage, and renders him unequal, weak, mean, and inſupportable. Be jealous of this enemy. And, O Telemachus, fear the Gods; this fear is the greateſt treaſure of the human heart; it comes attended by wiſdom, juſtice, peace, joy, unmixed pleaſures, real liberty, delightful abundance, and ſpotleſs glory.

I leave you, O ſon of Ulyſſes: but my wiſdom ſhall never leave you, provided you are always ſenſible that you can do nothing without it. It is time for you to learn to go alone. I was ſeparated from you in Egypt and at Salentum, only to accuſtom you to live without me, as children are weaned when it is time to take their milk from them, and to give them more ſubſtantial aliments.

As ſoon as the Goddeſs had ended this ſpeech, she ſprung up into the air, and involved herſelf in a gold and azure cloud, in which she diſappeared. Telemachus ſighing, amazed and tranſported, threw himſelf proſtrate on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven. He afterwards went and waked his companions, departed, arrived at Ithaca, and found his father in the houſe of the faithful Eumæus.

End of the Twenty-fourth and laſt Book.

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